A Purrfect Companion

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A Purrfect Companion

by SickWarning

Summary

Why did he decide to buy a cat out of all the animals? Chuuya doesn't even like cats. This was probably a bad idea. But for some reason, he didn’t really regret it.

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Chuuya goes to a hybrid auction and buys Catzai. Getting the hybrid to talk to him isn't easy, and getting the little shit to trust him is even harder. Still, Chuuya made a commitment, and he's going to make sure he sees it through to the end.
And no, he doesn't develop a crush on a cat! (he totally does)

Notes

I wrote this first chapter at 4 am I'm sorry if it's not that good. But still, please enjoy!

Chapter 1: The Auction

“Can you remind me again why in the hell you’re taking me to one of these things?” Chuuya asked as he followed Kouyou. The fellow executive gave a small hum before answering.

“You’ve been too stressed out recently, with your recent promotion of Executive. I figured you need help in finding ways to relax.”

“So you’re taking me to a hybrid auction?” Chuuya scoffed, raising a brow as one hand traveled to rest on his hips. Kouyou hummed again, not giving an actual reply. Chuuya took this as an initiative to keep talking.

“You know how I feel about this hybrid thing, Ane-san. Why would I want to buy one?”

“Because one, it could help you. And two, think of it like you’re saving your poor hybrid from a worser fate.” Kouyou replied, keeping her gaze steady in front of her. She’d changed out of her usual attire to help them blend in more. Chuuya also wasn’t in his usual Port Mafia wear; instead he was in a gray turtleneck and black jeans.

“Whatever.” Chuuya grumbled. He’d always made it very clear how he felt about people treating hybrids like they weren’t actually human. Hell, if *he* didn’t feel human, he could only imagine how horrible those half-animals must feel.

But at least Chuuya wasn’t getting bred, taken away from his family, sold to horrible people to do god knows what for the rest of his life. Sure, he had his own issues to deal with, but he wasn’t being treated as an object for entertainment or pleasure.

Once they entered the building, Chuuya had to clench his fists to contain himself.

The place was full of randos who were undoubtedly rich. Their clothing practically screamed ‘I have money’. Most people were older men and women, and they already had hybrids attached to leashes, dragging them around the place. Some people were even *trading* their hybrids like they were collectable cards. Chuuya could see a lot of dog and bunny hybrids. They were pretty common.

“When is the auction starting?” Chuuya asked with a grumble in his

throat. He wanted to get this over with as soon as possible.

“Soon. I made sure to get us here at a time where you didn’t have to be here long.” Kouyou assured, gently placing a hand on Chuuya’s back to guide him to their seats. Of course, they were pretty close to the front.

“Thanks…I guess.” Chuuya wasn’t so angry at Kouyou that he wouldn’t appreciate her small efforts to try and make him comfortable here.

Lights started to illuminate the stage, and almost on cue, more people started to walk towards their seats. Chuuya tried not to scowl when he realized none of the hybrids that were brought here by their owners had their own seats; they were all on the floor. He kept his eyes forward, not wanting to see any more.

The stage looked like one that would be used at a concert or a fashion show. It was basically a runway with a circle at the end, probably so the hybrids could be shown off while all the useless information was tossed at the audience’s faces.

“So, what sort of animal are you hoping for, Chuuya?” Kouyou asked, probably trying to cheer him up again. “You like dogs, don’t you? Maybe you’d like one of those?”

“Maybe.” Chuuya agreed, just so he didn’t have to talk about this anymore. It was true he loved dogs, but he never expected he might get his first one like *this* . At a fucking hybrid auction.

The show started only a few minutes later. A man wearing an extremely fancy purple suit went on stage, heading towards the end of the runway, microphone in hand. He introduced himself- Chuuya didn’t bother to remember his name- and then explained the rules of the auction. Hybrids would come out one at a time, and people could only start to bid after he gave all the necessary information. Simple enough.

All the hybrids were wearing the same thing; lingerie. Chuuya knew they would try and sexualize the poor things, but he didn’t think they’d put them in literal *underwear.* At least they were all different colors, he supposed?

Unsurprisingly, most of the hybrids were bunnies or dogs. They were very popular in the hybrid industry, and they were easy to breed and train. This caused them to be less expensive; an ideal starter pet. Of

course, there was the occasional fox or other animals Chuuya didn't bother trying to recognize.

The auction was nearly over, and Chuuya really, *really* wanted to head home already. He'd told himself even before they came here that he wasn't going to buy a hybrid. He didn't want one, nor need one, so there was no point.

The annoying auctioneer's voice filled his ears once again, and Chuuya's shoulders raised in annoyance. "Now, this next one is a breed we haven't had here before! That's right folks, welcome our first cat hybrid!"

Cat? Chuuya glanced back up at the stage in curiosity. Cat hybrids were rare, since for some reason, it was harder to breed them. And obviously, they were harder to train than other hybrids, so most people didn't even bother. Finding somebody who owned a cat was difficult.

Once the hybrid stepped onto the stage, Chuuya could feel his annoyance plummet six feet down.

This hybrid was *pretty* , no way around it. He was taller than most hybrids Chuuya had seen; with chocolate-brown hair and eyes that stayed on his feet as he slowly made his way to the auctioneer. Ears were poking out from the top of his head, and his slim tail was on full display, wrapped around his leg. He was wearing the same lingerie as the other hybrids, but Chuuya instantly recognized the shade of blue on his skin. It was similar to his own eye color.

And it looked really good on the cat.

Once the hybrid had made it to its place, it kept its eyes down, hands clasping onto each other as the auctioneer began to talk.

"This hybrid here is male. He's a young adult, and a healthy one at that. I'm certain he'll be able to serve all of your needs, providing you give him some discipline every once in a while. You know how cats are!" The shitty auctioneer let out a laugh before continuing. "So, let the bidding begin!"

Unsurprisingly to Chuuya, nobody had started to bid. As rare as cat hybrids were, they were also a huge hassle. Like normal cats, they were stubborn, independent, and hard to train. Most people didn't want to bother with that, so they got hybrids that were easier to handle.

He was just planning on waiting this one out. Sure, the cat was pretty, but that wasn't enough to get Chuuya to buy him. He would need an actual *reason* to do something as stupid as that.

The hybrid looked over at him. As if he could sense what Chuuya was thinking, he looked over at him. Their eyes met, and for some reason, Chuuya couldn't look away.

Help me. He could basically hear the cat pleading in his mind. Even though his expression looked empty, it was almost like Chuuya was reading into his soul. *Help me, please* .

"Fucking hell." Chuuya muttered to himself before raising his hand. "One hundred fifty million yen!" He wanted to be damn sure nobody would take this hybrid away from him.

The cat's ear twitched, and the auctioneer gave probably one of the biggest grins Chuuya had ever seen in his life. *Fucking prick.*

"One hundred fifty million! What a price for such a beautiful hybrid! Is anybody willing to go higher than that?" His voice sounded so hopeful that Chuuya wanted to rip out his vocal cords just so he wouldn't have to hear his voice again.

"Going once…"

"Gong twice…"

"SOLD!"

The auctioneer immediately placed a collar on the hybrid's neck, and attached a leash to it. He looked over at Chuuya, silently telling him ' *Come here and collect your prize!'* .

Chuuya frowned and stood up from his seat as the auctioneer led the cat to a small set of stairs on the side of the stage. He stretched out his hand so Chuuya could take the leash, and the cat walked down the stairs until he was standing at Chuuya's side.

Oh. He really is tall. Was the first thing Chuuya thought of. The hybrid was at least twenty centimeters taller than him.

The second thing Chuuya thought of was: *time to leave* . But first, he needed to introduce himself.

"Hey." Chuuya started as he walked back to his seat, careful not to

have a tight grip on the leash. The hybrid followed him without complaint. “My name is Nakahara Chuuya. I’m gonna take care of you from now on.”

He didn’t get a reply. He wasn’t really expecting one, but it still made him frown. Once he was back at his seat, he didn’t sit down. He just gave Kouyou the look of ‘it’s time to go now.’ She understood, and rose from her seat.

Chuuya looked back at the hybrid. “We’re heading back to my place. I don’t really like this place, and I wanna get out of here as soon as possible.”

Again, the hybrid didn’t answer him. Was he mute? Deaf? Was he too nervous to speak? Was it some sort of ‘he can only talk if you command him to’ type of thing? Or did he just not feel like replying to Chuuya?
Whichever one it was, it didn’t really matter right now. Chuuya just wanted to go home, and it wasn’t like the cat had any other choice but to go with him. He gave a light warning tug on the leash so the cat knew they’d start to move.

Once they got outside, Chuuya felt much more free than before. That auction house had to be the worst place he’d ever been to.

He wondered how embarrassed the hybrid must be feeling; out in public wearing nothing but a collar and blue lingerie. He didn’t *look* bothered, but then again, he didn’t really *look* like he was feeling anything. Did Chuuya buy a statue by mistake?

“Our car isn’t parked very far.” Kouyou said; probably to the hybrid, but she could have been talking to Chuuya as well. “It’s just a short walk.”

Chuuya tried not to look at the brunette too much as they walked. He wanted to keep the cat comfortable. He was being strangely well behaved, and Chuuya wanted to keep it that way for as long as possible. He didn’t want to have to result to discipline like that damn fucking auctioneer suggested. He didn’t want to do *anything* that damn fucking auctioneer suggested. He stole Chuuya’s money, and that should be enough for him.

Normally in the car, Chuuya always takes the front seat; but since he now has a cat that he wants to keep calm, he decided to sit in the back with it. Once they were all buckled in and Kouyou started to drive, Chuuya let go of the leash, letting it dangle in between the tall

hybrid's legs.

The cat was staring out the window, watching as the scenery around him flew by in a blur. His pupils were slightly contracted, making it seem like he was interested in what was happening outside of the car.

"Have you never been in a car before?" Chuuya asked, wanting to fill in the silence. "Or at least… never had windows in a car before?"

The cat turned his head to look back at Chuuya. His tail wasn't wrapped around his leg anymore, flicking every couple of seconds on the empty middle seat between them. Chuuya didn't want to sit right next to the hybrid in case it freaked him out.

For the third time, Chuuya didn't get an answer. After a couple seconds, his hybrid returned his attention back to the window.

Why did he decide to buy a cat out of all the animals? Chuuya doesn't even like cats. This was probably a bad idea. But for some reason, he didn't really regret it.

Chapter 2: Home Sweet Home

Chapter Summary

> Chuuya brings his cat back to his home and learns... basically nothing about his pet

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The car finally pulled up to Chuuya's complex. Not many other people lived in the same building as Chuuya, mainly because they couldn't afford the rent. Even though all the buildings were in Port Mafia territory, the residents still had to pay.

"Thanks for dropping us off, Ane-san." Chuuya said once he'd managed to get himself and the cat out of the car.

"No problem, lad. Make sure not to have too much fun with him the first few days." Kouyou said before rolling up the window and driving away. Chuuya wanted to snap back at her, but she was already gone before he could muster up a reply.

He wasn't some monster that was gonna bang this hybrid before he even got used to his new living accommodations.

Chuuya glanced over at the cat. "Um. So, let's go inside. My place is pretty big, so you can have your own room." He saw the way the cat's ears tilted in his direction once he mentioned the rooms.

Again, Chuuya gave a light tug on the leash so the cat knew to follow him. He knew that most of his clothes wouldn't fit his new pet, but he was pretty sure he had some oversized hoodies he could lend before he actually went shopping. He wasn't too sure about pants, though.

Despite being an apartment, his place was pretty big. It had a balcony, a bathroom, living room, kitchen, three bedrooms (one was used for a gym), and an office for work.

Once the door was closed and Chuuya took off his shoes- while the hybrid just stood there since he wasn't *wearing* shoes- he dropped the leash. "Make yourself comfortable. I'll be back in a second with some clothes."

He made his way to his room, leaving the hybrid completely alone. While he was doing a favor and getting the cat some coverage, this was also a test. A test to see if he could handle being in Port Mafia territory. If Chuuya could trust him.

If his cat escaped, Chuuya would have no choice but to kill him. He could give information about Chuuya's whereabouts, and he really didn't want to have to deal with raids every other day.

He finally found one of his hoodies that he assumed would fit the brunette. He desperately searched for some pants, too, but they were all too small. Guess his cat wouldn't be wearing bottoms until Chuuya went shopping.

"Since you're so freakishly tall, barely any of my clothes will fit you, so this is the best I can-" Chuuya started talking before he even actually left the room. His voice was cut off when he saw what the cat was doing.

He'd pressed himself into the corner. His ears were pinned to his head and his tail was flicking fast and hard. He was eyeing Chuuya warily, watching his every move.

"...do." He decided to at least finish his sentence before clearing his throat. "Uh, here." He tossed the hoodie across the room, deciding it was probably best to give the cat some space. The brunette's shoulders raised and he watched the hoodie drop in front of him, the thud making his ears perk up.

"That's for you." Chuuya clarified, in case the hybrid didn't understand. "So you'll be covered. And warm. I couldn't find any pants though, so I'll need to go shopping for clothes at some point. Put it on."

He did not put it on. He stared at it for a couple more seconds, before returning his gaze to Chuuya. His ears were back against his head, nearly hidden in the brown curls.

"Wow. Untrustworthy, much?" Chuuya asked, putting a hand on his hip. "I literally just saved you from some probably rich asshole that will use you unfairly, I'm letting you have your own room, and I'm giving you clothes. The least you can do is put on the hoodie."

Despite Chuuya saying everything he's so far done, the cat didn't look appreciative. Instead, it started to growl.

It started to *growl*. At Chuuya.

Didn't this cat *want* Chuuya to buy him? Why was he suddenly acting like he had absolutely no choice in the matter?

Well…he sort of didn't.

But still! He *looked* at Chuuya, *asking* for help, and now he was treating Chuuya like an enemy.

He really doesn't like cats. Why couldn't this pretty bastard just be a dog instead? Then at least he might listen to Chuuya and do what he was asked.

Chuuya sighed, moving so his hands were stuffed into his pockets. "Fine, you can stay in that weird underwear. But can I at least know your name?"

The cat stopped growling, but now he was glaring at Chuuya. His tail was still flailing wildly. Did that mean he was angry? He knew that cat's tails showed their emotions, but he never bothered to research. Mainly because he never imagined he'd ever take care of a cat; much less a hybrid.

"Come on, it's just your name. It'll make things a hell of a lot easier; since I won't need to call you 'cat'."

Silence filled the apartment for a good two minutes. Both parties were staring each other down, not one willing to give up. Chuuya let out another long sigh.

"Fine, don't talk to me, whatever. I need a drink." He stormed off into the kitchen, basically raiding into his wine cabinet. He was grumbling the entire time.

"Stupid fucking…making me buy a cat…not even…" He didn't even know what he was saying at this point. He just needed to get his frustrations out before he accidentally did something to that cat he might regret.

As he was pouring the wine into a cup, he finally registered something about the cat that he really should have noticed sooner.

He was covered in scars. At least, his arms and neck were. Why didn't they cover those up at the auction? It was probably some stupid reason like: they didn't want to trick people into buying 'damaged

goods'. He'd heard those words used for scarred hybrids before.

Maybe the cat was anxious because of his scars? It made sense; whenever Chuuya got a pretty bad injury he liked to cover it up until it was gone. If he helped the cat cover his scars, would that gain some trust between them? It was worth a shot.

Chuuya set the wine bottle down; he could get drunk later. As he made his way to the bathroom, he took a quick glance to see if the brunette had put on the hoodie; or at least moved. He hadn't, and he was still watching Chuuya.

He really wanted to tell the cat that if he put on the hoodie it would cover his scars, but if he really didn't want to wear it, Chuuya didn't want to force it on him. That would give the opposite effect that he wanted.

Now that he thought about it, the hybrid probably didn't want to wear the hoodie because it was *Chuuya's*, and he didn't trust him enough yet.

His bathroom, just like every other room in the house, was spotless. Chuuya was sort of a neat freak, and he hated when his place was a mess. He opened up the mirror cabinet where he kept all his health things.

Bandaids probably wouldn't be much help, as his scars seemed old. They didn't look like they hurt either, since the cat never touched them or moved his arms in a way that showed discomfort. Maybe he could just wrap them in some gauze? He grabbed the roll, and gave a low hum when he saw it he wasn't running low just yet. That was good.

He turned off the bathroom lights and went back to the living room. Walking over to the cat, he crouched down so they were at eye level. The cat's eyes weren't contracted like they were in the car; they looked normal again.

Chuuya slowly reached for his hoodie, careful in case the cat decided to suddenly attack him. Once his fingers grabbed the fabric, he slid it behind him. He then showed off the hand holding the gauze. "I got you some bandages. You got lots of scars on your arms and neck. Do you wanna cover them up?"

He watched as the hybrid's ears slowly rose, as did his brows. Was Chuuya right? Did he just feel vulnerable because of the scars?

“I don’t have to do them for you. If you know how, you can wrap them the way you like.” Chuuya placed the bandages on the ground and rolled them over to the brunette. He stared at them for a moment, before glaring at Chuuya.

Again, it was like he could read the cat’s thoughts. *Turn around. Don’t look at me.* He was saying. Chuuya stood up.

“I’ll be in the kitchen. I’ll be back in a few minutes, so that should give you some time.” He didn’t wait for any confirmation, since he assumed he wouldn’t be given any. He needed to cover up his wine and put it away. And probably make some food, too. It was getting close to when Chuuya normally made dinner.

He wasn’t really worried about whether his new pet could eat the stuff Chuuya made. Hybrids didn’t need special diets- they could eat food just like normal humans. Still, maybe Chuuya should start with some sort of fish meal? Or was that too silly? Chuuya had gone shopping for fish earlier that morning, so he sort of had to. He didn’t want his fridge to start stinking up.

Once he put his wine away, he opened up the fridge and took out the fish in his drawer. It was a mackerel, and its flesh looked like it’d taste really good if he seasoned it right.

Maybe I shouldn’t do something super fancy with it. Maybe I could just grill it and put it with some rice? Yeah, that should be fine.

Despite what some people in the Mafia say, Chuuya’s a damn good cook. Sure, he grew up on the streets, but once he had access to the internet and a good cookbook, he picked it up pretty fast. It wasn’t like he could do anything else; he was living on his own.

Well, he supposed he wasn’t living on his own *anymore*, but he didn’t think his new housemate would help with the cooking.

Even though he was probably trained to do that, he was a cat. Cat hybrids were known for being little shits and not actually doing what was asked of them. That was why almost every cat owner had harsh forms of discipline. Chuuya didn’t want to do that. Even if he was in the mafia, animal abuse of any kind wasn’t something he was alright with.

He would give the cat a week or two to get used to his new home. Then, Chuuya would *ask* him to start helping around. He’d start small, with just cleaning up every once in a while, or doing the laundry. He

didn't go to that auction looking for a slave; he just went because Kouyou forced him to.

And now he had to take care of a cat that wouldn't even talk to him.

Once he'd grilled the fish and cooked some rice, he brought out two plates to dish out on. He naturally assumed the cat would have a small stomach. He probably wasn't being fed well at whatever shithole he was being kept in before the auction, so Chuuya cut the fish into thirds, sliding two onto his own plate, and the last one onto the other. He put some rice on and got two pairs of chopsticks.

For The Tainted Sorrow was very helpful when he needed to carry multiple things at once. He kept the hybrid's plate in his hands, but his own meal was levitating behind him. He entered the living room again, and saw the cat had actually put on the bandages. His arms and neck were skillfully covered in the gauze.

At least he didn't look *as* naked anymore. But he did still look cautious.

It made a little sense, since Chuuya was basically showing him 'Yeah, I can manipulate gravity, so you shouldn't mess with me'. He didn't mean to send that message, but it wasn't like he could do much about it now.

"I made some food. This is for you." Chuuya set the plate down on the coffee table, still not wanting to get too close. The cat deserved a little space as he got used to the place. "I can eat in the kitchen if it'll make you more comfortable or something."

His cat stared at the plate, almost as if he was expecting it to bite him. Just how untrustworthy could somebody be?

Stupid cats.

"I'll be in the kitchen." Chuuya decided. He was getting upset again, and if things kept going this way while he was trying to enjoy a meal, he might snap. "If you need water, let me know and I'll grab you some."

He lowered his own plate with *Tainted* until he could hold it in his own hands. He gave the hybrid a shrug before turning around and returning back to the kitchen.

It was just the first day. Surely his pet would warm up to him over

time. And if he didn't…

Well, he might *have* to use discipline. Sometimes it's the only way to get others to listen to you. No way around it.

Chapter End Notes

> I was originally going to do a 'new chapter every week' type of things- and I still might- but I really wanted to get chapter two out as soon as possible. Hope you enjoyed!

Chapter 3: Earned Words

Chapter Summary

Catzai's POV!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The short man with ginger hair- Chuuya, he said his name was- retreated back into the kitchen, leaving Dazai all alone. Again. He didn't understand how a human could be so stupid. If Dazai wasn't so intelligent, he would have run away a long time ago. But he knew he couldn't do that.

There was no easy way to hide his ears and tail, and now on paper he was Chuuya's pet. If he was seen out and about without his owner, he would get in huge trouble. He may be good at hiding, but he couldn't hide forever. He had to stay.

But at least Chuuya didn't seem *too* bad. Back at the auction, Dazai noticed him very quickly from the shade of his hair. He looked uncomfortable; with where he was, and what was going on around him. It made him curious, so he kept looking.

And once their eyes met, Dazai knew he was going to be Chuuya's from now on. Whether he wanted to be or not.

With his cat instincts, he was pretty good at guessing how people were feeling or thinking. So far, Chuuya hasn't shown any big signs of hostility or aggression. It was clear he had anger issues of some sort, but he hadn't taken any of it out on Dazai. *Yet.* He knew better than to be hopeful of his situation. He couldn't trust anyone; not even himself.

The food left on the table looked and smelled good. It was fish, unsurprisingly, and Dazai *was* hungry. But he didn't trust it.

What did he put in the food? Aphrodisiacs? Poison? Laxatives? Will I get in trouble for eating it? He tried to come up with a logical reason for the meal. The only thing that really made sense with the information he knew about his owner was…

Was it just *food* ? No, that couldn't be right. It was safest to not eat it until he was ordered to. He wasn't terribly hungry anyways; they had

to feed him enough so he looked nice for the auction. He had more meat on his bones than he used to a few months ago.

He wondered when Chuuya would finally come back. It wasn't like he *wanted* the small human near him, but it made him uneasy being alone for such a long time. He heard what he said about eating his food in the kitchen to make Dazai 'comfortable', but he didn't know how trustworthy his words were yet. He could be preparing something in that kitchen.

Was he getting tools for some discipline? Dazai's hair prickled at the thought. He didn't want discipline. Discipline hurt. It made him cry and shake and beg and he didn't want that anymore.

What form of discipline would his new master use on him to get him to behave? Would Chuuya hit him? Degrade him? Try to declaw him? Leave him outside in the cold tied to a post so he couldn't escape?

Dazai should really stop thinking about this; it was making him anxious. Maybe his new owner wouldn't be so bad?

No, that was being too hopeful. He had to keep his guard up at all times. Humans aren't trustworthy. They would hurt Dazai until he did what they wanted; like a good cat should. Dazai wasn't his own person. He was just a pet for other- better- *normal* people to exploit and enjoy.

He looked away from the fish. It smelled too good, and it was causing his mouth to salivate.

He had to admit that so far his owner hadn't been *too* cruel. He gave Dazai bandages to wrap around himself to hide his scars; and he appreciated that. It wasn't like he was ashamed of his scars- well, he was a little bit- but he still preferred having them covered. He didn't like the words people used when they saw his scars.

"What's wrong with him? What's up with all those marks?" Another pair of eyes was looking at him. He tried his best to look good; to look pretty. He had to. He had to get bought this time.

"Oh, it's not a big problem; he's just a defect. I promise you, he's made up for his flaws with even better service!"

"I don't know if I could stand taking care of such a disgusting cat. Take

him away."

Wait, please. Buy me, please! I'm a good cat!

"How disappointing. Do I need to teach you what happens to useless pets who can't do what's asked of them?"

No; Dazai *hated* his scars. They only made things worse for him. If he never had them in the first place, he would have been bought a long time ago. But then again, if he'd been bought a long time ago, he might have never met Chuuya. And so far, Chuuya hasn't been like the other humans he's seen. He's been keeping his distance. He hasn't been screaming at Dazai, calling him names, or ordering him around. He was acting nice.

Dazai wanted to believe that Chuuya was one of the good ones, he really did. But he would need more evidence than 'he seems like a good guy'.

Maybe… if he pretended to warm up to him, he might show his true colors. Or maybe if Dazai did something bad, he could see how he'd react to the situation. He didn't want to purposefully get himself into trouble, so he'd go for the first option.

But what should he do? He didn't want to act too comfortable; just enough that he could gather more information. For somebody like him, information was everything. It was how he survived. If he didn't know what to expect or do, he would most certainly be punished.

He was thankful for his good hearing, because after a while, he heard the scraping of dishes. So that meant Chuuya probably finished his food. Just how long had Dazai been zoned out? He had a habit of doing that, and he was trying to break it. He had to be attentive at all times.

He braced himself, tensing his muscles as his ears perked, collecting even the smallest of sounds. His tail was still; he didn't want to make any noise with it that might distract his ears from the task at hand.

When Chuuya came back into the room, the first thing he did was look at the plate. Dazai watched his face fall as he realized it was still just the way he left it. Then, his gaze traveled up to where Dazai was

still curled up.

“You didn’t eat anything? It’s not laced, because I literally just ate the same thing. And I don’t really like keeping unnecessary drugs in my house.” He put his hands in his pockets and waited for Dazai to reply. But he didn’t want to. He wouldn’t.

If I speak, I could get disciplined.

He knew that ‘discipline’ was just their way of making ‘punishment’ sound softer and less messed up. It made it sound like they were simply scolding a child, and not beating a hybrid bloody until they learned their lesson.

Dazai listened for any possible changes in emotion. Any anger; aggression; bloodlust. Any of it. If he smelt it, he would run.

“Fine. I guess this meal will just go bad, then.” Chuuya shrugged and walked over to the couch, plopping down with a thud that made Dazai’s ears tilt. His owner grabbed some strange long thing, and stared at the weird thin box on the wall.

“Do you want to watch something with me?” Dazai nearly flinched when he realized he was being addressed. Still, he didn’t say a word. Chuuya sighed, before pressing something on the rod he was holding.

And then the box came to life.

Colors and noises filled Dazai’s senses; making him turn his whole body to glare at the threat. He’d tensed his fingers so hard they were digging into the carpet. The screen was filled with blue; creatures were coming and disappearing from somewhere Dazai couldn’t figure out.

What is this? Why is it so…

His body slowly relaxed as he continued to stare at the thin box. His ears turned every which way, trying to figure out which position would allow him to hear the creatures- fish, he quickly realized- best.

“You seem to be enjoying yourself now.” Dazai quickly flipped his head around, growing at Chuuya. He’d completely let his guard down. Idiot!

The ginger raised his hands up. “Jeez, sorry for scaring you. You don’t have to be so jumpy; we can just keep watching television without

talking."

Tele…vision? Is that what this strange thing is? Dazai turned his head just enough that he could look back at the 'television' without letting Chuuya out of his sight. *Is this a normal thing in a human house? I like it.*

"I didn't think you'd enjoy the Nature Channel so much."

I thought you said we wouldn't be talking. Dazai thought once his master spoke again. "I was originally planning on watching something else, but we can stay like this if you want."

Dazai flicked his tail, trying to tell Chuuya he understood. He assumed this meant he could turn his back to Chuuya again, so he slowly turned his head back around. He kept his senses sharp this time. If the human behind him made any moves, he would know; and he would be ready.

He couldn't see the television very well from where he was crouched in the corner, so he slowly stretched out a hand, ears tilted in Chuuya's direction to hear if there were any shifts in the human's movement. The hair on his neck prickled underneath his bandages. So he was being watched, but it seemed he wouldn't be attacked.

He knew he could probably just stand up, but his destination wasn't far, so he crawled along the carpet until he was seated right in front of the television. Now he had a front row seat. His head turned left, right, up, down, wherever the fish were swimming, his head followed.

Maybe I could test him now. The thought came into Dazai's head with no warning. He froze, trying not to make his intentions too obvious to the human behind him.

How should he go about this? He still didn't feel like talking to Chuuya. That would be like admitting defeat to the human, and he was too prideful to do that just yet. He'd have to earn Dazai's words.

Maybe he could do something small. Something that might not totally seem out of the ordinary for a cat to do. But what would make sense in this situation?

After a good minute of debating scenarios in his mind, Dazai came to a conclusion. The couch wasn't too far away from where he was sitting, so he opted for crawling again. There was also the fact that he didn't know if Chuuya *wanted* Dazai to stand, or if he wanted him to really lean into his cat-like nature.

He slowly, carefully, made his way towards the couch. He kept his gaze forward, not daring to meet Chuuya's eyes. He knew he was being watched; Chuuya had been watching him for a while.

The cushions were soft. They bent under Dazai's hands, and later his knees once he successfully hopped on. He was glad Chuuya hadn't said a word to him, otherwise he didn't know if he could have held back a sassy remark.

He purposefully placed himself far enough that Chuuya wouldn't have access to any *inappropriate areas,* but close enough that he could feel the human's body heat. He curled up, using his genetic flexibility to bring his knees to his chest. His tail wrapped around his hands, warming them up. Finally, he lowered his head onto his arm. This was a position he enjoyed. It made him appear smaller and cuter; perfect for buyers.

At least that was what his Master said. But they never actually bought him. And that just led to worse things.

It had been a while since Dazai had been on a surface this comfortable. His entire body was sinking just the right amount, and it was making his eyelids droopy. He knew it was getting late, so he wasn't surprised when he started to get tired.

No, I can't fall asleep yet. He told himself, trying to get his brain to stay awake for just a little bit longer. *He might do something to me. I have to wait it out. I can wait it out.*

Dazai tried to distract himself by looking at the fish on the television again. It was truly a mystery on how this strange object worked. Maybe if he asked nicely, Chuuya would tell him?

He could do that later. Once he was certain Chuuya wouldn't hurt him for speaking out of turn. He'd met one too many of those humans.

"Uh, cat?" Dazai's ear tilted in Chuuya's direction so he could hear him properly. What did he want? "Is it okay if I… pet you?"

Pet me? Dazai repeated the phrase in his head. Sure, he'd been pet before; multiple times, actually- but he never really enjoyed it. The hands were always too rough, and it was usually to distract him or try to calm him down.

What was Chuuya planning on doing if he wanted Dazai calm beforehand? Just how far was he going to go?

“I don’t really know how cats work. Do you, like, need to sniff my hand? That’s a dog thing *and* a cat thing, right?” Chuuya probably assumed Dazai wouldn’t answer- and he was right, he wouldn’t- so he placed his hand in front of Dazai’s face, close to his nose.

With something this close to his face, Dazai had no choice *but* to investigate. He was a curious cat. Though, he already had a guess on how Chuuya would smell. If he was anything like the human’s he’s been with in the past, he would smell just the same.

The scent of cigarettes, booze, lust and blatant *untrustworthiness* would fill his nostrils, he was sure of it. It was always that way.

He stretched out his neck so he could sniff at Chuuya’s fingertips. At first, he *did* smell at the bad things; but only because it was what he *believed* he would smell. In reality, the scents he got the second sniff of were much, much more pleasant.

First, the smell of expensive wine. Not the cheap crap he’s so used to smelling and being forced to drink. It didn’t make his stomach churn or his throat go tight.

Second, loyalty. This human seemed to care deeply for those he was close to. Would he ever get that close with Dazai?

Third, uncertainty. He was nervous. About what exactly? It seemed to be directed at not being sure he could do something right. It didn’t raise any red flags, so he didn’t think much of it.

And lastly, he smelled of *trust.* Dazai could trust this human. Chuuya would take care of him. Chuuya wouldn’t force him to do all those nasty things he’d been trained to do.

But was this all right? Did he smell something else by mistake? Dazai had to be sure; because if this was really the scent Chuuya gave off, Dazai wanted to be certain of it.

He sat up and placed his hands on Chuuya’s thighs. Out of instinct, the ginger’s eyes traveled there, and Dazai used the distraction to lean in and sniff his shoulder. While his shirt blocked some of the smell, he definitely caught it. *Still the same.*

“Hey, what are you doing?” Chuuya asked, eyebrows furrowed in confusion. Without saying a word, Dazai crawled closer to Chuuya, until he was basically straddling the shorter human. He kept his hands on both of Chuuya’s thighs, stretching out his neck as far as it could

go so he could sniff all around Chuuya's neck and face.

He smells good. He smells nice. I love it. I love it. More. More. More.

Dazai was getting addicted to the smell of *trustworthy*. He definitely made the right call when he decided to look at Chuuya back at the auction.

This was his human now; and Dazai was his pet. And for some reason, that fact didn't sound so bad to him anymore. Chuuya had officially earned Dazai's words; just by his scent.

But what should he say? Chuuya said he wanted to know Dazai's name, right? Maybe he should start with that. He could tell him his name.

His...name...

His...

Name...

"Shuji."

No. No that wasn't right.

"It's Shuji now. How many times must I repeat myself, little one?"

That's not it.

"You're mine now, dear. I decide everything about you. And I've now decided that your name is Tsushima Shuji. You can go ahead and forget all about 'Dazai Osamu'. That's who you used to be; and that life will never come back to you."

No! I'm Osamu! I'll always be Osamu!

Forget about what his old Master told him. He wasn't around anymore. Dazai would keep this part of him; no matter what.

"My name is Dazai Osamu. I promise I'll be a good kitty for you, Master Nakahara."

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this chapter! I think I'm going to try updating on a weekly schedule; so, see you next week!

P.S: If you have any predictions, questions, or just want to add a comment to this story, please go ahead! It gives me the inspiration to continue writing, and really brightens my day! <3

Chapter 4: Breakfast

Chapter Summary

The next morning..

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chuuya had absolutely no idea what the hell happened last night. All of a sudden, his cat (Dazai, he said his name was?) became totally obedient and soft; and Chuuya was pretty sure he didn't do a damn thing.

He was pretty weirded out, so he called in an early night, showed Dazai where his room would be, and nearly *fled* into his own bedroom.

When Chuuya woke up the next morning, he had nearly forgotten about everything that had happened. The auction, the television, the sniffing, the darn *cat*.

He wasn't really wearing pajamas; it was just a shirt and some nice-breathing shorts. The air in the house was a little colder than usual, which was normal for the mornings. Chuuya would warm up soon, and then the house would feel much better.

Once he opened the door to his bedroom, he hightailed it to the kitchen. Chuuya always started his day with a nice breakfast; it put him in a good mood, and gave him the necessary energy to go through the day. He was expecting his kitchen to look like it always did: clean, empty, and perfect.

But today there was a cat in his kitchen. Waiting for him patiently. His ears perked up once Chuuya entered the room.

"Master Nakahara," Dazai addressed him without a smile on his face. "I woke up a few hours ago. I didn't know if you'd want me to make you breakfast, so I decided to wait until you were up. Should I get something started?"

Chuuya needed a couple seconds to process literally everything that just happened. He remembered the events of yesterday now, but it was still weird hearing the cat speak; and having him call Chuuya

'Master' of all things. He'd never been addressed that way before, and he couldn't tell if he liked it or not.

Finally, Chuuya gave a roll of his shoulders, trying to make them less stiff. "Uh, no, it's fine. I was planning on making breakfast anyway. It's what I always do."

"Oh." Dazai's face changed just slightly. His frown morphed into something of a line, while his eyes drifted towards the floor. "Then… should I start on some chores? Maybe I could clean up a room or two? Wash some laundry?"

"Have breakfast with me first, you workaholic." Chuuya mumbled, walking past Dazai to get to the refrigerator. Since he still didn't know what the cat would like to eat, he decided to make something simple; eggs. Everybody could eat eggs, right?

He didn't even need to look over at the cat to be able to guess what he was probably thinking right now. *'He's not ordering me around? He wants me to eat with him? What's happening? Why isn't he treating me badly?'*

It made his stomach churn; mixtures of sadness and anger filling up his throat. He'd show this cat that not all humans were bad, and that his life wouldn't be confined to one of slavery and forced pleasures. He just needed time.

Chuuya grabbed a pan and some spray before turning on the stove. He sprayed the pan, placed it above the flames, and waited for it to heat up enough. He could feel Dazai's eyes on him. He could feel the unease.

"Um..if you want to help out, you could grab the cups? They're over on the rightmost cabinet." Chuuya addressed him while grabbing the first egg, cracking it one-handed and watching it skillfully plop onto the pan and begin to sizzle.

"Yes, Master Nakahara." Dazai moved immediately, grabbing the cups and placing them on the table. Chuuya didn't want to enforce this behavior, but it was like handling an addiction. He had to slowly get Dazai used to not working himself nearly to death every day with chores and other things he didn't want to do. He'd let him do small things, like grabbing cups, for now, until he learned that he wasn't expected to do things like that for Chuuya.

"You know you don't have to call me that, right?" Chuuya asked,

keeping his eyes on the egg. He knew he was being impolite by not looking at Dazai, but the hybrid was still in the stupid lingerie, and he didn't really want to look at a cat in underwear first thing in the morning.

"I don't know what you mean." There was a strain in Dazai's voice. It wasn't huge, but Chuuya's training in interrogations made him pretty good at noticing the subtle things. His voice went a little deeper, and came out just a bit more rushed than usual. "You bought me; I'm yours. You're my master."

"Well, I guess, *technically,* yeah, but it's not like anybody else is around to see this." Chuuya made a quick gesture around the room with his hand. The first egg had fully cooked, so he quickly grabbed a plate and slid it on before cracking the next one onto the pan. More sizzling filled the room. "There are no cameras or bugs in here either. It's just you and me."

"And because of that…what?" Dazai asked. He'd never heard a voice so uncertain, yet so stoic at the same time. It was a little unnerving.

"Because of that," Chuuya started, grabbing some pepper and sprinkling it on top of the egg. This one was going to be his. "You don't have to call me 'Master'. I don't really like titles; I prefer going by my name."

"...Master Chuuya, then?"

Chuuya sighed, resisting the urge to rub his temples in frustration. He really wanted to look over at Dazai to prove his point, but he didn't want to risk burning the egg. "Dazai, what have people called you? Back where you used to live?"

"They called me many things." Dazai answered simply.

"Like what? Give me examples."

"Oh. Well, I've been called 'cat', 'kitty', 'dear', 'little one'... those are the more tame names; mainly from my old master. The buyers liked to use more degrading names like 'slut', 'whore', 'babydoll'-"

"Okay, that's enough." Chuuya raised one of his hands. His chest felt heavy, and he had to suppress a big sigh. Dazai might think that was for him, when in reality it was for all the shitbags who decided to use those names on such a pretty creature.

He slid his egg onto a plate. He liked his yolk just a little bit runny; it added flavor. Now, he could turn his body to face Dazai. It was like the hybrid had barely moved at all.

Chuuya crossed his arms across his chest, popping his hip. “In this house, and anywhere else, I will never call you those names unless you *ask* me to. Any other time, you’re Dazai. Is that alright with you?”

Chuuya watched Dazai have a mental tumble with himself. His ears tilted downwards, and his tail started to sway in between his legs. “Yeah…that’s okay. Thanks.”

“Sure thing.” Chuuya turned back around, grabbing the two plates and setting them next to the cups Dazai had placed. “Do you want bacon with your eggs?”

“Is that the stuff made out of pigs?” Dazai asked for clarification, tilting his head in a curious manner.

“Yeah.” Chuuya said slowly, going back to the fridge and grabbing the bacon. He’d made two slices for each of them. “Have you never had bacon before?”

“Maybe.” Dazai replied. “I never really bothered to remember what I was served. It wasn’t important to me.”

“I see.” Chuuya placed the bacon on the pan. “What do you want to drink? I got water, milk, juice- pick whatever.”

“What is Master Chuuya having?” Dazai asked, sparing a quick glance at the cups he placed. “Grabbing too many things is a trouble, so I’ll just have what you’re going to drink. I’m not very picky.”

“Grabbing multiple things isn’t a huge problem for me, considering my ability.” Chuuya flipped the bacon over using his chopsticks. “But, if you’re really sticking with this, then we’re having orange juice.” He wanted to bring up the ‘master’ title again, but decided against it. It was clear he was confusing Dazai, and he didn’t want to overwhelm him with all these rules- well, more like suggestions- he’s never had to follow before.

“I’ll grab it.” Dazai quickly announced. Chuuya heard the fridge open and close after a few seconds. Then, the sound of liquid filling up a glass. This cat really wanted to work, didn’t he? Or, maybe he felt like he *had* to.

Chuuya gave Dazai a quick ‘thanks’, as he transferred the bacon to another plate. Why didn’t he just use the plates that already had the eggs on them? Why did he put them on the table already? Maybe he was still tired.

Once the table was set, Chuuya and Dazai sat down at their respective seats. Chuuya was at the head of the table, and Dazai was sitting to his right, staring at his food.

“Do you not want it?” Chuuya asked after seven seconds of watching the hybrid stare a hole into his egg. Dazai’s head quickly lifted to make eye contact with Chuuya.

“No, I’ll eat it. I’m just surprised.” He looked back down at his meal. “It looks good. And smells good, too.”

“And why is that such a huge surprise?” Chuuya asked, cutting open his yolk and watching it spread along his egg whites. “Did you think I’d be *bad* at cooking? You saw the fish I prepared last night, right?”

“Of course I saw. I was just preoccupied with other things at the time, so I couldn’t really process it until now.” Dazai picked up his own chopsticks, rolling them in between his fingers before finally holding them properly.

Chuuya hummed before cutting a piece of egg off the rest and taking a bite. The pepper added just the right amount of flavor. Once he swallowed, he addressed the cat again. “I’m gonna need to go shopping for you today. I don’t want you wearing that crap more than you have to. What kinda stuff do you like to wear?”

“I’ll wear anything.” Dazai said, taking a small nibble of his own egg. His tail started to sway in a slow manner from under the table.

“You wouldn’t wear my hoodie yesterday.” Chuuya noted, pointing a chopstick in Dazai’s direction.

“I was pre-”

“Preoccupied; got it. Well, at least wear it today while I’m out shopping. I’ll just pick out whatever I think will look good on you, I guess.” Chuuya cut off Dazai’s thought, grabbing one of his bacon slices to take a bite out of that.

“Will it smell like Master Chuuya?” Dazai asked before taking another small bite out of the egg. Why was he picking up the whole thing?

Didn't he know he could cut it up?

Chuuya raised a brow, swallowing the meat in his mouth before answering. "I guess so? I mean, I don't wear it a ton, but it's comfortable. Soft, at least, and it should fit you pretty well, considering it's big on me." Maybe Dazai was wondering about the smell because of his sensitive nose.

"I'll wear it." The cat agreed, setting down the egg and taking a sip of his orange juice. "Master Chuuya is a good cook. But are you sure you wouldn't have rather I prepared something?"

"I told you it's fine." Chuuya stated, cutting another piece of his egg off. "If you *want* to cook, then you can do whatever you want. But I made breakfast today because I knew you felt like you *had* to cook. There's a big difference between the two."

Dazai hummed, his eyes traveling down to his food. Was Chuuya doing too much? Was he pushing this cat too hard? It was only his second day with Chuuya, he really shouldn't overwhelm him.

"Let's finish our food. When I'm gone, you can do whatever you want here, alright? The TV remote is in the living room, and I have plenty of books. Keep yourself entertained; I should only be gone for an hour or two."

Thankfully, when they both finished their food, Dazai didn't try to clean the dishes for the both of them. He still eyed the sink while Chuuya cleaned up, though.

"You didn't eat very much; I had to throw away around half of your food." Chuuya made his way to the front door so he could put on his shoes. Dazai followed after him, keeping a safe distance away.

"I just wasn't very hungry." Chuuya didn't believe that one bit, but he didn't want to fight the hybrid on his eating habits right now. He sat down, grabbing his shoes so he could get ready to leave.

"Alright, well, try not to run away while I'm gone, okay? I don't want to go through the trouble of getting a search party for you." Chuuya slipped on his shoes, standing back up and arching his back to relieve some of the tension there.

"A search party?" Dazai repeated, a hint of worry seeping through into his voice. "...What would they do to me?"

“Nothing!” Chuuya quickly replied, realizing that a ‘search party’ might sound threatening to the tall cat. He turned around so Dazai could read his expression. “I just wouldn’t want you to get lost, or kidnapped, alright? I’d want people to find you and bring you back to me as soon as possible.”

“Oh.” Dazai’s shoulders lowered, probably in relief. “I wasn’t planning on running away, anyways. Since I’m yours from now on, and I have nowhere else to go anyways. It wouldn’t be smart.”

Chuuya turned his body to the side, ready to leave through the door. “Right. Well, I’ll be off now-”

“Um, Master Chuuya?” Dazai broke off Chuuya’s thought, pointing a finger at his chest. “Shouldn’t you…get dressed first?”

Chuuya looked down at his clothes, and realized he was still in his pajamas. He felt his cheeks heat up, and he stammered for a few seconds. “Uh, yeah, I…I knew about that.”

Chapter End Notes

There's chapter four! I still can't believe how many people are already so interested in this story; it makes me so happy!

If you have any predictions, questions, or comments about this work, please feel free to leave them in the comments! I love reading them, and it gives me inspiration to write!

See you next week!

P.S: I have a CuriousCat! I'll be talking about this fic on there, so please feel free to ask me anything!

CuriousCat: https://curiouscat.live/Sick_Warning

Chapter 5: Game of Cat and Dog

Chapter Summary

Another Catzai chapter!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chuuya's hoodie felt nice. That was the first thing Dazai realized after putting it on. It wasn't bulky and restricted his movement, and it was also soft and warm on the inside. Chuuya's apartment was a little cold, so the extra heating was nice. It also smelled like Chuuya. He liked that even more.

Dazai had been sitting on the couch for the past five minutes, doing nothing but curling his fingers around the hoodie and smelling as much as he could. Chuuya's scent really was like a drug; sweet, lovely, and *good.* What did he do to deserve such a wonderful man to be his owner? Or at least, a man that smelled so wonderful.

He could feel the slightest trace of a smile curling upon his lips. It was so strange, feeling that way. There was nobody commanding him to smile, nobody even looking at him *at all.* There was nothing to be expected of him right now. He could just be Dazai.

How long it's been since he'd been able to just be Dazai. He'd nearly forgotten who Dazai was.

Of course, he still couldn't help but feel like he should be doing something. Cooking, cleaning, studying, prepping himself, *anything.* But Chuuya gave him orders to do whatever he wanted, and Dazai most certainly didn't want to do any of those things.

Cooking wasn't his strong suit. He always made something too soft, too hard, too fatty, not red enough, not flavorful enough; and it always ended with no food for him, combined with some discipline. He studied for five weeks on nothing but cookbooks. Now he could at least call himself *decent.*

Cleaning was a hassle. There was always *so much,* and Dazai's attention-span couldn't handle it. His arms would get tired, his knees would start to bruise, his body would tremble, and he just couldn't clean anymore. It always ended with him getting locked *there*

combined with some discipline.

Studying was how Dazai learned to do what he was supposed to. He was never trained, never taught; only expected to know exactly what he was meant to do all the time. It was hard to get books. He had to do so many horrible things just to get a *book*. He liked reading, but the process of getting the material was what he hated. And if he got caught, or didn't perform well enough? Discipline.

And prepping himself? Completely out of the question. It was what he hated the most. He was good with his fingers, though he wasn't very proud of that fact anymore. People would always be watching him, making comments, stealing glances, and most of the time, not even waiting until he was finished. They would tie him down with rope so he couldn't lockpick, couldn't escape, couldn't fight; then they'd bring out the muzzle so he couldn't bite, but could still cry. Then they would-

A knock sounded at the door. It brought Dazai out of his head and back to reality. He was at Chuuya's home. He wasn't back with his old master. He was safe.

He took one last sniff of Chuuya's hoodie just to make sure.

He stood up on shaky legs, making his way to the door. Who was here? Was it one of Chuuya's search parties? Should Dazai even open it? Should he run? Hide?

No, Chuuya assured him that he would be okay. If anything happened to him, Chuuya would help. Right?

Dazai didn't even realize his ears were pinned to his head when he finally opened the door. He was slightly hunched over, unknowingly making himself look smaller and more vulnerable. It was a habit at this point.

There were two men on the other side of the door. The man standing in the front had black hair and round glasses. There was also a dimple on the side of his face. He looked bored. Behind him was a taller redhead with piercing blue eyes. He also looked bored. And was that facial hair?

"Hello. Are you Chuuya's new cat?" Asked the man with the glasses. Dazai raised his shoulders. How did they know Chuuya? Were they friends with him?

“Yes, I am. Do you two want something?” He left the *‘from me?’* part unspoken. He didn’t want to give them any ideas.

“Chuuya wanted us to keep an eye on you; make sure that you were adjusting well to your home. And also to make sure you wouldn’t hurt yourself in any way.”

“Oh.” Was all Dazai said, before stepping aside and letting the men into the apartment. Something caught his attention once the redhead walked past him. That man had a *tail.*

Double-checking, Dazai turned his head to stare at the redhead, and, yeah, those were definitely ears on his head.

“You’re a dog.” Dazai said it without thinking. The two men turned around, shared a glance to each other, before looking back at him at nearly the exact same time.

“I am. My name’s Sakunosuke Oda. Does me being a dog hybrid frighten you?” His tone was very stoic, but Dazai could sense his concern for him.

“No, it doesn’t bother me.” Dazai shook his head and closed the door behind him. “There were many dogs at my center; but even so, I’ve never been afraid of them. There were other things to busy myself about.”

“That’s good.” Oda replied. “The thing about the dogs. Not the last bit.”

Had Oda caught on to Dazai’s hidden meaning? But he thought he covered it up well; that trick always worked before! Maybe it was because this was a hybrid he was trying to trick, and not just another human. He was like Dazai. And he looked well. Maybe even happy.

“Would you two like something to drink?” Dazai asked, trying to turn the conversation in another direction. He was worried about how much more Oda would be able to figure out if they kept on going like this.

“We’re both alright for now.” Said the human, pushing up his glasses. “I’m Sakaguchi Ango, by the way.”

“Dazai Osamu.” He bowed his head respectfully. “Make yourselves comfortable. The couch is very soft and nice; I think you’ll like it.”

Once his two guests were comfortable on the couch, Dazai situated himself to stand near the arm of the couch that was closest to Oda. He couldn't help but feel more comfortable near the hybrid than the human.

"There's enough room on the couch for the three of us." Oda offered, glancing at the empty space between him and Ango. "I can move towards the middle if you want to sit down."

"I've been sitting down too much already; I need to stand otherwise my legs will cramp." Dazai put on his smile; the one he'd crafted so well over the years, it was near perfect. He knew his legs wouldn't cramp from sitting. His brain was just shouting at him to stop being lazy.

Even though he'd only been sitting down for five minutes.

"I see." Oda's voice lowered in understanding, and Dazai's tail flicked from behind him. This dog was smart. He had to choose his words very carefully from now on.

"So, Sakunosuke-san, are you Sakaguchi-san's dog?" Dazai's second trick was to turn the attention over to the other party. It always worked; humans loved talking about themselves, and dogs loved (or pretended to love) talking about their owners.

Oda nodded. "I am. We've been together for four years. We met each other when I was twenty-three."

Dazai hummed, faking interest in the information. "How interesting. You two must have a nice bond, then."

This time, Ango was the one who answered. "I'd like to think so. And, Dazai? You don't need to be so formal around us. Just Ango and Oda will do; it's what everyone calls us."

"Oh, I see. Very well." Dazai took a quick glance around the room. "Oda and Ango, then." It was easier to change how he addressed other people that he didn't really care about. When he knew that in a few hours, they would be gone. But he's having trouble with Chuuya.

Chuuya is Dazai's owner. His *master,* and yet he insisted that Dazai use no titles at all? And his first name? It was strange. Unheard of. It was hard.

"You don't look like you're wearing much under that hoodie." Oda

observed. Did this man have no filter at all? Well, he was a dog, he supposed. They had a habit of not thinking much before saying something.

Dazai looked down at the hoodie for a moment, before looking back at the dog. “I’m wearing my auction outfit under this. Master Chuuya is out shopping for clothes that will fit me as we speak.”

“That’s a relief.” Ango lowered his shoulders. “If you had responded with anything else, we would have had to give Chuuya a harsh talking to.” Oda nodded in agreement.

“What do you mean?” Dazai tilted his head, now finally getting interested in the conversation. “Why would you need to chide Master Chuuya?”

“Because we know him as a person of our mindset. If we found out he was treating you like *that…”* Ango trailed off, probably gathering his thoughts. “Well, we would be upset, to put it simply.”

“What mindset are you referring to?”

“The mindset that hybrids aren’t playthings. They’re living, breathing creatures that deserve love and care.” As Ango spoke, Dazai could almost feel himself *relaxing.* Ears rising from their place squashed against his head, tail movements picking up again in a relaxed, unthreatened manner. Were there really humans like that out there? And Chuuya was one of them?

What a lovely thought that was.

However, there was something Dazai was confused about. “But Ango, didn’t you buy Oda? Doesn’t that mean he’s yours now?”

“Ango may have bought me, but he’s never treated me like something he owns.” Oda said, readjusting his position so his tail could be more comfortable. It looked really fluffy. Dazai had the thought of touching it cross his mind a few times. “We’re friends. Partners, even.”

“That’s…strange.” Was all Dazai could reply with. Ango bought Oda, but Oda wasn’t Ango’s? What sort of paradox was that?

It was then that Dazai noticed there was no collar of any kind wrapped around Oda’s neck. Dazai still had his light blue collar on, even though he’d taken off the leash and placed it in his room. It was uncomfortable, but he had to wear it to show he was Chuuya’s. Show

he was property.

“Dazai, what center are you from?” Oda asked, effectively switching the focus back to Dazai. “I came from Fukuzawa’s.”

Dazai had heard about Fukuzawa’s hybrid center. It sounded like heaven to him and all the other hybrids he knew. Fukuzawa was a presumably kind man, who took care of all his hybrids. He didn’t discipline them, he didn’t force them into anything, and in the end, he would find them nice, loving homes. It sounded like something out of a fairytale. Every hybrid’s dream. Dazai just thought it was a sick joke the humans told them; to give them false hope and crushed dreams.

But seeing Oda here, looking and acting like this? Dazai might start to believe such a heaven could be true. Even for him.

“I don’t really see how my center is relevant to this conversation.” Dazai’s tone dropped in reply. He didn’t want to sour the mood by talking about his center. His master. The friends he’d left behind. Any of it.

“I’m from the G.S.O.D. I know about all the centers in Yokohama. I know how they operate, and how the average of their hybrids end up. If we know what center you came from, then we and Chuuya could know how to make you more comfortable here.” Ango explained, straightening his back and smoothing out his outfit.

Dazai sighed. These two were super weird, but not the kind of weird that made Dazai curl up and wish to die. No, they were a kind of weird he’d never encountered before. They made him curious, hopeful, and maybe even calm. He supposed he could let this little bit slip.

“I come from Mori’s center.” Once that man’s name left Dazai’s mouth, Oda’s face fell into one of empathy, and Ango’s chest rose and fell in a sigh; one that Dazai knew wasn’t directed at him.

“Dazai, come sit down.” Oda scooted over to Ango, leaving an empty spot on the right of the couch. “Like you said, the couch is comfortable. Try it out for a bit.”

The way Oda said it, Dazai knew it wasn’t an offer. It was an order. And even though Oda was a hybrid, a common one at that, Dazai knew he couldn’t refuse. He sat on the couch, trying not to let his relief show on his face. This couch had to have been the best thing he’d ever sat on, and he never wanted to get off.

“What do you like to do for fun, Dazai?” Ango asked him, leaning over a bit so they could make eye contact with each other. “Do you have any hobbies you’re good at?”

“Uh…” Dazai’s hands went to rest on his kneecaps, slowly kneading the flesh to try and relieve some of his stress. “No. Not really. Most of the fun things I did weren’t really fun.”

“Then let’s play a game.” Oda suggested. “I can show you how to do it if you don’t understand-”

“No.” Dazai quickly responded before Oda had the chance to finish his thought. “No, I don’t want to play a game with you. Not now, not ever!” He scooted away until his back was flush against the arm of the couch. Had he miscalculated? Were these two really here to take advantage of him? Could he really never escape from this?

He didn’t want to play a game. He hated games. He hated hated hated hated-

“Think of it like a game, Shuji. A game of tag. You run, and I chase. And once I catch you, you’re mine.”

“Calm down Shuji. Here, why don’t we play a little game to cheer you up? Let’s play the Quiet Game. You know how that one works, right? Make sure you don’t lose this time. We don’t want to disturb your little friends over there, do we?”

“Congratulations, Shuji! You have your first group of buyers! Make sure to be a nice and cute kitty for them, alright? Remember, they’re superior to you, so do whatever they say. And if you don’t want to, just imagine it’s a game. A game that you’ll always lose.”

Oda must have smelled Dazai’s distress, because his eyebrows raised in realization, and he pulled something out of his pocket. It was a small, strangely shaped box, with that same black material in the middle.

“I meant to play with this. It’s a game console. Do you know what that is?” Oda’s voice went even lower, probably trying to calm Dazai down. It was working somewhat, since Dazai could smell Oda’s concern, and even a small scent of guilt.

Still, he was cautious. As much as he wanted to sniff that 'game console', he wanted to make sure this wasn't a *game*. "...No, I don't. What does it do?"

"It's a racing game. You're a bike, and you're trying to cross the finish line before any other bikes can. It's very fun, and the concept is simple. I think you'd like it." Oda placed the console next to Dazai's leg. He appreciated the statement. 'I won't touch you. I want to make you choose if you want to give this a try.' That's what that gesture meant to him.

Cautiously, he brought one hand away from his knees to give a quick and jumpy touch to the console. The instant his fingertip touched the strange surface, he reeled his hand back, cradling it protectively. He waited a few seconds, waiting to see if anything would happen. When nothing did, he slowly touched it again, this time keeping his finger on. It was safe.

Now he used both hands, grabbing the console. It had some buttons on the top and on the sides. What were those for?

"Tap that small button on the side to turn it on." Oda instructed. "The game will teach you how to play once it's started."

Dazai followed the instructions, pressing the way too small button in his opinion. His ears perked up once the console game came to life; flashing colors and loud music filling the quiet space of the living room. A huge 'PRESS 'A' TO START' was flashing across the middle in neon green and yellow. Dazai glanced over to the right side of the console, finding a small 'A' button. He pressed that with his thumb, and another strange music cue emitted from the console.

He needed help with figuring out how to select a level and customizing his bike. He didn't really care about how it looked; he just wanted to combine the items that would give him the best stats.

Once his game started, there was *even more* music. It was a little distracting, but it was still fun. He quickly caught the hang of it, sticking his tongue out the more focussed on the game he became. His tail was out of control, flicking wildly whenever he passed another bike.

At the end of the game, the scores flashed across the screen (Oda had taught him that's what the black shiny area in the middle was called). Dazai had gotten fourth place.

He looked up at Oda and Ango, and once their eyes met, Dazai saw their faces morph into smiles.

“You look happy.” Oda said. “Your smile seems more genuine. Did you like the game?”

“I *loved* it!” Dazai exclaimed, not even realizing how much his cheekbones were beginning to hurt. He’d never smiled this hard in quite a while. Maybe a few years. “Can I play it again? Please?”

“You can have it. I bought it on the way here, and it was pretty cheap.” Ango pushed his glasses up again, his dimple raised just a bit higher thanks to his smile. “You look like you’ll enjoy it more than I would.”

“Thank you so much!” Dazai held the console close to his chest, his whole body feeling warm with appreciation. “I’ve never been given a gift before! At least, not one that I enjoyed.”

Ango turned his attention over to the dog sitting beside him. “See, Odasaku? I told you he would enjoy it.”

“I didn’t doubt you on it. I just wondered if we should have gotten him a different genre.” Oda replied.

“Wait, huh?” Dazai barged into their conversation. “Odasaku? Is Oda short for that?”

“Oh, no. It’s just a nickname I call him.” Ango explained, raising up a hand for some reason. It was a weird thing humans did when they were explaining something.

“You can call me that too, if you want.” Oda offered, glancing back in Dazai’s direction.

“Really? But aren’t nicknames supposed to be important to people’s relationships or something?” Dazai tilted his head, his tail finally stopping its thumping against the cushions.

Oda shrugged. “Well, the three of us are friends aren’t we? Or, at least, we can *become* friends, if you want to.”

“It would be pretty ironic; a cat and a dog becoming friends.” Dazai scoffed, his smile softening from one of excitement, to one of thankfulness. “But, I guess I’ve already broken that ideology a long time ago. I think I’d like to give it a try…Odasaku.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this week's chapter! As always, feel free to leave comments! And also check out my CuriousCat!

https://curiouscat.live/Sick_Warning

(A.N: I totally forgot to add this in here when I updated, so I'm doing it now. I like to read the little notes people make when they bookmark my stories, and somebody wrote the funniest summary ever, so I just want to give them a little shoutout for making me wheeze.
'Traumatized cat boy Dazai and dumbass Chuuya have to work around the trauma and stress of being sold as property.' If you wrote this, you're hilarious and I love you.)

Chapter 6: Fashion Taste

Chapter Summary

Chuuya comes home and Catzai gets his new clothes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

If two days ago, somebody told Chuuya he was going to spend over 147,000 yen on clothes for a cat hybrid, he would have locked them up in the Port Mafia's dungeon for going crazy.

But now here he was, carrying his shopping bags in front of him using *For The Tainted Sorrow* because he had way too many bags to be able to carry them with his hands alone. They were all filled to the brim with clothes, and one or two had some new groceries as well. He might need to have more food in his kitchen now that he had somebody else living with him.

He'd bought all sorts of clothes for Dazai: short sleeves, long sleeves, sweaters, tank tops, hoodies, jackets, shorts, pants, even some fishnets and laces. Also underwear. He couldn't forget that.

He didn't know what kind of clothes Dazai would enjoy, so he literally did what he said he would do, and picked out anything he thought would look good on the hybrid. Turns out, Chuuya thought a *lot* would look good on the hybrid. Though he did try to pick out more 'normal' clothes, since he didn't want the cat to think Chuuya was trying to make him look pretty and presentable. He didn't want to appear like those rich assholes that he'd learned to perceive all humans as.

He wondered if Oda and Ango decided to stop by his place yet. On his way to the store, he decided to call them and tell them about his most recent situation. He knew that Ango and Oda were one of the few people that hated how society treated hybrids, so he knew he could ask them for a favor. He didn't know if it was smart to leave his cat alone at home before he'd gotten situated. He was worried he'd find a way to hurt himself, or that he would get scared, or that he would run away.

Would Dazai even like them? It was a 50/50 risk. Either Dazai would be scared of them because they're a human and a dog hybrid, or he

would see how nice they are, and they could become friends. It's not like either of those would harm Chuuya in any way, so he supposed it didn't matter.

But still, the thought of Dazai trusting a different human before Chuuya… it left a small lump in his throat. He didn't know why that thought bothered him. Was it possessiveness perhaps?

Anyways, that didn't matter. What did matter was getting home soon. He didn't know if Dazai would be the type to worry if he was gone for a long time, and he didn't quite want to risk finding out this early. It was literally day two; he didn't want to scare the cat in any way.

Most of the expensive shops Chuuya liked to go to were near Port Mafia territory, so it wasn't that far of a walk. Honestly, he could have brought his motorcycle, but he didn't feel like doing all that today. He knew where he was going and what he wanted to get, so that made the trip a little shorter. Normally on shopping days he drives around until he finds a place that looks interesting to him.

He made it to his apartment complex, entering the doors and walking up the stairs. Most people in the building used the elevator, so he purposefully avoided it. Why? Because he didn't want any of his subordinates or coworkers seeing how much shit he'd bought. They'd ask him questions, and then he would have no choice but to explain that he'd bought a cat and that he wanted to take care of him.

The Port Mafia would paint him out as a softie. The Softie Executive of the Mafia. Absolutely not. That couldn't happen.

So, he used the stairs.

He fumbled for the keycard to his door. He swiped it, and once he heard the soft click of the door unlocking, he opened up. "I'm home." He announced, trying to be loud enough that he would be heard, but not *so* loud that he could scare someone.

"Master Chuuya!" Immediately, Chuuya saw a head of fluffy brown hair pop up from the couch. Dazai slipped off the cushions the way an animal would hop off a surface they knew they weren't supposed to be on; quickly, and with their ears pinned.

"Welcome back." Said Oda, also sitting on the couch. Ango was next to him, eyes studying Dazai with the same expression Chuuya probably had on right now.

“I got you your clothes, Dazai.” Chuuya gestured faintly to the bags still hovering around him as he closed the door. “You can go ahead and pick something out now if you want.”

The multitude of bags- excluding the one holding the groceries- hovered over and dropped down at Dazai’s feet with a *thunk!* The cat stared at them for a moment, mouth slightly agape.

“...That’s a lot of clothes, Master Chuuya.”

“Well, we need to fill out your closet. I’ve given you a large selection, so go ahead and only keep what you like. If something doesn’t feel right, or doesn’t match your style, just put it in a pile and I’ll return them.” Chuuya sent the groceries over to the kitchen, deciding he would put them away later. Right now, Dazai was his top priority.

“You want me to try these on?” Dazai clarified, eyes scanning over the clothes that were peeking out from the bags. “All of them?”

“Well, yeah, I need to know if they all fit well. You don’t need to try on everything today, at least. I bought way too much to get it all done in that short of a time.” Chuuya slipped off his shoes, tucking them away neatly. “You could just try one or two bags of things. Enough that you could get through the week without having to re-wear something.”

“We could help you out, Dazai.” Ango offered. “We could hand you clothes so you don’t have to keep going back and forth trying to grab new items.”

Oda nodded in agreement. “Trying things on goes a lot faster if other people are assisting you. And if you don’t know what looks good on you, you could ask the three of us for feedback to help.”

Dazai looked confused, and maybe a little uncomfortable. He fidgeted with his fingers, before slowly bringing his gaze up to Chuuya. “What do you think would look good on me, Master Chuuya?”

“I think everything in the bags would look good on you; that’s why I picked them out. But please, for the love of my sanity, if you don’t like something, don’t keep it. I’m not going to force you to wear anything, and I won’t be angry or disappointed either.” He could tell that Dazai was probably going to say that everything felt fine. It was most likely what he was trained to say whenever he put something on.

Chuuya was going to break down the barbed wire walls that were

built around Dazai. He was going to show this hybrid just how wonderful the world could be. Starting with wearing clothes.

Oda got off the couch, heading over to the bags and kneeling down to sniff at them. After a minute, he pushed two bags closer to Dazai. One was full of pants, and the other had a culmination of hoodies and sweaters. “Here, try these first. I think you’ll like them the best.”

“Alright.” Dazai agreed without hesitation, picking up the bags and stumbling once his back was straightened. They were probably heavy. “I try them on in the bathroom, right?”

Chuuya nodded in confirmation. “Yeah, there’s a full-body mirror attached to the door, so you can see how the outfit looks on you.”

“And you want me to come out to show you how they look?”

“If you want to. If you know you don’t like it, then don’t bother coming out; just try on the next thing.”

“Okay.” Once Dazai had all the information he needed, he made his way to the bathroom. Thankfully the door was already open, so he didn’t have to try to pry it open while carrying the bags.

The first outfit he came out wearing was a mint green sweater that had a cross pattern in the middle, combined with a pair of black skinny jeans. It was certainly strange seeing Dazai fully clothed in something somebody would wear on the street.

But still, it looked good on him. Very good.

“I like it.” Oda said, before Chuuya could even think to open his mouth. The cat was too distracting. “The colors suit you.”

“You think so?” Dazai’s ears were pinned, his tail curled around his leg. His hands were also gripping the cuffs of the sweater, feeling the soft fabric. He made eye contact with Chuuya. “What do you think, Master Chuuya?”

“Uh-” Chuuya stuttered, taking a quiet gulp. “Yeah, it- you look good, Dazai.” That answer seemed to help Dazai’s nervousness settle.

Chuuya didn’t really know how long the three of them stood there, waiting for Dazai to try on the next outfit. He was surprised by how honest Dazai was about when he really didn’t like something. It was refreshing though; it made things go by a lot smoother. He mainly

said no to something because it didn't feel right. Maybe he had sensitive skin.

In the end, they successfully tried on all the long-sleeved and short-sleeved shirts, as well as all of the pants and most of the shorts. Everybody decided to leave the jackets and hoodies for another day.

Dazai changed into some loose gray sweatpants and a white shirt with a blue stripe in the middle. His bandages blended into the shirt, and even his collar matched his outfit. His cat had a pretty good fashion sense.

"Dazai, it's pretty cold in here. Are you sure you don't want to wear a warmer top?" Ango asked as he adjusted his own jacket. Chuuya personally didn't think it was very cold, but having a raging god of destruction inside of you is certainly one way to warm up fast.

Dazai took a glance towards the bathroom, where what he was previously wearing was neatly folded on a countertop. "Well, I suppose I was hoping that Master Chuuya would let me wear his hoodie again."

"Sure." Chuuya instantly agreed with a shrug. "I don't wear that thing anyway; you can have it if you want."

"Really?" Dazai's eyes were on him in a second, basically begging him to agree again. He was probably checking to make sure that Chuuya had actually said he could have it.

"Yeah, go ahead. I don't mind at all." Chuuya managed a small smile, hoping the gesture would show the cat that this wasn't a trick, and that he was actually letting him have his possession. Even though it was just an article of clothing.

"Th…" Dazai turned and stared at the bathroom for a moment, before rushing in to grab the hoodie. Once he'd slipped in on and returned to the living room, he hid his mouth behind his arms, which were grasping at the sleeves. "Thank you."

"No problem." Chuuya's smile spread across his face. Dazai looked good in his hoodie. Of course, he realized that when he first walked in, but he looked even better with more clothes on his body. He looked less like a some*thing,* and more like a some*one.*

"Does my appearance look better now, Odasaku?" Dazai asked, with what Chuuya picked up on as a tone of sarcasm.

Oda nodded. “Yeah, you look a lot better now that you’re not basically naked.”

As much as Chuuya wanted to join the conversation in the way it was going right now, something about what Dazai said had bothered him. “Odasaku? Isn’t only Ango allowed to call you that?”

“It’s a nickname.” Dazai lowered his arms, as well as his ears. “Because…we’re friends. At least, that’s what Odasaku told me.”

“We are friends.” Oda assured, Ango backing him up with a nod and push of his glasses. “Don’t worry, Dazai. Chuuya just isn’t used to anybody else calling me that. It’s not a huge deal.”

Despite what Oda said, *Chuuya* thought this was a pretty huge deal. For the entirety of his time with Dazai so far, he’d been having *so much* trouble trying to get the cat to even talk to him. And then once he did, he asked Dazai, *nicely,* not to call him Master. But he’s still doing it.

And then in comes Oda, and suddenly Dazai’s calling him by a *nickname?* What the hell is this? Is it because Chuuya’s a human? Is it because Chuuya bought him? Why would that even matter? He’s been nothing but kind to Dazai, and the hybrid will only listen to a fourth of the things he says!

He wanted to bring this up. He wanted to yell so loud that even through the thick walls, the other residents would be able to hear him.

But he couldn’t. He could potentially scare Dazai, and he didn't want Oda and Ango to have a bad impression about him. He’d just have to talk to the hybrid about this when their guests had left, and when Chuuya had calmed down all the way.

For now, he’d just have to act like everything was fine. He could do that. An executive had to be able to act in a convincing way, after all.

“Master Chuuya?” Dazai turned his attention back to him, looking very apologetic. His voice was softer. “Is it okay? If I call him that? I...could just call him-”

“It’s fine.” Chuuya cut him off, raising a hand so Dazai knew not to open his mouth. “It’s…fine. It’s just a nickname. It doesn't bother me.”

He hoped Dazai didn’t realize how he clenched his teeth when he said that. He had a habit of doing that when he lied while in a rotten

mood.

“Alright.” Dazai still sounded very unsure. With his cat senses, he’d probably picked up that Chuuya’s happiness had just dropped a few octaves. He didn’t bring it up though.

To distract himself, Chuuya looked over at Ango. Ango, on purpose. He wasn’t upset at *him*. “Are you two staying for lunch? I should really get started on it soon.”

“Oh, no, I have an appointment.” Ango shook his head. “We should have probably gotten out of your hair a while ago. Excuse us.”

They both bowed their heads and went to gather their shoes at the door. Chuuya spared a side-glance at Dazai, and noticed that he looked sadder. He didn’t want them to leave. Where was that expression when Chuuya was leaving a few hours ago?

Once the two government workers had left their apartment, Chuuya sighed and started a slow trot towards the kitchen. “Any ideas on what you want to eat?” He asked Dazai, not looking back while he addressed the hybrid.

“I’ll have whatever Master Chuuya wants.” The same response as breakfast. The cat was doing so well voicing his opinions while trying on clothes; why did he suddenly revert back to *this?*

Was it because Oda and Ango left? Did he not trust Chuuya to tell him what he actually wanted?

Chuuya didn’t even realize he’d stopped walking until he caught something strange from the corner of his eye. Something that he definitely didn’t recognize. Turning his body towards the couch, he walked over to behind the piece of furniture, looking at what was placed on the cushion.

“Is this a game console?” He asked, not missing the way Dazai’s body jumped and his eyes widened.

“It’s nothing!” The hybrid yelled, shooting over to grab the electronic in a crazy burst of speed that only a cat could manage. He held the device close to his chest, protecting it with a fearful look in his eyes. *Fear.* Why was that emotion directed at Chuuya so much? He expects it from others, sure, but not from the cat that he saved.

It was clear that Dazai was about to defend himself on why he

suddenly had this, but really? Chuuya didn't care. He understood now just how little his words meant to this hybrid. No matter what he said, all that mattered to the cat is that he's the disgusting human who bought Dazai's entire being. No matter how nice he tries to be, he'll only ever trust the outside perspective.

Before Dazai could open his mouth, Chuuya beat him to it. "Don't. I don't care." He made sure his voice wasn't a shout, but that the words definitely held a firm tone. "I don't give a crap about some cheap piece of entertainment. Keep it if you want, it doesn't matter to me. I'm going to make lunch, and if you don't like it, then you can starve."

With that, he stormed off into the kitchen, his good morning mood now completely unrecoverable. Why did he think that this stupid cat would ever like him? Cats were always like this. Selfish little pricks that only act nice when they want something. It's not even worth trying.

Dazai watched his master leave the room, shock and hurt settling deep in his stomach. What did he do? Why was Chuuya suddenly so upset at him? He didn't think he did anything wrong- he did all that Chuuya asked of him! Was it the game console? But he just said he didn't care about that!

Maybe he got too carried away in how much he let out. Maybe he *was* supposed to like everything, even though Chuuya said he wanted Dazai's honest opinion. Maybe he wasn't supposed to mention how some clothes felt like they were suffocating him, or scratching and tearing at his bare skin. He should have been thankful for every piece of cotton and fabric he got.

Dazai tugged at his collar, restricting his breathing as a punishment for his stupidity. He really was a horrible pet; Master Mori was right. He had to remember all the teaching's he'd picked up from the books and from his center. He had gotten rusty. He would show Chuuya just how good he could be. Then maybe he'd still have a chance of staying here.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for all of you that loved the cute fluffy chapters... now you have angst.

Please check out my CuriousCat!

CuriousCat

Chapter 7: Called In

Chapter Summary

Chuuya makes lunch

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dazai was usually thankful for any alone time he could get. It was his time and his time alone. He could read, sleep, eat the snacks he'd managed to sneak in; it was nice. It was wanted.

But this time, being alone made the lump in Dazai's throat throb. He was curled up on his empty bed, the sheets and pillows thrown into a pile on the floor. The bare and puffy feeling of the bare mattress was what he was used to; not the soft and cool silky sheets that lulled him to sleep the previous night.

He'd never felt this guilty about something before. It was a horrible feeling, he quickly realized. He wanted to apologize to Chuuya about whatever he did wrong, but he didn't want to bother the human with his presence right now. He was angry. If Dazai made a wrong move, there was a good chance whatever food Chuuya was preparing would get thrown at him. It had happened before, and he was out of commission for weeks trying to get the burn on his shoulder to die down.

Dazai pushed his face further into his arms. He didn't want to think about those things right now. He needed to think about how he was going to make this up to Chuuya. Maybe he could clean up his room? But he never got permission to enter there yet. Maybe he could start small; like cleaning up the dishes after Chuuya finished his meal.

Yeah, he could do that. His ears perked up and tilted in the direction of the kitchen so he could hear when Chuuya finished his food. It sounded like he was still preparing it. He could hear water boiling and bubbling.

He sighed, watching his tail sway and twitch from in front of him. It was sort of mesmerizing in a way, like a form of hypnosis. It gave his eyes something to focus on whenever his mind started to wander off into dangerous territories. He was thankful Chuuya bought him the correct type of pants and shorts. His center never really bothered

getting hybrids the clothes that were most comfortable for them.

Dazai had read about the clothing in some magazines he'd managed to swipe; every store had a small section of clothes specifically for hybrids. The bottoms were made with a hole in the back for the tail to stick out through, since with normal pants, it would just be squished between the fabric and the leg. It was very uncomfortable, so this change was definitely appreciated.

It would probably be a while until Chuuya finished making and eating his food. Dazai should probably find something to do in order to pass the time. Maybe he could play some more of that racing game Ango had bought him? No, that probably wasn't a good idea. What would Chuuya think if he came in here and saw Dazai slacking off, playing a video game?

His room was already spotless, not considering the mess of the bed accessories Dazai had personally made. That took cleaning off the list of things he could do to make himself busy. He didn't have any books in here, either.

That just left either waiting, or sleeping. Sure, Dazai was always a little tired, thanks to his cat-like natures, but he didn't want to sleep. Chuuya might find him lazy if he was caught snoozing in his bed instead of doing something productive.

So, he waited. Staring at his tail as he listened to Chuuya prepare his food through the walls that were separating them. What was he making? Dazai couldn't tell.

He shifted his head again. It was hard to find a comfortable position for it when the collar was still there. Back at his center, he never had to wear a collar unless the buyer wanted him to. It's only a requirement once the hybrid is bought, and Dazai had never actually been bought before; only rented.

He always thought he'd hate being bought more than being rented; but so far, from what's happened to him, being rented was nearly a thousand times worse than this. The only bad feeling he'd had was this immense guilt from disappointing Chuuya. He would take this over what he was used to any day.

That didn't make it any better, though. He still wanted to get rid of the strange emotion swirling around in his gut.

Dazai must have zoned out again, because without any warning, there

was a knock at his door, startling him out of his thoughts. The knock wasn't loud, fast, or angry. It was soft, gentle, and almost careful. Dazai counted one, two, three seconds before the door opened and Chuuya walked into his room.

"Hey Dazai, I-" He stopped, probably noticing the mess Dazai had made. "Why did you throw the bed on the floor?"

The human took a few more steps inside, and once he saw Dazai curled up on the naked mattress, his shoulders lowered. Dazai quickly glanced away, keeping his eyes on his own arms.

"Oh." Was all Chuuya said, before a long beat of silence overtook them. Dazai's ear twitched when Chuuya sighed; a sign that he was going to speak again. "I made some ramen. You can come try some if you want to."

Dazai made no moves to get up from the mattress. After a few seconds, he could sense Chuuya's frustration growing.

"Dazai." His voice was more stern. "Get up and come eat some food. You look like a cheap chopstick that went through the dishwasher."

This time, he moved. If it was a suggestion, then he didn't have to do anything; but an *order* he had to comply, no matter what was being told of him. Dazai pushed himself using his arms, and after a small stretch of his shoulder, he slipped off the bed. Chuuya sighed, and went back towards the kitchen. Dazai followed him quietly.

The kitchen smelled very good when Dazai walked in after Chuuya. He was pretty sure he'd smelled something like this before at the center, but it wasn't nearly as flavorful as this scent was. Maybe it was a cheaper version.

"I'll get the bowls ready." Chuuya said, giving a small wave towards the table. Dazai glanced over at the furniture, frowning.

"Are you sure? I could dish out instead-" Dazai was voicing his concerns, when Chuuya sighed again.

"It's *fine,* Dazai. Sit down."

He did. He couldn't say no to an order, after all. Even if it went against what he thought was supposed to happen. He waited patiently, eyes casted down towards the table until Chuuya placed a bowl in front of him, in which he lifted his gaze to look at the food.

It was still steaming a bit, so Dazai made sure to straighten his posture so the steam wouldn't get in his face. He heard a chair scraping against the floor, so Chuuya must have sat down next to him. He listened as Chuuya blessed his meal, and started to eat. It wasn't loud slurping, but he could still tell whenever the human had finished a mouthful. About three or four were eaten before Dazai heard his master's voice again. "Dazai? Aren't you going to eat anything?"

He swallowed. It was very hard to not pick up his chopsticks and taste the ramen in front of him. It smelled *so good.* Of course, he'd been trained to resist temptations like this, no matter how delicious the aroma was.

"Dazai, tell me why you're not eating anything." Chuuya said, setting his chopsticks down to give his full attention to the hybrid next to him. Dazai swallowed again.

"I can't. Not without Master Chuuya's permission." Dazai mumbled, watching as the steam finally died down on his ramen.

"You have got to be kidding me." Chuuya nearly hissed at him. "I'm not giving you permission to feed yourself; that's stupid."

"I can't."

"You can; you just won't. You don't have to do this crap anymore, Dazai. I'm not going to do anything."

"I *can't.* " Dazai emphasized.

"All you have to do is pick up the chopsticks and take some noodles. It's not hard, Dazai!" Chuuya raised his voice to tower over Dazai's previous statement.

"You don't understand! You'll never understand!" Dazai lifted his head, shouting. He was *shouting* at Chuuya. He hadn't even noticed what he had done until it was too late. He shouldn't have said that. Chuuya's scent went sour with anger. A scent that Dazai was so used to, he naturally shrunk into himself; his ears flattened against his head as he carefully observed Chuuya to see what would happen.

The ginger stood up from his seat, and before Dazai could even prepare himself, his hair was grabbed, forcefully dragging his head down to Chuuya's level. He was just barely able to resist the yelp of pain from coming out.

“Of course I’ll never understand; because you’re never going to *let* me understand, are you?!” Chuuya yelled. Dazai shut his eyes tight, his ears growing oversensitive with the loud noise. “No matter how hard I try, you’re never going to give any effort of your own! You lazy bastard, I’m trying to *help* you!”

“You’re hurting me!” Dazai cried, bringing up a hand to try and pull Chuuya’s away. This wasn’t supposed to happen. He was supposed to be *good.*

“Because this is the only way you’ll listen! You think I *want* to hurt you!?” Chuuya finally pulled his hand away, but he did so in a way that shoved Dazai back into his seat. He trembled, petting his hair to try and soothe the pain.

“I don’t.” Chuuya’s voice softened, as did his scent. His voice wavered in uncertainty. “I *don’t* want to hurt you, Dazai. But you’re not giving me any other choice! You won’t listen to me until I act like…like the jerks you’re used to dealing with. I don’t want to be like them. I know that you can do your own thing, because you did it when you first got here. Why did you stop? Why are you acting like this?”

“I…” Dazai rubbed his head a few more times before lowering his hands. “I’m sorry. I wanted-” He choked, the guilt festering inside him blocking his throat. “I wanted…to make sure you were good.”

“Good?” Chuuya repeated, crossing his arms in front of him and raising a brow at Dazai. “You better explain yourself right now, Dazai. And for the record, that’s not an order from a buyer…but just from someone very upset.”

Dazai nodded, lowering his head in shame. “...You smell good.”

“Excuse me?” Chuuya leaned back, his scent souring again. “The hell does that have to do with anything?”

Sadly, or maybe thankfully, before Dazai could answer, a ringing noise interrupted them. Chuuya groaned and grabbed *another* rectangular device- just how many of these things were there?- and put it to his ear.

“Yo, this is Nakahara. What do you want?” Chuuya asked the device. Dazai could hear another person’s voice coming from the small thing, but he couldn’t match it to a face. “Are you serious? It’s supposed to be my day off! What does he want from me?”

The voice spoke again, and Chuuya sighed, rubbing his temples. “Yeah, alright. I’ll be there in a few minutes.” He closed the device and put it back in his pocket before looking back at Dazai.

“I need to go to work. You,” He pointed to Dazai’s chest. “are going to eat some food, reflect on what you’ve done, and *stop* whatever crap you’ve been pulling lately. I don’t know when I’m going to be back, but if I haven’t returned before 6, then make yourself some dinner. There should be some pre-made meals in the freezer.”

Dazai nodded, listening to the instructions he was given before committing them to memory. He made sure they were in the correct order so he could figure out at what times he was supposed to do which things. Chuuya lowered his hand and glanced at his ramen.

“I’m going to need to throw mine away now; wonderful.” He grabbed his bowl and walked over to the sink, dumping the broth down the drain and then making his way to the garbage bin to toss the noodles. The now empty bowl glowed red from Chuuya’s ability, and floated through the air to land safely on the other side of the sink with the rest of the dirty dishes.

Before he left the kitchen, Chuuya grabbed a bar, most likely one with high protein in it so he would get some of the nutrients he was going to skip out on from not finishing his actual lunch. He didn’t say goodbye to Dazai either, so he had to listen to figure out when Chuuya left the apartment. Thankfully, the front door slamming angrily was a pretty telling sign of when his master was gone. Dazai swallowed before muttering softly to himself in the kitchen. “Bye… Chuuya.”

Nobody is happy when they’re called out to work during their day off. Chuuya especially. He hated doing more work than he was scheduled to do, and he was glad the Port Mafia grunts could recognize when he was in a bad mood. They all stood to the side and let him pass through the hallways without speaking any words to him. It was a strange change, since he was still getting used to the promotion to Executive, but he was going to act like he’d already adapted.

“So, will you finally tell me why I was called here?” Chuuya asked Hirotsu, who was walking beside him. He kept his eyes forward, subtly asserting his dominance over the Black Lizard leader.

“I myself do not know exactly. All I’ve been told is that the boss wishes to speak with you personally.”

“Great.” Chuuya replied sarcastically. “I guess I’ll just figure it out once I see him, then.”

Hirotsu walked him the rest of the way to the boss’s office. Once they made it to the large double doors, the older man bowed his head, pulled out his box of cigarettes and turned around to leave, lighting one up and placing it in his mouth.

Chuuya turned to face the door again, and after taking a large inhale, pushed open the doors and walked inside after announcing his presence.

“Ah, Chuuya! I’m so glad you could make it. I apologize for the sudden invitation; I understand you weren’t supposed to come in today.”

“It’s fine.” Chuuya lied, softening his voice as a form of respect. “What did you need from me, boss?”

The boss of the Port Mafia, Ougai Mori, smiled at him from behind his desk. Elise was to the side, mindlessly coloring on the floor (not on paper, on the actual *floor*) with a pack of crayons.

“I wanted to formally congratulate you on becoming an Executive!” Mori said cheerfully, spreading out his arms in a friendly manner. Of course, coming from him, there was always a threatening undertone in anything he did. “I think you deserve some sort of gift; don’t you?”

“There’s no need for that, boss. Ane-san already took me to get one.” Chuuya was hoping Mori wouldn’t ask for any clarifications, but of course, nothing ever went his way.

“Really? What did you get for yourself?”

“I got…” He sighed, trying not to let his teeth clench as he spoke. “I got a hybrid. At an auction.”

“Ah, wonderful!” Mori exclaimed, his wrinkles turning upwards with his smile. “I was actually planning on giving you one from my center! What animal did you get, Chuuya? A dog, perhaps?”

Why did everybody think Chuuya was going to get a dog? Sure, they were his favorite animal, but he didn’t think that would matter so

much. “No. I got a cat. He’s a little brat who won’t listen to anything I say, even though I paid a crap-ton of money to keep him.”

Chuuya didn’t like having to speak this way, but he had a reputation to uphold. Everybody knew that he wasn’t fond of how hybrids were being treated, but he acted passive towards it. He acted like he didn’t really care if things changed or not, because it didn’t affect him. Of course, that wasn’t true in the slightest.

“A cat.” Mori hummed, his excitement turning into amusement. It happened through a form of showing emotions that was still a mystery to Chuuya. The man in front of him hadn’t changed at all, and yet his entire aura was suddenly different. “Well then, I don’t think I would have been able to help you had you not gone to an auction. My only cat hybrid was taken from me a few months ago.”

Chuuya hummed, showing he was still listening and aware of what his boss was telling him. With that, Mori continued.

“He was such a cute little thing. I got him when he was only fourteen; that’s the earliest age one can be taken away for training, you know. I had him for a good eight years. He was so feisty and snappy at first, but eventually he learned his place.”

“Uh, boss?” Chuuya tried to intervene, to sway the conversation back on the path it was supposed to be on, but it seemed his boss was busy reflecting.

“He had such a wonderful pain tolerance, too. He always complained about how much he hated it, but he could sure take a lot of it. After a while, he started to get unresponsive to pain. Ah, my little Shuji. How I missed hearing him cry out in agony. It made me feel so accomplished. Sometimes I wish I could rewind time just to hear those cute little cries come out of his mouth again. The tears, too; those were always nice to wipe off his face. Of course, he never stopped giving big, *loud* reactions to pleasure-”

“Boss.” Chuuya said, louder this time. Mori finally stopped, and Chuuya coughed a bit to clear up the new silence. “Uh, you wanted to congratulate me? On my new position?”

“Oh, yes, of course.” Mori straightened his posture, gathering back his modesty. “Well, congratulations, Chuuya. I have no doubt you’ll make a fine executive for the Port Mafia.”

“Thank you, boss.” Chuuya bowed his head, taking off his hat and

placing it to his chest. “Is that all you needed from me?”

“Yes; you’re free to go.” Mori made a graceful gesture towards the doors. “Say hello to your cat for me, will you?”

Chapter End Notes

Don't we all just love the Port Mafia boss? :)

Chapter 8: The Talk

Chapter Summary

Chuuya returns home, and he and Dazai talk

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Chuuya returned to his apartment, Dazai was already asleep. He didn't want to wake the hybrid up, so he decided to wait until the next morning to bring up what they started talking about during lunch. Before he started getting ready to go to bed himself, he checked the garbage can and smiled pleasantly when he saw a half-eaten freezer meal. At least his cat ate *something* for dinner.

He got through his night care routine as quickly and quietly as he could. He knew that cats had good hearing, and he didn't want to wake him up by washing his face in the bathroom.

Once all of his work in the bathroom was finished, he made his way into his bedroom. He half-heartedly threw his shirt off, chucking it on the floor. He was too tired to place it in his laundry bin; he could do it in the morning. He was secretly glad he wasn't wearing his Port Mafia outfit. There were so many layers, and it was a bother to take off at night.

He switched out his day pants for his pajama bottoms, and made sure to turn on his nightlight before slipping into bed. It wasn't like he was afraid of the dark or anything, but Arahabaki always seemed to be more active in the darkness. He only had that little ball of light to keep the god satiated so he could get better sleep.

The night always traveled faster for Chuuya, since he never dreamt of anything. One moment everything was darkness, and then the next he would wake up to a brand new day.

He'd grown into the habit of checking the time first thing every morning. Tilting his head to the side, he nearly jumped out of bed once he realized he'd somehow managed to sleep in an entire *hour*.

Before he really started to freak out, he remembered that he was still on Executive Leave- time off for him to fully process the promotion and understand the expectations that were now on his shoulders. He

didn't need to go to work today.

But still, he probably shouldn't make a habit out of this. *Especially* now that he was an executive.

He made his way to the kitchen, rubbing his eyes with the back of his palm to wake himself up. Once he was there, he was taken aback when he noticed that there was already food on the table. Eggs, just like Chuuya had prepared yesterday. Next to it was a note. Chuuya walked to the table and picked it up, his eyes grazed over the words tiredly.

I made this for you. Let me know if I did anything wrong. I'll be in the living room when you want to talk.

The handwriting was a little sloppy, but it was still legible. It wasn't signed, but Chuuya already knew who it was from. Who else would ask for criticism for something as stupid as eggs? At least Dazai didn't forget about the conversation they had during lunch. He was pretty sure by 'talk', the hybrid meant 'continue yesterday's talk'.

Chuuya would eat these eggs as fast as he possibly could. He'd already woken up an hour late; he didn't want to keep Dazai waiting much longer. He needed to know what the hell was going on with that cat.

He had to admit, he was a little surprised Dazai remembered Chuuya seasoned his eggs with pepper. He was expecting regular, or maybe slightly too chewy eggs, but instead they were good. Definitely not as good as his, but they were pleasant enough that he wouldn't complain.

When he finished the simple breakfast, he placed the dishes in the sink, deciding he would also handle those at a later time. First came Dazai, second came chores. When he made his way to the living room, he immediately saw Dazai sitting on the couch, ears flattened against his head. Chuuya quickly realized he'd barely ever seen the cat's ears positioned *normally* before.

"So," Chuuya started, Dazai flipped around to stare at him from across the room. Chuuya walked to the couch and sat down next to Dazai, the hybrid watching him silently the whole time. He crossed one leg over the other, then finished. "I smell good?"

He watched Dazai's throat convulse through a swallow, before he got an answer. He tilted his gaze down towards the cushions, and his fingers gripped his kneecaps, wrinkling the soft pants underneath. "...You do."

"Care to explain what that means?" To try and spur the conversation along, Chuuya tilted his head upwards. He wasn't trying to look condescending or upset on *purpose,* it was just how that ended up.

"People's scents give off a lot about their being." Dazai's voice was soft and void of any emotion. Chuuya guessed this was probably some form of protection. "I'm not used to people smelling good. They always smell like cheap booze, cigarettes, and horniness."

"Oh." Chuuya's head lowered back down to a more comfortable position. Chuuya wondered if this was a good time to mention to Dazai that he fucking loved wine, had friends that smoked, and was very far from a virgin.

"You didn't smell like that though." Dazai said, his fingers easing up on their grip against his legs. "You didn't smell like all the things that make me feel like a pet. You smell like good stuff. You smell trustworthy."

"Wait, wait, wait." Chuuya put up a hand, stopping Dazai. "If I smelled trustworthy, then why don't you trust me? Why are you acting like I'm just as bad as those other crappy guys?"

"You're not." Dazai quickly reassured him. "I guess…I was testing you. I wanted to see what you would do if I made you angry. If I didn't listen to you, how would you punish me? I didn't trust my instincts, and I treated you like a bad guy. I'm sorry."

"You tested me…" Chuuya repeated, suddenly feeling a lump settle in his throat, making his words come out more uncertain; more guilty. "You tested me, and I hurt you. Fuck, I'm sorry Dazai-"

"It's okay." Dazai looked up, connecting gazes with Chuuya. "I pushed your buttons too much. I yelled at you. I could tell that you have anger issues. It should be expected of a mafioso, after all."

That comment stunned Chuuya a little. "…I never told you I was part of the mafia, did I?" He asked, brows raising in a slight surprise. "How did you find out? Did Oda and Ango tell you?"

"It was pretty obvious. Lots of guests at my center were mafia

members, so I learned how to pick them out from the crowd." Dazai shrugged as his gaze traveled all across the room. "Also, the clothes you buy look way too fancy to *not* come from mafia money."

"Yeah, that…I guess that makes a little sense." Chuuya sighed, the gesture slowly turning into a soft chuckle. "You're smarter than you look. No offense, of course."

"None taken. It's not like I go around flaunting my brains. That would get me in big trouble back at the center." Dazai's ears were still pinned and cautious, but it seemed like now he was starting to loosen up.

"I guess you have to be *pretty* smart to make it through that hell. They have a lot of rules and expectations, don't they?" Chuuya frowned. He never liked to imagine the type of things that hybrids must have to go through every day. Dazai didn't seem to either, because his own frown deepened.

"They do. And it's extra stupid because most of the time, they never even *tell* you what you're supposed to do! You're just expected to *know!*" Dazai's tone shifted suddenly. His once stoic voice was now angry and high-pitched, his tail starting to thrash from behind him. He crossed his arms, and to Chuuya, it almost seemed like the hybrid was *pouting.*

"Sounds like a load of bullcrap." Chuuya commented calmly. He would let Dazai be the one to express his frustrations this time. "Don't worry, though. You're never gonna have to do anything like that again."

Dazai nodded, giving a hum. His tail slowed its movements, but its tip still flicked every few seconds. "Thanks, Chuuya."

"Yeah, it's not a huge-" Chuuya stopped, processing what Dazai had just said. He had to double-back and make sure he didn't mishear. "You called me Chuuya."

"I did."

"*Chuuya.*"

"Yep. I did. Didn't I just explain I was testing you? I could have used your name at any time." Dazai tilted his head before letting out a soft sigh. "Well, it still feels wrong on my tongue, but I'll get used to it."

“Yeah.” Chuuya agreed, feeling a flood of warmth and relief wash through his body. There was something different about this conversation they were having. It was like Dazai was putting in more effort; letting more of *himself* come through. “Thanks for trying, Dazai.”

“Mm. Sure thing. Honestly, I should still be thanking *you.* Do you have any idea how humiliating and degrading it is, having to call somebody your same age *‘Master’?* It sucks, in case you didn’t know.”

Chuuya snorted, enjoying the way Dazai’s face scrunched up in frustration, and maybe even disgust. “Yeah, I could guess. Don’t worry, I was probably just as uncomfortable having you call me that.”

“Thank goodness.” Dazai huffed.

“You’re pretty snarky, aren’t ya?” Chuuya asked, smirking in a teasing manner. He watched as Dazai’s ears finally lifted from their timid position, now perked up and relaxed. The hybrid scoffed.

“I’m a cat; it’s part of my nature. You didn’t really think I was a soft and scared kitten, did you?” Dazai’s pupils dilated in amusement. “Sorry to break it to you, but I *do* have a personality. And now that I know Chuuya isn’t big and scary, I’m free to use it.”

“Hey, I’m plenty scary!” Chuuya defended. Then, Dazai smiled, a wide smile that allowed Chuuya to get a look at his teeth. They were definitely sharper than a normal human’s.

“Funny how you didn’t add ‘big’ in there. I’m glad you’re aware of your height, at least.”

Maybe he really was better when he wouldn’t talk to me. Chuuya thought, watching as the now confident kitty looked down at Chuuya with a high and mighty gaze.

“Be quiet! I can’t control my height, asshole!” Chuuya snapped, though he didn’t really put any aggression behind it. Even though he’d probably never admit this, he was sort of *enjoying* this interaction. It was like a breath of fresh air watching Dazai actually be himself. He never would have expected the hybrid to act like this, but being an amusing little brat actually suited him.

It was fun. He’d never acted this way with anybody before.

“Don’t worry, I think it’s cute how tiny Chuuya is!” Dazai chuckled,

seeming to be enjoying himself as well.

“I’m not tiny *everywhere.* ” Chuuya replied. It was instantaneous- he didn’t even think about it. He saw as Dazai’s lips parted slightly, unsure of how to reply. Chuuya cleared his throat, feeling his cheeks heat up.

“So, uh…that game you got. What’s it called?” An easy way to change the subject was to bring up something the other person enjoyed. Dazai seemed pretty protective of that game console, so he assumed it would work. Thankfully, it did.

“It’s called Ultimate Bike Racing Mega Pack.” Dazai seemed to break out of his startled state pretty quickly. “Despite its long name, it’s actually super fun. Why do you ask?”

“I’ve played a couple racing games before. Do you think yours has a multiplayer option?” Chuuya asked, gathering up an idea. It would be an easier way for the two of them to bond. Also, it’s been a while since Chuuya’s actually played a video game.

“I’m not sure. I guess I could check.” Dazai shrugged and glanced over to his room. “But I’d have to leave to do that.”

Chuuya nodded. “Go ahead; I don’t mind.”

With the affirmation, Dazai stood up from the couch and went into his room. It gave Chuuya a few moments to readjust himself into a more comfortable position, and let himself relax a bit more. Best of all, it gave him time to think.

Dazai had *smiled* at him. Sure, it was a toothy, judgemental, and extremely cocky smile, but it was still a *smile.* And despite all the previous adjectives, Chuuya thought it was pretty cute.

Because he was a cat, of course. And cats are cute.

“I got it.” Dazai announced loudly from the doorway, holding the console in his hand as he went back to the couch. He sat in his original spot, and turned it on.

Wow, that is definitely old. The sounds and colors alone gave it away, but the graphics were what really sold it off. Chuuya could think of twenty games off the top of his head that were going to be better than this one already.

But clearly this game meant a lot to Dazai, so he couldn't say that out loud. He should just try to have fun instead of criticizing the graphics.

Dazai clicked off of the main page, and quickly went to the 'Modes' menu, scanning around for a multiplayer option. After a few seconds, he frowned.

"I'm not seeing any."

"Eh, probably should have expected that. It's an old game, after all." Chuuya leaned back into the couch, unbothered.

"Really? This is old?" Dazai looked over to Chuuya, his pupils returning back to normal. Then, he glanced back at the game. "You sure?"

Chuuya chuckled. "Yeah, I'm sure. I've got some games of my own here, and a few of them are in the racing genre. They all have a multiplayer option; want to try a few rounds?"

"Sure." Dazai turned off his game console and placed it to the side. "I want to try more things. Those black boxes sure are interesting."

"Black boxes?" Chuuya gave the hybrid a dazed look. "Do you mean… the TV?"

"Yeah, that's one of 'em." Dazai's head turned towards the television at the mention of it. "But also the console, and that smaller one you pulled out of your pocket yesterday."

"…My *phone?* " Chuuya said in disbelief. Did this adult man actually know nothing about technology? How did that even happen? Was he isolated from it at his center or something?

Actually, that was pretty likely. With how smart Dazai is, he almost definitely could have figured out a way to do *something* damaging if he had access to technology. Despite how messed up that logic was, that's probably how the owner of the center thought.

"Oh, is that what it's called?" Dazai asked, still staring at the TV. In the back of his mind, Chuuya remembered how mesmerized Dazai was acting when it was on the first day. He just thought it was a cat thing, but maybe it was also because he genuinely didn't know how it worked.

"Uh, yeah, it is. Later I can look around and see if I have any books

explaining technology to you. So…they're not just 'black boxes' anymore." Chuuya stood up from the couch and went over to the stand that was holding all of his video games. He had a lot, but recently he hadn't played any. He was too busy with work.

"I'd like that. Books are very informational, you know."

"Mhm." Chuuya could feel Dazai's eyes on him, watching curiously as he scanned through the games, trying to find a specific one. Once he got sight of the title, he smiled and pulled it out, turning back around to Dazai and holding up the case.

"Ready to learn about Mario Kart, Dazai?"

Chuuya was doing horrible. Sure, he was never super good at Mario Kart in the first place, but most of the time he was in the top five.

Currently, he was tenth place in the race. It wasn't because Dazai was a better player than him or anything; in fact, the hybrid was having a pretty hard time as well. No, the reason Chuuya was doing so poorly was because he was distracted. Distracted by Dazai, no less.

He looked so happy. His eyes were shining, and his tail was curled up at the end, swaying side to side slowly. Whenever his character passed somebody, or did a successful flip, he would let out a small exclamation of joy.

It was adorable. Chuuya didn't know *why* or *how* it was adorable, but it was. Any time he had the chance, he would sneak a glance at Dazai's expression. The cat's excitement was rubbing off on him as well, causing him to grin like an idiot.

They played about eight races before Dazai finally decided they were done. Neither of them got first place in any races, but it still served to be great entertainment.

"If Master Chuuya has more fun games like these, I think I might die from a heart attack!" Dazai said cheerfully, making the morbid comment just a little more concerning for Chuuya.

"Please don't." He replied, taking the game's disk out and placing it back in its case. He returned it to its proper place on the shelf. He noticed the title of 'Master' being used again, but he didn't comment

on it. Dazai was trying to break a habit, so it was only natural a few would slip out every once in a while. “So, I’m assuming that you had fun playing?”

“Of course I did.” Dazai stood up from the couch, stretching his arms before bending down and touching his toes. Despite his best efforts, Chuuya couldn’t stop his eyes traveling from the tail swaying pleasantly in the air, to the rump the tail was swaying pleasantly *around.*

That is a cat that is a cat that is a cat, Chuuya repeated in his head over and over. Sure, it was a very *attractive* cat, but it was still a cat. Well, technically only half a cat. The other half was human. So it was okay, right? Wait, why was he trying to justify this?

He shook his head a few times, trying to clear it. Dazai had finished his stretching, and was now standing up straight again.

“Did’ja have a nice stretch?” He asked. Dazai hummed and nodded his head.

“Yep. It’s a cat thing, you know? I have to stretch after being in one position for a long time.”

Oh god dammit. Chuuya really needed to clean his thoughts. The second Dazai said the word ‘position’, it was like the mini Dazai in Chuuya’s head suddenly turned into his own sexy model. He thought of exactly three positions that the hybrid would look *great* in, before he forcefully pushed them out.

Dazai yawned, unaware of the turmoil Chuuya was going through. The yawn showed off his little fangs again, and despite their sharp appearance, it made him look even *cuter.* “Well, I’m getting sleepy. Chuuya doesn’t mind if I turn in for the night, right?”

“It’s literally ten in the morning.”

“But I’m tired. I’m feeling really warm too, so I’m going to try and rest it off. See you later, Chuuya!” Dazai waved before scurrying into his room. The door shut before Chuuya could even process it. Once he finally registered that the hybrid was gone, one thought stayed in his mind.

I always keep my house colder than normal. How could he be feeling warm?

Chapter End Notes

Hope this chapter didn't feel too rushed! I have a little problem of not dragging angst out long enough.

Next Chapter Preview:
' “Chuuya.” Dazai said again. Chuuya was nearly convinced that his name was the only thing Dazai knew how to say. “I need Chuuya. Really bad.” '

Chapter 9: Heated Touch

Chapter Summary

Chuuya learns something new about hybrids

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This couldn't be happening. This absolutely could *not* be happening right now. Except it was happening, and there was nothing Dazai could do to stop it. He couldn't stop biology, after all; no matter how much he wished he could.

He'd been living with Chuuya for a week now. The past few days have been fantastic, since now he didn't need to be as afraid of the human. Of course, there were still some habits he needed to learn how to break. Following orders no matter what was especially difficult for him.

Of course that stupid auctioneer would decide to sell him right then. Why couldn't he see it before? It made perfect sense! He gets a week to get used to living with Chuuya, and then *bam!*

He should have seen the warning signs. They were so obvious! Was he blinded by Chuuya's kindness? Was he really dumbed down so much that he forgot about his *cycle?*

This week was going to be rough. He just hoped he'd be able to keep his mind straight throughout it. Though he had a flawless record history of that *not* happening, maybe he could try and convince his body to hold off this week.

Now that he was in a nice environment, surely things would be more bearable. Right?

Well, no matter what happens, at least Dazai is sure Chuuya won't make any rash decisions. This last week has shown him that his human has incredible self-restraint. Dazai even tried to entice him subtly using his body language, but no moves were made on him.

He could trust Chuuya to take care of him this week. That thought made him relax. Curling up on his still completely bare mattress- well, bare besides the new book explaining technology resting on the

pillow-, he allowed himself to smile into his shirt.

How lucky he was; to have a kind human.

Dazai was acting strange today. Stranger than usual for the cat hybrid, at least. He wasn't as snarky or sarcastic as Chuuya had grown to acknowledge him as. Instead, he was constantly complaining about the heat; so much that Chuuya now had his apartment's air conditioner set to 50 degrees fahrenheit. But Dazai was still complaining about how hot he was. Did he have a fever? He wasn't showing any signs of that, but maybe hybrids had different symptoms than humans did.

Currently, the cat was stretched out on the carpet in the living room, every limb sticking out in a different direction. He was in a silky black tank top that showed off his flat stomach, and dark blue workout shorts that showed off his pale calves. From the way his legs were sprawled out in starfish position, the shorts were hiked up above his thighs, which meant that Chuuya could absolutely *not* look in his direction.

So instead, he was in the kitchen, trying not to get drunk on a single cup of wine. Which was very hard, since getting drunk was how he usually distracted himself, and the drink tasted *very* good, especially in the now colder apartment.

Another problem that started was that Dazai got super *whiny*. He could barely go seven minutes without crying for something. *"Chuuya, I'm thirsty! Chuuya, the noise is too loud! Chuuya, where are you? Chuuya, I need you! Chuuya! Chuuya!"*

As nice as it was hearing his name fall from the hybrid's lips, it was also a little annoying. Especially when Dazai got upset and a growl started to seep into his whines. If he was a woman, Chuuya would be almost positive that Dazai was on his period.

Hell, with how crazy Dazai's emotions were going around today, Chuuya was beginning to think he *was* on a period; male or not.

Chuuya sighed and closed up his wine bottle, putting it away so he couldn't tempt himself with the idea of a second drink. Despite how pleasant that idea was, he didn't want to have a hangover tomorrow. Not when he had paperwork to do.

He recently started going back to work, since he wasn't on Executive Leave anymore. Dazai didn't seem very happy about it two days ago when he first left for work, but today it was *even worse.* The hybrid was basically crying when Chuuya left, and when he came back after his shift, Dazai wouldn't talk to him for half an hour.

But after that half hour passed, he just wouldn't *shut up.* Chuuya had only been home for three hours, and Dazai was already driving him to his wine-drinking distraction.

"Chuuya!" Dazai called from the living room. Immediately upon hearing his voice, Chuuya took another gulp from his glass. "Chuuya, where are you? I need you! Chuuya! Chuuya, please!"

"Quiet down!" Chuuya called back, setting down his glass and marching over to the living room, stopping once Dazai was in his point of view. "I'm right here. What do you need?"

"Chuuya!" Dazai whined, turning his head until their eyes locked. Chuuya noticed that Dazai's hair seemed to be sticking to his face.

Damn. He really *was* hot, wasn't he? Should Chuuya turn the AC down even more? He might need to grab a jacket.

"What do you need, Dazai?" Chuuya repeated. "This is the umpteenth time you've called for me, and only *four* times did you actually need something." He frowned as he looked down at the hybrid, making sure to avoid staring at his bare, pale thighs.

"Chuuya." Dazai said again. Chuuya was nearly convinced that his name was the only thing Dazai knew how to say. "I need Chuuya. Really bad."

"I'm here." He made a vague gesture towards himself. "So, what do you *need?*"

"Chuuya!" Dazai said louder, the exclamation morphing into a whine at the end, as his body shuddered. "Please!"

"I don't know how to help you, since you're not telling me anything." Chuuya tried very hard not to let the frustration show in his voice. It was clear that Dazai was distressed, and he didn't want him to think he did anything wrong. "I'll be able to give you what you need if you'll talk to me."

Dazai groaned, rolling his body to face the side. The skin showing on

his body was shining with sweat under the ceiling lights. His tail moved to rest on his right side; the side that was facing away from Chuuya.

“Chuuya, it hurts! I’m so hot…please help me!” The hybrid cried, his eyes shutting tight as he whimpered. “Please, please, please!”

“I don’t know how to-!” Chuuya stopped himself from yelling, cutting off his voice and sighing after a few seconds. “Look; since you’re supposedly not able to tell me, I’ll just call up a hybrid doctor. Surely *they’ll* be able to help.”

Dazai whined in response. Chuuya pulled his phone out of his pocket and dialed the number of the Port Mafia’s hybrid doctor: Higuchi. At first when he explained the situation, she was surprised. He hadn’t really advertised the fact that he’d bought a hybrid, so explaining how he got the cat took a few extra minutes. After everything was settled, she said she’d be at his apartment in fifteen minutes.

He waited out those fifteen minutes observing Dazai; watching as the cat thrashed and whined and cried to try and figure out what was wrong with him. The longer time went by, the less Dazai used actual words. By the time Chuuya heard a knock on his door, Dazai was simply a whimpering mess.

He opened up his apartment door, letting Higuchi inside. “Thanks for coming over on such short notice. I barely know anything about how hybrids act, so your input would be super helpful.”

“Sure thing.” Higuchi smiled before her gaze settled on Dazai. In that instant, her smile vanished into her serious ‘work’ face, and she trotted over, kneeling down in front of the hybrid. Dazai weakly lifted his head and bit his lip.

Chuuya closed the door, making sure it was properly locked before following Higuchi to stand next to her. She seemed to be connecting some sort of dots, so that was good, at least.

“I’m pretty sure I know what’s wrong with him.” She said after a few seconds of silence. Chuuya blinked.

“Wait, really? But you just barely got here!” Was it really something so simple? Maybe Chuuya should have done more research on hybrids.

Higuchi nodded and stood up, walking around Dazai until she was

standing behind him. Kneeling down again, she softly tapped Dazai's inner thigh, and he reacted *instantly*. He wailed, closing his eyes tight and arching his back. At first, Chuuya was worried the position would hurt his back, but then he remembered being a cat probably granted him some flexibility.

"Yep, I was right." Higuchi gave a slow nod, looking up and connecting eyes with Chuuya. "Your cat's gone into heat."

"Heat?" Chuuya repeated, as if he had no idea what that word even meant. "But that- that's impossible! He's a male cat, he shouldn't be able to go into heat!"

"That's been recently changed." Higuchi stated, clearing her throat. "Hybrid geneticists have figured out a way to make breeding easier. When breeding hybrids, the offspring usually gain the appearance of their mother. Breeders have been dying of finding a way to get males pregnant, since apparently it's not uncommon that male hybrids will look prettier than females."

From that alone, Chuuya had *thousands* of questions, but it was clear Higuchi wasn't done, so he stayed quiet, occasionally glancing at Dazai and frowning at his pained expression.

"A few decades ago, they were finally able to change male genetics, and allow them the ability to carry offspring. Of course, since it's not natural, they can't get pregnant *all the time.* Their bodies changed to adapt to the new strings in their DNA, and now male hybrids are only able to get pregnant while in heat. Of course, there's a pill for the ugly males that will prevent them from having heats. Clearly, your hybrid wasn't one of the ugly ones; hence, how your cat is *in heat.* "

That was too much information for Chuuya to handle. He had to slowly and quietly pick apart Higuchi's speech piece by piece until he was relatively sure he understood what she was trying to say. "So, basically you're telling me…Dazai was genetically modified…to have babies?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying." Higuchi nodded, apparently not seeing how strange and mildly messed up that was. "He's an older hybrid, but definitely a pretty one. I'm almost certain if you hadn't bought him, he would have been shipped straight to a breeding center."

"What?" Chuuya said softly, turning his head to look at Dazai again. Was that why he stared at Chuuya with such an intense gaze back at

the auction? Did he know what would happen?

Did Dazai know that if he wasn't bought at that auction, he'd be sent to a breeding center?

Dazai whined again, and Chuuya watched as the hybrid's eyes squeezed tighter and his lips pursed together in pain. Higuchi sighed, and offered an explanation before Chuuya even had time to ask. "Heats for females aren't painful, but for males, it's a different story. Since their body isn't naturally made for reproduction, it's only natural they'll feel some discomfort during their heat week. There's medicine for it, and of course, mating will help with the pain as well."

I wish I knew all this beforehand so I could have some meds for him. Chuuya thought with a frown. He never would have even assumed Dazai was in heat. He was a male cat, so there should have been no way! Guess he underestimated the fucked up world of science.

"How…often does this happen?" Chuuya asked softly, worried that if he spoke too loudly, it would hurt Dazai's ears. Would his ears be oversensitive in heat? He had no idea. It felt like he was treading on thin ice in the middle of a frozen lake.

"For females, their heats happen every two to three weeks. For males, it's every four or five. So…once every month."

"Oh hell." Chuuya muttered to himself before addressing Higuchi again. He felt slightly guilty for asking so many questions, but he wanted to make sure he knew what to do. "So, what do I do to help if I don't have meds for him, but still want him to feel better?"

"You mate." Higuchi answered simply. "Course, you'll need to pull out or use protection, otherwise you run the risk of getting him pregnant. If that sounds like too much effort, then you can just pleasure him in other ways until he works himself out."

"Wha-" Chuuya flushed. He knew that Higuchi could be pretty straightforward, but he expected her to at least have *some* shame. "I- I uh- what-"

"I can show you if you don't know how to do it." Higuchi offered. She reached into her pocket, pulling out a small, cheap packet of lube. "I had a feeling heat would be the case, so I came prepared."

Chuuya swallowed. He wanted to tell Higuchi that he was fine, and that he didn't need to watch anything, but on the other hand, she was

the expert. What if pleasuring a hybrid worked differently than a normal human? It was best to silently nod and give her permission.

“Just don’t hurt him.” He quickly added as Higuchi pulled down Dazai’s shorts, helping the tail slip out of the hole in the fabric.

“I’ll be careful.” Higuchi assured with a nod. Her eyes scanned over Dazai’s lower half, probably checking to make sure he was healthy. She smiled and gave another soft nod to herself.

Apparently it took Higuchi a while to realize the position Dazai was lying in wasn’t exactly ideal. She frowned for a few seconds, before an idea popped into her head. She looked up at Chuuya. “Do you want to know something interesting?”

“Uh, sure?” Chuuya replied, uncertain.

“Hybrids are taught specific…’tricks’, let’s say. They’ve been etched into the marrow of their bones; so much that they’ll even respond while in heat, where their minds are basically mush.” Higuchi pinched a piece of Dazai’s thigh in between her fingers, and pulled it up. Suddenly, Dazai moved. He rolled so that he was on his hands and knees, presenting his backside to Higuchi. He whimpered again as his tail moved to the side. Chuuya quickly realized that the tail was getting out of the way; making it easier for Dazai to *mate*.

It’s like he didn’t even think about it…actually, he probably didn’t.

“Do you want him to be loud or quiet?” Higuchi asked, startling Chuuya.

“Uh…what do you mean by that?”

“There are tricks telling them to either be loud or quiet, so I’m asking which one you want.” She clarified.

“Just…let him choose. I don’t really care.” Chuuya said, softer than he previously was when he spoke. Honestly, he was surprised about how well he was handling this. Sure, he’d seen many men without pants on before, but never a hybrid. He still felt plenty embarrassed, though.

Higuchi shrugged, looking back at Dazai. “Alright, then.” She opened up the packet and squeezed a small amount on her fingers, pushing one inside of Dazai’s hole with zero hesitation. The hybrid cried out, his nails digging into the carpet.

Chuuya immediately switched where his eyes were looking. He went back to staring at Dazai's face, watching the cat's lips fall open on soft moans and whimpers. The more Higuchi stretched him open, the more Chuuya noticed Dazai was beginning to look… *frightened.*

He'd gotten used to the pinned ears; learned that it meant Dazai was getting tense, nervous, or scared. The fact that it was happening now made Chuuya's stomach tighten. He didn't know why, but he felt a sudden need to reach out. Literally.

He positioned himself so he was sitting criss-crossed near Dazai's head. He didn't know if Dazai would be okay with this, but he had to at least try. He gently and slowly placed his hand atop of Dazai's head, and waited until Dazai had finished his flinch and loud whine.

Chuuya started softly running his fingers through Dazai's hair, marveling at how soft and silky it was. His fingers never got caught in a tangle, making it easy, and even a little calming. Still, he kept his eyes on Dazai, seeing how the hybrid was reacting to the situation.

Dazai's eyes were still shut tight, but his ears had risen in relaxation. The red on his cheeks deepened, and with a soft keen, he leaned forward, resting his chin on Chuuya's thigh.

Despite his surprise, Chuuya didn't stop in his movements. They were helping. He continued petting him, trying not to acknowledge Higuchi across from him, currently working on pleasuring Dazai in a different way. The cat definitely gave a loud reaction to her works, but they weren't as frantic as they were before.

"You're doing great." Chuuya whispered. He wasn't sure if Dazai would be able to hear him, but still, he wanted to make him feel as comfortable as possible. "Just a little more; you can do it."

He was almost certain that if Dazai's head wasn't heated out of commission, he would be freaking out right now. From what Chuuya's seen, there was no doubt that Dazai didn't enjoy these sort of *activities.* Or, at least he was scared of them. Hopefully Chuuya's words- if they were heard- would serve to make Dazai feel more comfortable in this situation.

Dazai cried and mewled, his face rubbing against Chuuya's pants, trying to find a comfortable position. Chuuya was glad his outfit didn't consist of jeans, otherwise he'd be worried about Dazai hurting his face.

“Not much longer.” Higuchi assured him. “He seems pretty sensitive. After just one climax, he should sleep for quite a while.”

Chuuya nodded, keeping his eyes on Dazai. “You hear that? It’ll be over soon, just hang on. I know you can do it.”

Dazai groaned and started to mix in some pants with his other noises. Chuuya’s wrist was beginning to feel a little sore from petting him, but he kept on going. Once Dazai tired himself out, he’d be able to take a break. Both of them would be able to take a break.

Finally, Dazai let out a loud moan, but blocked it off by biting his lip; so hard that Chuuya was worried he might draw blood. Thankfully he didn’t, and after about four beats, Dazai collapsed.

He must have finished. Chuuya thought, stopping his hand and looking up at Higuchi, who was calmly cleaning up and redressing Dazai.

“Seriously, thank you so much.” Chuuya said, a little sheepishly. “Sorry if this was kind of awkward for you…”

“It’s fine.” Higuchi smiled and slipped Dazai’s tail through the hole in his shorts, being careful not to be too rough with him. “This is my job, so I’ve grown used to doing stuff like this.”

Chuuya hummed. He knew that Higuchi was originally just a regular grunt in the mafia. After a while, there was nobody who wanted to take her under their wing, so the boss put her in this position. She learned pretty quickly and got really accustomed to her new job, but Chuuya couldn’t help but feel a little bad for her.

“I hope this week goes well for you.” Higuchi stood up, wiping her hand along her pants before turning towards the door. Chuuya gave a small wave before she left out the door.

Chuuya let out a long exhale. He also hoped he’d be able to survive this week. Maybe if Dazai stayed asleep for long enough, he’d have enough time to go and get him some heat medicine. He didn’t want the cat to be in pain; especially for the span of seven whole days.

A strange and sudden feeling on his leg brought Chuuya out of his head. He looked down at his leg, confused when he didn’t see anything strange on it; just Dazai’s head, where he’d collapsed from exhaustion. The sensation was a light buzz, like a smaller dose of what happens when too much pressure is put on something.

Wait a second. Chuuya's eyes widened. He had an idea, but…there was no way this was actually the case, right? He could at least check.

Making sure to not disturb the resting cat, Chuuya snuck a single finger under Dazai's chin, his breath stuttering when he felt the hybrid's throat vibrating. He was *purring.* Dazai was purring on top of Chuuya.

I can't get up. That was the first thought that entered his head. *There's absolutely no way I can get up. If he's so comfortable that he's purring, if I move him, that could ruin everything.*

I accept my fate.

After finishing the battle in his mind, the panic went away, leaving only a soft fondness settling through his body. He smiled, trying to match his breathing with Dazai's. Even though they were on the floor, this was probably the most comfortable Chuuya's ever been. He could go buy the medicine in an hour or two; they both deserved some comfortable rest.

Whilst Dazai slept, Chuuya could have sworn he heard his name rumble out of the hybrid's lips. Of course, it wasn't like he could ask, so he supposed he'd never really be sure.

Chapter End Notes

Spice...is something I need to work on ヽ(-_-;)
Hope you enjoyed this week's chapter! Let me know of any questions/theories in the comments!!

P.S.: Another shoutout to a specific bookmark for this fic that made me laugh. You guys are comedic geniuses.
'Dazai is a cat hybrid, a handful at that. Chuuya has a few problems, Dazai being all of them.'

Next Chapter Preview:
'Dazai glanced up at the human, tongue still poking out of his lips. He watched as their eyes met, and Chuuya's rosy cheeks deepened into a salmon color.'

Chapter 10: Fruits and Labor

Chapter Summary

Catzai's heat continues; but this time...from *his* POV!

TW: Heavily Implied Rape at the end of the chapter. The act of doing it is never shown, but the buildup is definitely there. If it makes you uncomfortable to read that, then stop reading at 'Dazai's dreams weren't very fun.'

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Dazai stirred, the first thing he noticed was that he wasn't burning hot. He still felt warm, but there was something keeping him slightly cooler.

The second thing he noticed was that everything smelled of *Chuuya*. That was what got his eyes to open. He had to know where he was.

At first, he thought he was in his own bedroom, but after a couple more seconds of observation, it was clear this room belonged to somebody else. Was this Chuuya's room?

He glanced down at the satin sheets currently covering his body. This was the culprit of keeping him cool. He gave it a quick sniff, and was bombarded with the smell of his owner. Yeah, this was Chuuya's room; no doubt about it.

But why was he here? There was no way he made it here on his own and tucked himself in so securely. His mind would have been too far gone for him to have even moved his wrist.

That knowledge caused Dazai's eyes to widen. How was he able to think this well? Usually his mind is only this clear after he…

After he…

After *somebody*…

In a panic, Dazai threw the sheets off of him, looking down at his lower area. His shorts were still on, and they didn't seem stained or ripped in any way. He couldn't feel any pains or liquids coming from

his butt either.

His breath was shaky when it left his throat. What a relief; nothing bad happened to him while he was out of it. He knew that he could trust Chuuya.

But that raised the question: if nothing hurt, and there was nothing inside of him, how did he snap out of it? Maybe if Chuuya wasn't at work, he could ask him.

As if the world somehow heard his thoughts, not even twenty seconds later, the door opened to Chuuya, who was holding a plate of something, and a water cup in his hands. He stopped for a moment, before continuing towards the bed.

"Sorry, I wasn't expecting you to be up yet. If I'd known, I would have knocked first." Chuuya apologized, placing the dishes on the nightstand. Dazai took a quick glance at whatever was on the plate; a brown fuzzy outside, green flesh, and black seeds.

"It's alright." Dazai replied, giving a light shrug as Chuuya moved the sheets to cover Dazai's lower half. "What's the plate and water for?"

"It's for you." Chuuya pulled a cylinder of some kind out of his pocket, showing off the label. Even though the room was dim, Dazai didn't need to squint his eyes to read it. He had his nightvision, so the lighting didn't matter at all.

'Hybrid Heat Pain Suppressants', that's what the label read. Dazai had to reread it a couple of times, just to make sure he didn't glance over a word and maybe read the wrong thing. He was speechless. Was this a prank or something? He never thought Chuuya would have this type of humor.

"So, what do you think? Do you wanna take a few?" Chuuya asked, looking down at the container and reading whatever was on the back of it. "It says for males, taking three every six hours will help with the cramps, and any other discomforts."

"Chuuya." Dazai interrupted, gripping the sheets in between his fingers. "This isn't funny."

His human looked back at him, looking a little stunned. "Uh…what are you talking about?"

"There aren't any heat medicines. If there were, I would have been

given them a long time ago." Dazai grumbled.

"Dazai…" Chuuya's voice softened, and Dazai picked up the scent of sympathy. "I was on a call with Ango when I went to pick up your medicine. I was asking for his opinion on which kind I should get you."

"Ango?" Dazai's ears perked up. He didn't understand what that had to do with his previous comment, but he was curious to see where Chuuya was going to go with this.

"Yeah. He told me that…the center you came from didn't really use medicines. They believed in…" Chuuya took a moment to scoff in disgust before continuing. "'Natural heats'. So, even if they *had* access to medicine, they wouldn't have given it to you."

Chuuya unscrewed the cap on the container and poured out three medium-sized, white tablets. He extended his palm towards Dazai. "These are legit, Dazai; they'll help you feel better. I don't want you to be in pain all week. Please take them."

Dazai gave another small grumble, stretching out his neck to sniff at the tablets. They didn't smell like any of the bad drugs he was used to; so he stuck out his tongue and lapped at the tablets. He gave two licks before curling his tongue and scooping them up, swallowing them.

Chuuya freaked out, grabbing the cup of water with rosy cheeks. "Dazai, drink water with it, you maniac! You could choke!" He held the cup to Dazai, but instead of taking it, he just lapped at the liquid until he felt the medicine fall down his throat. His nose was a little damp when he pulled away, but that was alright.

Chuuya sighed, placing the cup back on the nightstand. "Don't startle me like that, Dazai. I wasn't expecting you to dry-swallow them."

"Sorry." Dazai couldn't help but smile. It was a little funny how panicked Chuuya got over something so minor. It was only the possibility of choking, after all.

"No, don't apologize. I should have told you to take water with it first." Chuuya turned back to the nightstand, this time grabbing the plate. "Are you hungry? You've been out for a while; yesterday already passed."

Dazai stared at the mystery food on the plate. It didn't look too bad, so he supposed he could give it a shot. "I guess…not too much,

though."

"Alright." Chuuya chuckled, grabbing a piece of the food and holding it under Dazai's nose, allowing him to smell it. Again, he checked for any drugs. He didn't think Chuuya would ever do that to him, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

Once the coast was clear, he licked at the food. It tasted tangy, and a little acidic. He pulled back from surprise, but quickly went back in for another taste. This time, he also picked up a hint of sweetness.

"This is going to take a while if you just lick at 'em." Chuuya said, his voice full of amusement, and a little of something else. Fondness, maybe? "Why don't you just take a bite, hmm?"

Dazai glanced up at the human, tongue still poking out of his lips. He watched as their eyes met, and Chuuya's rosy cheeks deepened into a salmon color. He took the morsel in between his teeth, waiting for Chuuya's fingers to let go before taking it into his mouth.

As he chewed, the food still had the same flavors as when he tried it earlier, but the textures were different. It was soft, and easy to break up, but the seeds gave it a nice crunch. Dazai gave a small *mrrp!* in satisfaction, swallowing once he'd chewed it into mush.

"It's good." He noted, licking his lips to make sure no juice was left. "What is it?"

"It's a kiwi." Chuuya explained, taking another piece and giving it to Dazai, who happily accepted it and started chewing. "I was planning on doing blueberries or strawberries or something, but these were getting old, and I wanted to clear out my fridge."

Dazai hummed and swallowed. "So, they're a fruit? I like them. Could Chuuya get some more next time he goes shopping?"

Chuuya nodded, his face slowly returning back to its original color. "Yeah, sure thing, if you really like them that much. Want another?"

Dazai nodded enthusiastically, and was rewarded with another slice of kiwi. His legs trembled in happiness, and he could feel his tail thrash from under the sheets. He'd never been hand-fed food before. At least, not this gently.

It felt like his mouth was sparkling every time he chewed, the acidity of the kiwi leaving behind strange sensations on Dazai's tongue. He'd

probably need a break with some water, but for now, he was going to enjoy this.

A week ago, something like this happening to him would have been nothing more than a crazy dream; but now it was happening, and he barely had to do anything to get this sort of treatment. He was lucky. Very lucky.

At that thought, he wondered how the others were doing. Were they still at the center? Did they get bought as well? If so, how were their owners? They probably weren't as kind as Chuuya. They were probably like all the others.

Dazai didn't even realize he was frowning until Chuuya's voice rang through his ears. "Hey, Dazai? You feeling alright?"

"Mm?" Dazai lifted his head, easing his grip on the sheets. "Yeah, I'm okay. My mind just drifted off for a minute…that's a heat thing. I can't stay concentrated for very long."

"I see." Chuuya set the plate of kiwis back down on the nightstand. "Is the medicine helping? You don't have cramps, right?"

"No…" Dazai replied slowly. He didn't even realize it, but Chuuya was right. Usually it would feel like his stomach was trying to twist itself inside-out, but right now, he didn't feel that. Of course, his body still felt warmer than usual, and his brain was fuzzy, but the pain that he'd gotten so used to wasn't as bad.

"That's good. You're gonna need to take three more in six hours."

"I know that. You said it already." Dazai huffed. He really wanted to ask about his clear head, but he didn't know how to bring it up. That topic wasn't relevant to fruits or medication, so it would just feel awkward. He looked down at the sheets, letting the tips of his fingers graze over the smooth fabric.

"Oh, right. Well, I was just making sure you remembered." Chuuya mumbled. The mattress dipped as he hopped onto the edge. He probably got tired of standing up for so long. This was his bed after all, so it's not like Dazai could be upset about it.

"I remembered. But thanks, I guess." Dazai pushed the sheets off of him. They were starting to make his body feel hotter. Or maybe his heat was just acting up again. No matter the case, he wanted as little stuff on him as possible.

Chuuya probably guessed the same thing Dazai did, and grabbed the cup of water again. “Here, you should drink some more water. Your body’s been sweating a lot, and you need to rehydrate yourself.”

Dazai took the water, trying not to drop the cup as he lapped at the cool wetness.

“Hey, Dazai? Is it okay if I ask you something? Once you’re done with your drink of course.”

Dazai hummed and pulled his tongue back inside his mouth. “What is it?”

Chuuya’s eyes looked to the side, most likely from embarrassment. “Well, I was just wondering…you know how you can get pregnant and stuff? I just wanted to know, how does that work? Like…the end result. Of birthing it.”

“Oh, that’s pretty simple. I’ve read about it.” Dazai said, his stomach jumping at the idea of having kittens. “When they’re ready to come, the body will start to clean itself out, trying to get rid of any unwanted waste inside the body. Of course, as a ‘just in case’, the sac the kitten comes out in is thicker to prevent any contamination. Other than that, it’s the same as any other cat.”

“I see.” Chuuya said softly. He didn’t look as weirded out as Dazai would have thought. “Thanks for the explanation. I’m still trying to get used to the fact that guy hybrids can have babies.”

Dazai hummed again and resumed drinking his water. He realized that could have been a good moment to ask Chuuya his question, but then decided it really didn’t matter. If he wasn’t hurt, then that was all he cared about.

Before Dazai even realized it, his breathing was starting to pick up, and his vision was getting blurry. Yes, this was definitely his heat.

“Huu-” Dazai tilted his head back, water dripping down his chin. “‘Huuya…”

“I’m here.” Chuuya murmured, leaning forward and gently pressing the rim of the glass to Dazai’s lips. “Drink. You need it.”

He did. He gulped down a large amount of water until he could feel it sloshing around in his stomach. He groaned and turned his head away. Thankfully, Chuuya got the message and put the cup away.

“Need you.” Dazai whispered, his body collapsing back onto the mattress. His surroundings were starting to swirl around him. Where was he again?

“Dazai, I…” Chuuya started, his scent swirling with uncertainty. “I don’t know if-”

“Need you..!” Dazai repeated, pleadingly.

Why was he begging? Who was here with him? He didn’t know what was going on. All he knew was that he was hot and uncomfortable, and that he *needed.* He needed so bad. His body was aching for it. For *something. Anything.*

He could hear sounds; a voice, probably; but he couldn’t make out the words. He groaned, whined, bucked his hips, trying to entice whoever was there. He needed. He needed.

His shorts. They were taking off his shorts. Yes. Yes, this was good. They were going to help him! He let out a happy keen at the realization. When a hand wrapped around his most private area, he bucked his hips again, trying to chase after the feeling. So good.

For a while, no other moves were made. The hand moved up and down Dazai’s member, gentle hand movements and touches making him relax into the mattress and moan softly. It felt really good; but it wasn’t enough. He needed more.

Dazai whined, closing his eyes to try and intensify the feeling. It worked to an extent, but it still wasn’t enough. He needed more. He needed something *inside.*

Whoever was touching him started to speak again. He still couldn’t understand the exact words, but he could pick up on the tone. Soft. Gentle. Reassuring. It was *so good.* Dazai felt the knot in his stomach threaten to let go. He was so close. He mewled desperately, trying to convey his predicament. Trying to tell them: *I need more!*

But he never got more. It was just the touches. The soft words. And to Dazai’s despair, that was enough for him to come. He whined and wailed as the feeling overtook him, and the hand slowly stopped in its movements.

It’s not enough…not enough. It’s not… Exhaustion overtook him before he could even realize it.

Dazai's dreams weren't very fun. Either they were dreams of past memories, or he completely forgot about them by the time he woke up. As much as he loved to sleep, loving to dream was a different thing altogether.

Whenever Dazai dreamt of his mother, it was fine. She was a kind young woman, and despite being forced into having him, she was always happy for Dazai. It helped when he really needed it; that's why he took on that same role for others in the center.

He wishes he could see her again, but he knows he'll never have that opportunity. All because of that man. That horrible, horrible man.

Dazai's Master. *Shuji's* Master.

That was the man he dreamt of this time. And those were the dreams he despised the most.

He was in his room again. Technically, it was a spare storage compartment, but it slowly morphed into Dazai's room as he got older. Master wanted him isolated, so that's what happened.

There was nothing in his room that he liked. The blanket on the floor offered no warmth. The empty boxes on the shelves were dusty and gross. And the toys given to him weren't fun at all. It was miserable. *He* was miserable.

His clothes were uncomfortable, too. His tail was trapped inside fabric, and the material was poor, rubbing at his skin agonizingly. He never wanted to wear clothes like that ever again; but he couldn't escape from it here. Not in his dreams.

"How's my pretty kitty?" The voice struck fear deep inside Dazai's abdomen. Master was here. He stayed still, on his knees, head down in submission. Maybe if Master saw him like this, he'd be left alone.

"What a good cat, on his knees just for me." Footsteps drew closer, and Dazai resisted the urge to raise his shoulders. Sadly, his ears couldn't be so easily controlled as they flattened against his hair.

"Welcome back, Master." Dazai whispered, his voice breathless. The ground was cold. He wanted to be back on his blanket. His kneecaps were going to bruise again for sure.

“I assume you’ve been behaving yourself?” Master asked, his hand reaching out to pet Dazai’s head. He shut his eyes tight. He didn’t want to see.

But in the center, it didn’t matter what *he* wanted. Master’s hand tightened its grip, forcing Dazai’s head up. He opened his eyes along with a gasp, Master’s cruel eyes meeting his own.

“You’re not blocking me out, doll. I asked you a question.”

“Yes…Master…” Dazai quavered. He nearly stuttered, but he knew if he let his voice crack like that, he’d only make Master angrier. “I’ve been behaving myself.”

“What a good boy.” Master cooed, his free hand cupping Dazai’s chin gently. It was like heaven and hell; one hand hurting him, the other soothing. But both hands were scary, no matter what they were doing to him.

“How old are you now, Shuji? Time’s been flying so fast I hardly remember anymore.” Master’s thumb crept up, teasing right under Dazai’s bottom lip.

“I’m sixteen…Master.” Dazai answered, trying not to lean away from the touch. He had to stay put. “I’m still young. Still good.”

Don’t throw me away. Don’t send me away. That’s what he was really saying. Sure, this place was torture, but it was the softest form. He knows that if he disappoints too many times, he’ll be sent to a breeding center. He’d already been threatened with that future before.

“That you are, Shuji. You’re still plenty young, even for me.” The grip on his hair finally let go. Dazai whimpered, the pain finally settling in. Master noticed the noise, a quiet ‘Aww’ falling from his lips. “Does it hurt, doll? Don’t worry; why don’t I make you feel something *else* to distract you from the pain? I know a good alternative we can try.”

Dazai knew that whenever that question was asked, it was never really a question. He let himself be raised to his feet. He let himself be dragged over to the blanket. He let himself lay down on his back. It was only when Master spoke up again that Dazai realized what was happening to him.

“Before I please you, do you mind telling me the reason for your time-out, Shuji? Surely you remember what you did wrong.” Hands crept up Dazai’s stomach, causing him to suck it in. They still didn’t stop

moving.

“I didn’t do anything wrong.” He managed to breathe out, staying as still as he could. “She was scared, I was just calming her down.”

“You made her look like a fool.” Master corrected, pushing Dazai’s shirt up to his chin, revealing his chest to the cold air. “Do you think anybody will want to buy poor little Gin now? Now that they know she’s a *mute?*”

“It’s selective! She talks, just not when-” Dazai was cut off with a slap. His face stung, and small tears burned in the corners of his eyes. He yelled. He wasn’t supposed to yell in front of Master. He inhaled, trying to keep the tears in. “...I’m sorry, Master. You’re right, it was my fault. I won’t do it again.”

“That’s a good cat.” Master smiled, rubbing the cheek where he’d smacked Dazai. “While I’m still disappointed in what you did, it’s good to know that you’re skilled with children. That just means you’ll be a good mother to your own one day.”

“But…what if I get bought?” Dazai asked, toes curling as Master’s hand traveled down towards his pants.

“You could still have kittens, my dear Shuji. They’d be pretty little things, just like you. Now, how about we get started, hmm? I promise it’ll be good this time. I’ll make all your pain go away.”

Dazai closed his eyes, accepting his predicament. There was nothing he could do. He didn’t want to be locked in here any longer than he had to. He needed to get back to the other children. They needed him.

The one thing he remembered from that night was that the pain never ended up going away.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to ask questions on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
'Chuuya hummed, setting both arms on the back of the couch to get more comfortable. “Can you pop a wheelie?”'

Chapter 11: Cooldown

Chapter Summary

The end of Dazai's heat...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thankfully, Dazai's heats weren't as bad to handle as Chuuya thought they would be. He was able to make a neat schedule that worked perfectly for the week.

Wake up, feed Dazai, tend to Dazai's needs, wait until he passes out, eat breakfast, go to work, come back, feed Dazai, tend to Dazai's needs, wait until he passes out, eat dinner, go to sleep. Repeat until the heat goes away.

Whenever Chuuya would feed Dazai, they'd always talk to each other until Dazai's heat fogged up his brain again. They'd speak about anything that came to mind, and the conversations would usually take sharp and sudden turns in completely new directions.

For Chuuya, what he enjoyed the most was observing Dazai, and how he reacted around Chuuya. It was refreshing to see just how much Dazai loosened up and relaxed whenever he walked into the room. The hybrid now comfortably ate from Chuuya's hand, and that wasn't even the best part.

The best part was hearing Dazai purr every time Chuuya had finished taking care of him. Though, now that his heat was over, Chuuya wasn't sure if he'd ever hear that purr again. At least until next month, when his heat would come back.

Dazai was now stretching by the side of Chuuya's bed, grunting as he got used to moving all of his limbs again. He'd basically been bedridden for the entire week, so his legs were a little shaky when Chuuya first helped him off the mattress.

He was dressed in less revealing clothing now, consisting of a beige shirt and black leggings. Still, even though he was covered, Chuuya refused to look at Dazai while he was stretching. He didn't want a repeat of his naughty thoughts when he watched Dazai bend over that one time.

And now that he'd been doing *things* to Dazai for an entire week, he was worried the thoughts would get even worse.

"I feel a lot better now." Dazai sighed. "Thanks for your help."

"Mm. No problem." Chuuya gave a nod, staring at the door until Dazai gave him the 'okay' to turn around. "You sure you're not hurting anywhere?"

"I'm sure. Besides, from what Chuuya told me, it's not like you ever did anything more than handjobs."

"Uh- yeah, that…I was just…you know..." *Worried about not getting your verbal, clear-headed consent.* Chuuya finished the sentence in his head. He rubbed his cheek a few times, trying to help the blush die down. He forgot how straightforward Dazai could be sometimes.

"It's fine." Dazai assured, walking into Chuuya's line of view before turning around and smiling. "Chuuya doesn't need to justify anything. I'm hungry, so let's go get a snack!"

Chuuya smiled, letting his hand rest back against his side. "Yeah, alright. Anything you're craving? I can see if I have it."

"Not really. I'll try whatever you give me." Dazai shrugged, turning on his heel again and moving out of Chuuya's room, quickly making his way to the kitchen.

Once Chuuya caught up to him, he went straight to the pantry, scanning around and seeing what he had. His eyes landed on a box of crackers, and suddenly he had an idea. Grabbing the box, he opened up the fridge next, taking some cheese slices and pepperoni.

He was about to show Dazai the beauty of a charcuterie board. Granted it would be the cheapest charcuterie in the world, but that wasn't important.

Dazai was watching curiously as he prepared the meal. He grabbed a plate and placed five crackers neatly spread out on top of it. Then he added the meat and cheese. He leaned back, putting his hands on his hips proudly as he admired his work.

"What are these?" Dazai asked, stretching his neck out to sniff at the snack.

"They're good, that's what they are." Chuuya replied, almost smugly.

“Try one. But don’t just lick at it; it’s best if you take a bite out of it.”

Dazai hummed, carefully grabbing one of the crackers. He placed it near his nose to sniff at it again before taking a careful bite. As he chewed, Chuuya could see his face light up.

“Delicious!” The cat exclaimed once he’d swallowed. “It’s so yummy!”

Chuuya chuckled, amused at the reaction. “Isn’t it? And they’re super easy to make, as you just saw.”

“Chuuya is a master at food!” Dazai complimented, shoving the rest of the cracker in his mouth, making happy sounds as he chewed.

Chuuya shrugged and started putting the ingredients away. “Yeah, well, when you live alone, you pick up a few things. I could teach you some recipes I know if you’re interested.”

“Really? You’d do that?” Dazai asked, already reaching for another cracker.

“Sure. I’d make sure they’re not too complicated, of course. I’d probably start with something like pasta. That’s pretty easy to make.” Shutting the pantry, Chuuya turned around, only to realize that all the cracker stacks he’d made were gone.

Dazai sure ate fast when he liked something. Hopefully he chewed everything well enough. Maybe he should get him a glass of water, just to be safe.

After he was sure Dazai wouldn’t choke, the two went their separate ways. Dazai was situated in the living room, playing his Ultimate Bike Racing Mega Pack or whatever on the couch, while Chuuya was cleaning up his bedroom.

Mainly, he was putting his sheets in the washing machine to get all of Dazai’s fluids off of them. He tried to switch them out while he was in heat, but even if the hybrid was passed out, he would start to growl whenever Chuuya attempted to pull the sheets off of him. Hence, why he was only cleaning them now. He really hoped they wouldn’t stain.

He made sure to change the setting on his washer before starting anything. Gentle, cold water was the right way to go when you had satin sheets. Once he made sure all the adjustments were made, he pressed start, and let out a sigh once he heard the machine start up.

“Alright, that’s over and done with now.” Chuuya said to himself, pulling out his phone to set an alarm for when he’d need to take them out.

Dazai seemed very distracted by his game when Chuuya joined him in the living room. Usually when he enters the room, the cat turns his head and gives an excited welcome; but this time, his head never turned. Chuuya still knew he was noticed though, since one of Dazai’s ears turned in his direction.

“Having fun?” He asked, stepping closer so he was leaning on the back of the couch, looking at the game over Dazai’s shoulder. He was currently in fourth place, and almost right behind another bike. Again, the graphics bothered him, but he wasn’t going to say anything.

“I would be, if this stupid bike would just get outta my way!” Dazai snapped in reply. If the hybrid’s video game-induced anger wasn’t clear enough, his fingers were gripping the controller tighter than usual, and his tail was flicking and thumping against the couch’s cushions.

Chuuya hummed, setting both arms on the back of the couch to get more comfortable. “Can you pop a wheelie?”

“What in the world is Chuuya talking about now?” Dazai growled, his eyes never straying from his bike character. Chuuya knew the aggression wasn’t directed at him, so he didn’t take it personally.

“In Mario Kart, if you’re on a bike you can pop a wheelie. It makes you unable to turn, but you move a little bit faster.” He explained, being careful not to move too much in case that might make the cat’s senses get distracted. “If you can do that here, you might be able to pass that bike and get into third.”

“Is that the weird thing you did by jerking the remote upwards or something?” Dazai asked, and once Chuuya gave a nod, Dazai tried doing that with his console. Sadly, it only threw off his vision and made his bike slow down.

“Crap!” The hybrid panicked, slouching over even further to deepen his concentration. “Thanks a lot, Chuuya!” He snapped at him.

“It’s an old game, I don’t know what features it does and doesn’t have!” Chuuya defended, trying not to raise his voice too much. He had to remind himself that Dazai wasn’t actually angry at him, he was just experiencing his first ‘gamer rage’, as some of his coworkers liked

to call it.

Dazai groaned, probably to focussed on the game to give Chuuya a response using actual words. The round ended only a few minutes after, and Dazai stayed in fourth place the remainder of the race.

“Man, that sucks!” He complained, dramatically dropping the console on the cushion next to him. “If only Chuuya didn’t give me that crappy advice! I might have moved forward!”

“I was trying to help! Besides, fourth place isn’t that bad.”

“Yeah, but it’s not *third!* That’s the one I wanted!”

“There, there.” Chuuya said sarcastically, patting Dazai on the top of his head. He was expecting it to be a funny little gag. He was expecting Dazai to react like everybody else did: pulling away and shouting at him in embarrassment.

He was *not* expecting Dazai to lean into the touch.

Oh hell, oh fuck, oh god, what do I do. He panicked, desperately trying to keep Dazai from clueing into that fact. Should he pull away? But if Dazai was leaning in, would that count as rejection? Should he just start petting him? But he’d only ever pet him while Dazai was in heat. Would Not-heat Dazai be alright with petting?

Well, he was leaning into the touch; so he should be fine with it. That’s what Chuuya finally decided on.

On the first little scratch, Dazai’s back shot up straight. Chuuya heard a sharp intake of breath, but there were no signs of discomfort, so he continued. Dazai’s hair was still just as soft and silky as it always was.

“Chuuya…” Dazai started, his voice softer than it was before. “What are you doing?”

“I’m helping you calm down.” He replied, his smile reappearing on his face. He was starting to understand why people loved to pet their cats so much. “Also, it’s your prize for getting fourth place in the race.”

“But I-” Dazai was cut off by a shiver when Chuuya’s hand moved down closer to his neck. “Mmm…okay…it’s my prize.”

Chuuya hummed, feeling his own tensions start to relax the longer he continued to pet Dazai. It was even better whenever a pleased sound

made its way up Dazai's throat. "There you go…it feels good, doesn't it?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it feels good." Dazai agreed, leaning back so he was closer to Chuuya. He'd closed his eyes so he could enjoy the feeling of being pet on a greater scale. "Feels…really good."

With his breathy, soft voice, it was pretty hard for Chuuya's face *not* to heat up after Dazai said that. Still, he kept it discreet and continued petting him. If he'd stopped, then Dazai would have known something happened.

He didn't want his feelings to ruin this moment. Dazai was calm and happy, and he deserved it. If he found out that he'd embarrassed Chuuya, he might start feeling guilty. He didn't want that. Dazai shouldn't have to feel guilty for enjoying things.

"Just let me know when you've had enough, all right?" Chuuya whispered, keeping his eyes sharp for any signs that Dazai might have started to dislike his touches. "We have all day, Dazai. Whenever you want to stop."

"Okay…" The hybrid answered, his fingers flexing and unflexing on the cushions. "I want to enjoy this a little bit more. It feels so nice… I've never felt anything like it before."

"Then I'll keep doing it." Even though his wrist was starting to get sore again, that was a sacrifice he was willing to make. The ache would go away after a few minutes, anyway. Dazai was worth it.

Thirty minutes later, Chuuya was beginning to wonder how in the world he could have possibly underestimated Dazai's neediness. He'd stopped petting him on the head a while ago, and now was moving onto other parts of the body. His shoulders and back, mainly. His alarm for the laundry even went off, but he had to ignore it. He would normally be complaining right about now, but Dazai looked so *happy*. He couldn't bring himself to stop.

Still, his wrist was absolutely killing him. Especially since he was now having to lean over the couch to continue petting the comfortable cat. He had to voice his concerns.

"Uh, hey, Dazai?" He spoke up, waiting until Dazai's ears turned in his direction. "My wrist is starting to hurt. Could we maybe take a break?"

Dazai grumbled, turning around to look at Chuuya. His lips were slightly pursed, somehow making him look even *cuter* in Chuuya's eyes. "Really? But it feels so good…"

"Yeah, well…" Chuuya drawled out, trying to come up with a reasonable excuse. "If…If my wrist gets too sore, then I won't be able to use it for a while. And if I can't use it, that means I can't pet you again until it feels better."

He watched as Dazai pondered over his excuse, thinking about the possible options. Finally, he sighed. "Okay. I guess I've had enough anyways. Thank you, Chuuya."

"Yeah, sure thing." Chuuya replied, glad that he'll finally be able to rest his aching wrist. He made his way around the couch before sitting down on one of the cushions, letting out a breath of relaxation. This piece of furniture had never felt so nice.

"Hey, Chuuya? Didn't you start a load of laundry a while ago?" Dazai asked as he moved around on the couch, trying to find the most comfortable spot to rest in. Chuuya tilted his head over to look at him.

"Uh, yeah, I did. Why?"

"It's been about half an hour since you started it. Shouldn't it be done soon?" Once Dazai said that, Chuuya pulled out his phone to look at the alarm he'd set for himself.

"Eh…I guess I could check on it now. Thanks for the reminder, Dazai."

Even though he'd just sat down, Chuuya got right back up and headed to the laundry room. He went straight to the washer, opening up the door and taking out the sheets. He checked for any stains, and once he couldn't find any, he hung them up on a rack to dry. He was going to go back to Dazai when his phone started ringing.

He grabbed it out of his pocket, checking who the caller was. He felt a spark of interest when he saw Ango's name on the screen. Accepting the call, he placed the phone to his ear. "What's up?"

"Hi Chuuya, it's Ango."

"I saw that. Do you need something from me?"

"I guess you could say that. You see, I'm taking Odasaku to the park tomorrow, and he told me to call you to see if Dazai wanted to tag along."

“The park? Why do you guys want to head there?” Chuuya asked. “No judgment, of course. I see adults there all the time.”

“The two of us found a really nice hybrid park a couple years back. I like to indulge him every once in a while. He thought Dazai might like to go with him. You know, to get some sunshine for an hour or two.”

Chuuya hummed, feeling himself smile. “Yeah, that doesn’t sound too bad. Hang on, let me go and ask him what he thinks. I can’t be making decisions for him.”

“Go on ahead. I’ll stay on call.”

Chuuya nodded, even though Ango wasn’t around to see that. He traveled back to the living room, resisting the urge to scoff when he saw Dazai curled up on the couch with his eyes closed. He’d only been gone for a few minutes, and he’d already fallen asleep.

“Hey, Dazai.” He said softly, trying not to scare both Dazai and Ango with a potentially loud voice. He got in front of the couch and knelt down so he was at eye level with the sleeping cat. “Dazai, wake up.”

He gave Dazai’s leg a small shake, and the hybrid groaned, pulling his leg closer and snuggling deeper into himself. Chuuya chuckled and shook his head, this time putting his hand on Dazai’s shoulder.

“Come on, you lazy bum. I have a question for you.”

“Noooo.” Dazai whined, his voice muffled by his arms. “I’m sleepy. Let me nap.”

“You can nap after you answer my question.” Chuuya said, giving the cat’s shoulder a small squeeze. “Come on, it won’t take very long.”

“Yes it will. Chuuya takes forever to explain things!” Dazai complained, raising his head and blinking his eyes way more times than necessary. He was really trying to act up his tiredness, wasn’t he? Well, Chuuya wasn’t falling for it.

“I do *not* take that long to explain things, and you know it.” Chuuya glared at him, before softening his expression with a sigh. “Listen, I’m on call with Ango, and-”

“Ango!” Dazai interrupted, sitting up with shining eyes. “Is he going to come over? Is he bringing Odasaku? Will they be getting me a new game? Come on Chuuya, tell me! Tell me!”

“Calm down!” Chuuya exclaimed, wondering how well Ango was overhearing this on his end of the phone. He waited until Dazai’s shoulders lowered, and he was sure he wouldn’t get interrupted again.

“Well, now that I have your attention, Ango and Oda are going to the park tomorrow. They wanted to know if you wanted to go with them as well. Obviously, I’d be going with you, so you don’t have to worry about being a third wheel or anything.”

Dazai smiled a childish smile, his tail swaying by his side in amusement. “That was one long explanation, Chuuya. What was that you said about you not taking long to explain things?”

“Shut up!” Chuuya huffed, feeling his face heat up just slightly. “Just answer the question. Do you want us to join them at the park or not? It’s up to you, since I honestly don’t give a shit.”

Dazai gave a small laugh, before he actually began to ponder over the question. “Well, I really enjoyed spending time with Odasaku and Ango last time they came over. I’d really like to see them again, even if I have no idea what we’d be doing.”

That last part confused Chuuya, causing him to lean in to make sure his hearing wasn’t failing him. “Wait, what do you mean you’ll have no idea what you’re doing? I’ve said we’d be going to the park, like, three times now. Or maybe even more.”

“Yeah, I know.” Dazai agreed. “I just have no idea what that means.”

“...What?”

Dazai tilted his head to the side innocently. “I thought a ‘park’ was just something vehicles did. Was I wrong in my assumption?”

Chuuya’s mouth opened in shock. He quickly checked for any signs that Dazai was just playing with him. When he saw none, he knew what he had to do next.

“Ango?” Chuuya put the phone back up against his ear, keeping eye contact with Dazai as he spoke. “We’ll be there. What time do you want to meet up?”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, no smut, as I'm sure some of you were expecting. Still, I hope you enjoyed this week's chapter! Let me know about any

views/questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' “I don’t have the best stamina, so I might not be able to last very long.” He added, ears flattening just a little through embarrassment. “I’ll do my best, though. I’ve had lots of practice doing it.” '

Chapter 12: The Park

Chapter Summary

The park (date) you were all waiting for!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dazai still had no clue what a ‘park’ was. Chuuya wasn’t giving him any sort of clue as to what it may be. Any time he tried to ask, he’d always get the same answer:

“You’ll see when we go there, Dazai. Be patient.” It was horrible! He suffered through the rest of that day, and half of the next day pondering, wondering, nearly dying with excitement and nervousness as to what it could be!

“Hey, Dazai!” Chuuya called, opening up the door to his room. Dazai lifted his head from the book he was reading.

“What’s up, Chuuya?” He asked, voice gleeful with anticipation. He had a feeling he knew what Chuuya was about to say, and he couldn’t wait to hear the words come out of his owner’s mouth.

“It’s time to go to the park-” Before Chuuya could finish, Dazai jumped up from his bed, running to his closet to grab some shoes. Chuuya had bought him some, but he’d never bothered to try them on until now.

“Well, alright then. Somebody’s excited.” Chuuya commented, slowly walking over to Dazai’s side, watching him struggle to pick out a pair. “Take the sneakers. They’ll be easiest to run in.”

“We’re gonna be running?” Dazai questioned, grabbing the sneakers and slipping them on. After he tied them in a neat bow, he stood up, taking a few steps to make sure they felt right.

“Yeah, if the others want to. Not everybody does it at the park though.” Chuuya answered, giving a nod to show he thought the shoes looked good on him. Dazai smiled at the silent compliment.

“I don’t have the best stamina, so I might not be able to last very long.” He added, ears flattening just a little through embarrassment.

“I’ll do my best, though. I’ve had lots of practice doing it.”

“Really? Was that a requirement at your center or something?” Chuuya asked as they started to leave Dazai’s room. “Being able to run fast?”

“No, but most of the other children at the center were dogs, so they loved to play tag. I’ve usually been ‘it’, since I was one of the oldest ones there.” He explained, feeling himself smile as he thought of the other hybrids he’d grown up with. There were some he hasn’t seen in years, since they got bought pretty early on. He still remembered them all by name, though. He could never forget.

“That sounds like fun.” Chuuya said, making his way to the door where his shoes were. He sat down and grabbed a pair of his own sneakers. “I didn’t expect you’d be good with kids. I guess you learn something new every day.”

“We all needed a way to pass the time, and tag was a way to do that. As long as we weren’t too loud or disruptive, we could play for as long as we wanted.” Dazai said simply, patiently waiting for Chuuya to get his shoes on. He had an itch in the back of his brain, telling him that *he* should be the one slipping on his master’s shoes, but he tried to ignore it. Chuuya doesn’t want him doing that anymore.

Once they were both dressed and ready to go, Chuuya opened the door and they exited the apartment. Dazai recognized the hall they were in, but it also felt like a new place he’d never been before. He knew the reason for this feeling.

He’d locked himself in his head when he first arrived here. He wasn’t exactly aware of himself the last time he walked down his hall. He was just making sure not to leave Chuuya’s sight. It was the only thing he thought of.

What a horrible time that was. Sometimes it was still hard to believe all of that happened only two weeks ago. Dazai already feels like a completely different person.

“You’re quiet.” Chuuya observed. Before he spoke, the only noise echoing through the halls was the sound of their footsteps. “Are you feeling alright?”

“I’m fine.” Dazai replied with a nod. “I was just thinking. Good things, of course.”

“If you say so. I don’t want you to be stuck in the past when we get to the park. It’ll ruin the magic.”

“Parks are magic?” Dazai asked, turning his head. “That’s a lie. Magic doesn’t exist.”

“It was an expression, weirdo.” Chuuya scoffed, putting his hands in his pockets. Dazai marveled at how confidence seemed to radiate off of Chuuya whenever he took a step. And it wasn’t just confidence, either. The way he stood up straight, the way his hips would swing just a little more powerfully than they needed to; it was beautiful. Dazai wishes he could walk with that much self-assurance.

Maybe one day.

“You can’t blame me for making mistakes, Chuuya. I’m an indoor kitty; I don’t know much.” Dazai said, putting on a grin. It was fun to tease his owner, especially since he knew he wouldn’t be disciplined for his rebuttals.

“I don’t like you saying things like that.” Chuuya grunted, face darkening in that way only a mafioso could do. “It makes you sound like a pet.”

“You seem to forget that I *am* a pet. To everybody else, at least.” Dazai replied with a hum, shrugging nonchalantly. “I’ve been trained to speak of myself that way, so it doesn’t bother me too much.”

“Well, it bothers *me.* You’ve been doing great work with your word choice, but please…just…” Chuuya groaned, his gaze lowering. It seems his confident aura was dwindling. And because of Dazai? That was unacceptable.

“I’ll work harder.” Dazai decided. He had a lot of freedom in Chuuya’s home; the least he could do was change his diction. “You don’t have to worry so much about me, you know. Cats are pretty independent.”

“I can’t really help it.” Chuuya admitted, lifting his head with a sheepish grin. “I like taking care of people. Especially people that are important to me.”

There were many things Dazai wanted to say in response to that. ‘You realize I’m not a person, right?’ ‘Certainly I’m not *that* important to you.’ ‘I should be the one taking care of you, not the other way around.’

“I understand.” Was what came out of his mouth. “I was a caretaker back in my center. Or, at least, I tried to be one. It’s a lot of pressure, isn’t it? When people make you take more care of them than yourself.”

Chuuya observed him, his scent softening as he let out a breath. “Yeah…sometimes. Though, thankfully not many people have tried taking advantage of me. They’re too afraid I’d kill them.”

Dazai let out a sharp laugh. “How funny! Sometimes I forget Chuuya has probably killed thousands. He acts too nice in the confinement of his own apartment.”

“It’s not an *act.* ” He grumbled. “I’m both nice *and* scary. It can happen, you know.”

“Sure. I’ll take your word for it, Chuuya.”

“Something tells me you don’t believe that.” Chuuya mumbled as they exited the building, beginning to walk along the street.

“No, no, I do.” Dazai said, his eyes dilating in amusement. “I’m the same way, you see. Many of the children told me that sometimes they’re afraid of me. They say I have ‘a look’.”

“A look?” Chuuya repeated, interest showing in his tone. “Do explain.”

“I can’t.” He shrugged. “I tried to ask them what they meant, but they could never really give me an explanation. I just have…’a look’.” He added the pause for dramatic effect, and Chuuya chuckled at that.

“I guess we’ll both just have to settle for that, then.”

“I guess we will.” Dazai agreed, enjoying the way his lips curled up in a smile. It was such a nice feeling when it wasn’t being forced. The sun felt nice, too. It had been a while since he’d been outside.

Wait a minute…outside…we’re outside!

Dazai felt his ear twitch as he reached into his pocket. Chuuya’s eyes were on him, watching him, wondering what he was getting from there. He knew. He could feel it all.

“We’re outside.” He explained quickly, pulling out the leash that had been put on him at the auction. “You need to use this.”

Chuuya stopped walking, staring at the leather with silence; both in his voice, and his face. Dazai had made sure to put it in his pocket

before the human walked into his room, because he knew if he was caught trying to take it, he'd be forced to leave it at home. That wasn't acceptable.

"Chuuya. Put it on me." Dazai repeated, his voice firm and serious. "We don't want to attract unneeded attention. This is normal; I'm fine with it. Just use the leash, don't think about it too hard."

"But…" Chuuya sputtered, taking his hands out of his pockets. "I don't want to appease those bastards who will throw a hissy fit if they see you without that stupid thing on. It's just a leash; it doesn't even matter."

Dazai, ignoring the chance to make a joke about Chuuya saying 'hissy fit' to a cat hybrid, dilated his eyes even further, turning them into slits as he stared down his owner. "You're right, Chuuya. It *doesn't* matter. That's why you should just *put it on.* The longer you argue about this, the more people will start to look at us."

Chuuya took a quick glance around them, making sure people *actually* weren't looking, before scowling and taking the leash from Dazai's hand. He had to be up on his toes to be able to clip it onto Dazai's collar.

"There, it's on. Now can we keep walking?" Chuuya griped the leash and started to walk before Dazai even had enough time to answer. He stumbled forward, taking a few seconds before matching Chuuya's pace.

Yes, this was how it was supposed to be. Chuuya moved, and Dazai followed him obediently; silently; without a choice.

Chuuya was quiet too, a consequence of his irritation. Dazai didn't want to intensify that, so he didn't complain any more. Didn't complain about the pressure on his neck. Didn't complain about how fast the human was walking. Didn't complain about *anything.* He was a good cat, after all; and good cats knew when to be quiet.

However, being quiet just meant that he could hear the noises around him better. And *that* meant he could hear all the things people were saying about him. It reminded him of when he was back in the center, the things all those creepy men would whisper to each other as they eyed him like a piece of candy.

"Do you see those two over there? It's not every day you catch a cat among the streets." One said to his buddy. "I wonder how much it

cost."

Oh, not much. Just a couple million yen. Dazai thought to himself confidently. It was still surprising just how much money Chuuya threw away to be able to take him home.

"Isn't it rather tall? It's basically towering over its owner." Said another. That one wasn't too bad, and actually made Dazai smile a little.

"Look at what that cat's wearing. It's way too covered in my opinion. What I wouldn't pay to get to tear those clothes off of it." His smile faded once he heard that comment.

"Chuuya?" He muttered, trying to get the voices out of his head. "Are we getting closer to the park?"

"Yeah." Chuuya replied. "It's not too far away. You should be able to see it from over here." He pointed over to a large square of trees and green in the distance. It didn't look anything like Dazai had imagined, but still, he was curious. What did Odasaku like about this place?

Thankfully, after that, they were able to continue some small talk. It was more like Dazai would point out certain things and ask what they are, and Chuuya would give a small, simple answer. Sometimes it wasn't entirely helpful, but his owner was doing his best. He was waiting for his aggression to die down. He didn't want a repeat of the last time he blew up at Dazai.

Another five minutes of walking, and Dazai was now staring up at the entrance to the park. There was an arch, displaying in gold letters that this park was for hybrids and hybrids only. He could see a few already there, climbing and jumping off of a strange, house-like structure. There were poles of all sorts of shapes: bended, swirled, straight, and some even in an arch.

Everything just made him even more confused. But it also made him excited. The hybrids looked like they were having fun. He wanted to have fun, too.

"There you are, Chuuya." Ango's voice registered in his ears, and he looked to the side, where he was walking up to them, Odasaku right beside him. The redhead nodded to Dazai, and he returned the gesture. They were both wearing their leashes.

"Hey, nice to see you two again." Chuuya greeted them with a small

smile. Dazai noticed his eyes glancing down to Odasaku's leash every once in a while. "So, how long should this playdate last?"

Ango chuckled at Chuuya's wording, and looked at Odasaku. The two seemed to communicate telepathically, because after a few seconds of lovey-dovey staring, Ango answered, "Let's do an hour and a half. Then the four of us can get something to eat."

"Sure, that sounds nice." Chuuya said. "Well, should we go in? We don't want the benches to get filled up."

The four of them walked into the park in a clump. Dazai was too busy scanning the area to really pay attention to where they were going. Thankfully, he didn't really need to pay attention, since the leash was guiding him on where to go. Odasaku was watching him, amusement clear in his scent.

They stopped at a small bench, where Chuuya and Ango sat down. Odasaku went to Ango's side, but Dazai was still distracted, so Chuuya had to give a gentle tug on his leash to regain his attention.

"Hey, c'mere. I gotta take your leash off so you can go play with the others." He instructed. Dazai stepped closer and lowered down to his knees, Chuuya swiftly unclipping the strip of leather once their heights allowed him to do so. He helped Dazai back onto his feet once they were done, and looking to his side, Dazai noticed Ango had taken off Odasaku's leash as well.

"Alright, looks like we're ready to go." Odasaku said, turning his gaze to Dazai. "So, where do you want to go first? The slides? Monkey bars? Or maybe the swings?"

"Ahh?" Dazai's head tilted so far that his neck gave a small pop. "Odasaku, what in the world are monkey bars? They sound…weird."

He could see the dog's eyes start to observe him. It made his skin tingle, but it wasn't as bad as it usually was; probably since it was another hybrid studying him instead of buyers.

"Let's start with the slides. Come on, follow me." Odasaku slowly reached out, taking Dazai's wrist so gently, he wasn't sure if the older man was actually grabbing it at all.

Dazai waited until they were farther away from the humans. He knew they would both try and eavesdrop on whatever they were saying, even if they were just talking about the weather. They were both too

overprotective.

“You don’t need to be holding me like this.” Dazai said once they were a fair distance away from their owners. Well- from *Dazai’s* owner, since Odasaku wasn’t ‘owned’. “I’m not a piece of glassware, you know.”

“I know you’re not.” The dog said in reply. “But still, it’s nice to know others want to take care of you, right?”

“That’s…” Dazai started, before he trailed off in thought. This felt familiar. Something like this happened before. Except he was in Odasaku’s position.

“Why are you holding me so gently?” The dog asked, nearly trembling in his grip. “I’m not so fragile that I’ll break. You don’t need to be careful with me.”

“I know.” Dazai assured, rubbing circles into the younger boy’s back. “But still…it’s nice to be held like this every once in a while, right?”

The boy was silent for a couple of beats. Dazai could smell his hesitation, but finally, he leaned in, resting his chin against Dazai’s shoulder. He was such a strong-willed mutt, but not even he could resist the comforting nature of a cat hybrid willing to tend to him.

“Yes…it does feel nice. Thank you, Osamu.”

“You don’t need to thank me for anything.” Dazai said, his voice trilling with a purr. Even if it was forced, his purr always managed to make the other kids feel better. Of course, for this specific dog, it was never forced. He was one of the few kids that knew his true name, and it felt wonderful whenever it traveled out of his lips.“Just leave everything to me, Ryuunosuke.”

Ah, so this is how it feels…how wonderful.

“Yes, it’s…nice.” Dazai said, smiling up fondly at Odasaku. “Thank you, Odasaku. You and Ango have been so kind to me; I don’t know how I could possibly repay it.”

“No need.” Odasaku said with a shake of his head. “Our reward is

seeing you happy; so just keep living a good life with Chuuya, okay?"

"Okay." Dazai whispered, feeling a weight in his stomach lighten. He hadn't even realized it was there. "So…what are slides?"

"They're those, right there." Odasaku pointed at the strange structure, where most of the other hybrids were climbing and laughing. They were mainly bunnies and dogs, as always.

"Those red things with the dip in them?" Dazai asked for clarification. He watched as he bunny slid down one, exclaiming happily as they did. Well, that explained why it was called a 'slide'.

"Those are the ones." Odasaku nodded. To anybody else, it would look like the dog didn't care about the conversation one bit. Of course, for hybrids, it was a different story. Thanks to their noses, and their ability to detect emotions through somebody's scent, it was easy to tell that Odasaku cared. He cared a *lot.* Despite his constant frown, he was probably the happiest hybrid Dazai had ever met.

"Well, let's go try them out!" Dazai said excitedly. Odasaku nodded and began leading Dazai closer to the slides. There were small black stairs leading him up to one, so Dazai reluctantly had to let the dog let go of his wrist. As he climbed, he wondered why the structure had so many holes in the bottom. If somebody wasn't careful, they could trip.

He made it to the entrance of the slide, and was now standing in front of it awkwardly. Odasaku was still on the ground, waiting for him. He swallowed.

"Uh…now what do I do, Odasaku?" He asked, his eyes bouncing around to make sure nobody was looking at him strangely. He felt so, so awkward.

"Just slide down." The redhead instructed. "It's fun, you won't hurt yourself. I promise."

"Okay…" Dazai muttered, lowering himself into a sitting position and scooting his butt across until he was sitting on the slide. Then, gripping the sides, he gave his body one big push, and suddenly, he was going.

"Whoa!" He gasped, the surprise only lasting for a split second, before a big smile spread across his face. Sadly, the ride wasn't very long, and before he knew it, his long legs were touching the ground again. He stared up at Odasaku, smile still present.

“That was fun!” He laughed, taking Odasaku’s hand as the other hybrid helped pull him up to his feet. “I can see now why Odasaku likes this place!”

“Yeah, it’s pretty fun, isn’t it?” He agreed, his voice softening through affection. “There’s still plenty more to do here. Want to try out the swings next?”

“Yeah!” Dazai immediately agreed, following Odasaku without hesitation.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this week's chapter! Let me know about any views/questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' “How terrible…” Dazai whispered, frowning as he stared at the wound a little longer, before returning his gaze back to the boy. “I’m Dazai Osamu. What’s your name, boy?” '

Chapter 13: Agency

Chapter Summary

The day at the park continues!!

Publishing it early since I won't be able to on Sunday!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chuuya had expected to be bored for the next hour and a half. He'd expected that he and Ango would get tired of conversation after a few minutes, and he would spend the rest of his time at the park on his phone for work purposes, or he'd be playing games on them.

But so far, it's been an hour, and he hasn't taken his phone out of his pocket once. What was so entertaining that it had his full and undivided attention? Well…it was Dazai. He'd begun to realize that as of recently, Dazai was becoming something he thought about a lot.

The hybrid was having so much fun, he almost looked like a child, despite his height. He'd never seen a smile stay on him for this long before, and he wanted to savor the image for as long as he possibly could. He would have taken a picture, but he wasn't sure if Dazai would be okay with being photographed or not, so he decided against doing that.

Ango, similarly to Chuuya, was absolutely entranced by Oda, not taking his eyes off him for a moment. Turns out, they were at least similar in the sense that they really loved seeing their hybrids happy.

Oda was pushing Dazai on the swings again after they'd taken a break on the monkey bars. The cat's face brightened whenever he went up a little higher than last time. It was so adorable; Chuuya could feel his smile going all the way up to his eyes.

"He's having a lot of fun." Ango suddenly said, his smile softer than Chuuya's, but just as fond. "I'm glad Odasaku said we should bring you two along. He seems to care a lot for Dazai."

Chuuya gave a nod of agreement. "Yeah, it's nice; seeing Dazai so easily accept love from somebody. He deserves to have someone like Oda in his life. You two are good influences."

“So are you.” Ango added, turning his head and waiting until Chuuya did the same. “Even if Dazai may not show it, it’s clear he respects you more than you think he does.”

Chuuya’s throat tightened in uncertainty. He knew that Dazai didn’t *hate* him, but there was that small part of his brain that was telling him that since he was a human, Dazai would never really *trust* him. He voiced those concerns to Ango, and he could see the empathy in the government worker’s eyes.

“You know, I felt the same way when I bought Odasaku.” He said, looking down at his lap. “I wanted to give him the best life possible, but I wasn’t sure if he would *allow* me to give him that.”

“So…” Chuuya started, taking a second to swallow the spit that had piled up in his mouth through nerves. “How did you earn it? His trust, I mean.”

“Turns out, I always had it.” Ango answered with a chuckle. “Hybrids are strange people, but it’s not like they’re foreign creatures. They understand human emotions and thoughts just as much as we do. Talk to him, Chuuya. That’s really all there is to it.”

“I *have* talked to him.” Chuuya muttered, glancing back at the two hybrids. Dazai had gotten off the swings, and was now just talking to Oda. “He’s made a lot of progress, but…I don’t know. I just don’t feel like I’ve done enough. He’s still…distant; I can tell. He’s not showing me his true self yet, after everything I’ve done.”

“If you’ve talked to him, then you’ve done enough.” Ango stated. “If he’s making an effort, that’s how you know he’s taking your words into account. It will take time to break down all of his walls, but you can’t do it all by yourself. Dazai will come out of his shell when he’s ready. You can’t force it. You’ve done all you can, Chuuya.”

“How can you be sure?” Chuuya murmured. “How do you know I’ve done enough for him?”

“His body language.” Ango replied simply. “I’m assuming you don’t know this, but cat hybrids often don’t *speak* how they feel, they *act* it. Their tails, ears, and eyes are the keys to their emotions most of the time. Dazai’s been more relaxed around you; he’s *happier* around you than he was when Odasaku and I first met him.”

“Really?” Chuuya turned back to Ango.

“Yeah. If you don’t believe me, then when Dazai comes back to us, watch his tail. If it’s up in the air, it means he’s happy to see you. Trust me.”

“Alright…” Chuuya said, his body relaxing. He really hoped what Ango said was true. He was certain it was. It had to be. Ango wouldn’t lie to him.

If Oda is able to live happily with Ango, then Dazai can do that with me. I’m sure of it. I’ll do anything to make that happen.

His head turned to look for Dazai and Oda again, but they weren’t where they were just a minute ago. Chuuya couldn’t help the sharp sting of anxiety that struck through his heart when he couldn’t see Dazai’s fluffy brown hair.

“I never knew such a small place could be so amazing!” Dazai exclaimed from under the play structure. He wanted to take a break, so they ducked under to stay out of other hybrid’s ways. “How long have you been coming here, Odasaku?”

“For a couple years.” He answered, his tail kicking up dust every once in a while. In his mind, Dazai decided the older man would need a bath once he got home. “It’s always more fun coming to the park with other people, though.”

“I agree; I don’t think I would have had nearly as much fun if you weren’t here with me, Odasaku.” Dazai said, bringing his knees to his chest and resting his chin in between them. “Really, I’ve had…a lot of fun today. Thank you for inviting me.”

“It was no problem at all.” Odasaku hummed. Since he wasn’t as flexible as Dazai he needed to bend his body in order to not hit his head. Dazai laughed at that when they first hid under here, but now he just felt bad. It must be hard not to have extended movement in the limbs.

“Well, I’m glad tha-” Dazai was cut off by the sound of a pained shriek. Both his and Odasaku’s ears perked up, trying to locate where the sound came from. Without hesitation, Dazai slipped out from under the structure, scanning the area for anybody that could be injured.

After a few seconds, his eyes landed on a boy sitting on the ground, holding his leg tightly. He was wincing and whimpering in pain. That was definitely him.

Dazai went closer to the boy, noticing how strangely his white hair was cut. It was almost slanted. Once he was in a range where he was sure he wouldn't scare the kid, he opened his mouth to speak, but stopped once he saw his ears.

Those were *cat* ears. He'd never seen ears similar to his own before except for his mother , so it was a big surprise. He shook his head to get rid of his stunned expression. There was another cat hybrid at this park.

That just fueled Dazai's resolve to care for this kid even further.

"Hey." He started, and the boy flipped his head around to stare at Dazai with wide eyes. The kid's eyes were a beautiful mix of yellow and purple, and they had dilated slightly in a panic.

"Hey, it's alright." Dazai assured, getting down on his knees so they were near the same height level. "I just heard you in pain, and I wanted to make sure you were alright. What happened?"

"I…" The kid, who looked to be around eighteen or nineteen, stammered and looked down at his leg, which had a nasty looking injury on it. "I was going down the fireman pole, but I slipped and… and I hurt my knee."

"How terrible…" Dazai whispered, frowning as he stared at the wound a little longer, before returning his gaze back to the boy. "I'm Dazai Osamu. What's your name, boy?"

"I'm, uh…Nakajima Atsushi…" He answered, voice still dripping with pain and uncertainty.

"Well, Atsushi, are you alright if I help? You're a cat as well, so certainly you should know what I'm asking." He smiled softly, trying to reassure the other cat as much as he could. He didn't want to pressure him into anything.

"Uh…yeah…" Atsushi muttered, putting on a smile himself, despite his clear nervousness. "Yeah, you can. Thank you, Dazai-san."

"It's no problem at all." He said, taking Atsushi's hand in his own to pull him closer. Once their proximity allowed it, Dazai wrapped his

free arm around Atsushi's waist. The smaller cat put a hand on Dazai's shoulder, his grip shaking with uncertainty.

"I've, uh…never had anybody do this to me before." Atsushi explained, gaze stuck on the floor, avoiding Dazai's gaze.

Dazai gave a quiet chuckle, letting go of Atsushi's other hand and waiting until it was placed on his other shoulder before moving his own to rest right under the boy's injury. "Don't worry, it doesn't hurt; I promise."

"Okay." Atsushi whispered, ears raising just a bit. Using that as confirmation to begin, Dazai started to knead his fingers across Atsushi's leg, making sure to avoid any spots that would bring pain. After some warmup, Dazai's throat started to rumble with a purr. Once Atsushi picked up on the vibrations, he let out a shaky sigh, his body relaxing to let Dazai continue.

After a while, Dazai's eyes closed in securement. It had been so long since he'd done this; he'd nearly forgotten how nice it was to feel and see and smell how others relaxed under his touch. Atsushi was enjoying it as well, because Dazai could feel the smallest rumble coming from the other cat.

It had been more than a decade since he'd felt another cat's purr. He didn't realize just how much he'd missed it.

"Are you feeling better?" Dazai asked, opening his eyes and peeling himself away just the smallest bit. "Even if it's just a little, has the pain started to go away?"

"Yeah." Atsushi said, looking down at his knee. His scent had started to sway with the familiar scent of curiosity. Most hybrids reacted this way after Dazai first helped them feel better.

"Well, I'm glad I was able to be of service." He nodded his head, giving himself an imaginary pat on the back. He always felt so accomplished whenever he helped somebody younger than him.

"Thank you." Atsushi looked up at him, a smile more prominent on his face. "I know we only just met, and you didn't have to help, so… thank you."

"Like I said, there's no need to thank me." Dazai replied, raising a hand. "It's just what I-"

Dazai's ear twitched. He turned his head around just as a smaller bunny hybrid was about to grab him. Her face didn't show any surprise, but her fingers did flinch away. Her hair was a black-purple mix, and they were tied into two low twin-tails with some flower pins. Her blue eyes were staring right at him, so he stared back, dilating his eyes to show he wasn't intimidated.

"Do you need something?" He asked, trying not to make his tone sound *too* rough. It could just be a mistake, after all. She might not be threatening, despite what his instincts were telling him.

"What are you doing to Atsushi?" She asked. Her voice was young, but it was almost condescending in a way. Still, her words confused him, so he took a glance back at Atsushi, and realized that his hand was still on his leg, tensed up, almost right next to his wound.

Ah, so that's how it looks. Just my luck, I suppose.

"Wait, Kyouka, that's not what-" Atsushi started, probably about to defend him, when Dazai pulled away and quickly stood up. He could feel others coming, and he had to prepare himself.

Two humans quickly ran up to them not long later. One of them had very similar hair to Kyouka, and had decorated her hair with a butterfly pin. The other had more dirty blonde hair, square glasses reflecting a bit of light from the sun.

"Kyouka, what happened?" Asked the man, pushing up his glasses as his gaze traveled between the three hybrids. "Who is this?"

"I found him hurting Atsushi." Kyouka accused, pointing to the injury Atsushi got on the 'fireman pole'.

"Hey, that's not-" Atsushi began again, only to be interrupted vocally this time.

"Who are you?" The woman asked, her rough tone fully directed at Dazai. He raised his shoulders, but stopped there for his bodily language. He wanted as little conflict as possible.

"I'm Dazai." He said simply, keeping his voice monotone, but firm.

"And what center did you come from?"

"I don't see how that's important." He replied, this time letting a growl seep into his words. He really didn't like where this was going.

If they were going to make him talk about his center, he would really rather run away than try to clear his name.

"Trust me; it is." The woman replied, taking slow steps until she was nearly face to face with Dazai. His instincts were telling him to back away, telling him that he was in danger. He ignored them. He was standing his ground.

And the instant the human pulled a scalpel on him, he regretted that choice.

Master. His eyes shrunk into slits and his body went tense. Apparently she got what she wanted out of doing that, because next thing he knew, the woman took a step back, giving him room to breathe.

"I knew it." She scowled, taking a moment to look back at Atsushi, who was being helped up by the blonde man. "You're one of Mori's, aren't you?"

No. Dazai thought, ears flattening against his head. *No, don't say his name.*

"Listen here, Dazai." The human looked back at him. "Just because *you're* used to being hurt, doesn't mean you can take that out on other innocent hybrids. Grow up, and deal with it."

I am innocent. I'm not bad. I'm innocent. The words were stuck in his throat. He couldn't get them out. His eyes were fixated in the scalpel, waiting for the moment it would move.

"It's extremely selfish of you to do something like this." The blonde human said from behind, keeping Atsushi standing with the support of his arm. "You're out of control; who in the world is in charge of you?"

Dazai opened his mouth, but all that came out was a sharp outtake of breath. He couldn't move. He couldn't speak. He was afraid of the scalpel. He didn't want to screw up. *Master would discipline him.*

"Do we have a problem?" A familiar voice registered in his brain. His eyes moved to the side, finding Chuuya now standing next to him, glaring down the group across from them.

"Are you the owner of this…cat?" The man asked. Dazai could tell a harsher insult was just on the tip of his tongue.

"Yeah, that's me." Chuuya replied, forcing the response out through his

teeth. "Now what in the hell do you think you're doing?"

"We found him attacking Atsushi." The woman said, gesturing to Atsushi with her free hand.

"Dazai, attacking someone?" Chuuya raised a brow, crossing his arms over his chest. "Sounds like complete bullshit to me. Did you ask the kid what happened?"

"Well…" She was about to reply, but stopped, turning her head back to the younger cat. "Atsushi, did he-"

"No!" Atsushi blurted out. "I fell, and he was helping me feel better! You guys wouldn't let me speak! I was trying to tell you; he's not a bad hybrid!"

The bunny and two humans looked stunned. They all shared glances with one another, probably trying to figure out how they could remedy the situation. Finally, after some very uncomfortable silence, the blonde man cleared his throat.

"We must apologize. We were too worried about Atsushi's well-being to really understand what happened. My name is Kunikida Doppo, and we're with the Armed Detective Agency."

"You guys are detectives?" Chuuya asked, giving a scoff. "Looks like you aren't very good at your job, if you managed to misinterpret a simple encounter at the park."

"It's my fault." Kyouka said, lowering her head. "I jumped to a conclusion and told the others. I'm sorry, Mr. Dazai."

Dazai looked at the little girl, sucked in a shaky breath, and was finally able to gather his words. "It's…alright. I'm glad you care so much for your friend."

"I should apologize too." Said the woman with the butterfly clip, putting away her scalpel. Dazai could practically *feel* the relief flowing through every bone in his body. "I said some harsh things to you, Dazai, and I shouldn't have done that. I'm Yosano Akiko, and I hope we can make amends."

"Uh…" Dazai took another quick scan of the group. They didn't *seem* like awful people to him. At least, not anymore. "Sure."

Chuuya looked at him, clearly confused and a little disappointed that

Dazai forgave them so easily. He sighed, putting his hands in his pockets. “Well, if everybody’s throwing names around, I might as well do it, too. Name’s Nakahara Chuuya.”

“Nakahara?” Kunikida repeated, his frown growing larger. “The newest Port Mafia Executive?”

“Yeah, that’s me. Got a problem with that or something, detective?”

“Why is a mafia member like you hanging around at a hybrid park?”

“I just wanted to take Dazai to the park. What’s so wrong with that?” Chuuya asked, raising his shoulders and getting into a defensive stance. “Am I not *allowed* to go outside with Dazai or something?”

“Dazai, Chuuya.” Odasaku finally showed up to the scene. He probably had trouble getting out from underneath the play structure. He was holding his phone in his hand. “Ango texted; he said we should probably get going if we want to grab something to eat.”

“Alright.” Chuuya replied, turning on his heel, raising a gloved hand in farewell. “Don’t get into any more trouble, detectives.”

The two redheads began to walk away, and Dazai started to follow, when a hand grabbed his own. Turning, he realized it was Yosano’s.

“When you need help getting away from there, give us a call.” She said, slipping a card of some sort into his pocket.

“What?” Dazai whispered, not wanting to alert Chuuya. “What are you talking about?”

“That man is putting you in a dangerous environment, Dazai. It’s not safe to stay with him. He might seem alright, but trust me; once he takes you into work, you’ll regret sticking around.” She gave him a pat on the back before nudging him to continue walking. He turned his head back around and quickly caught up with Odasaku and Chuuya.

I don’t understand. Dazai took the card out of his pocket and stared at it. It seemed to have a series of numbers on it, along with the title of the detective agency. *Why wouldn’t I be safe at Chuuya’s work?*

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this week's chapter! Let me know about any views/questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
'"I've never baked a cake before, it sounds like fun!" Dazai said excitedly as he followed Chuuya into the kitchen.'

Chapter 14: Pet Me

Chapter Summary

Dazai and Chuuya make it back home

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The rest of the outing went well, despite the confrontation with that detective agency. They were able to find a nice place to grab food, and thankfully, they weren't bothered by any more people on the streets.

"Thanks again for inviting us out. This was fun." Chuuya said once Ango and Oda had walked them back to the apartment complex.

"No problem at all." Ango pushed up his glasses with a small smile. "We should do this again sometime."

"Yeah, totally." Chuuya agreed, giving the pair one final wave goodbye before opening the doors and leading Dazai inside. The instant the doors shut, Chuuya hurriedly unclipped the leash from Dazai's collar and rolled it into a ball, stuffing it into his pocket.

The walk to their apartment was quiet. In fact, ever since they had left the park, Dazai had been quiet. It was an unsettling type of quiet. The type of quiet that reminded him of how the cat acted when Chuuya had first bought him.

"So, what did you think of today?" He asked, opening the door to the apartment and letting Dazai through first. He closed the door behind him and they took off their shoes.

"It was nice." Dazai said, quickly heading over to the couch so he could dramatically fall face-first onto the cushions. "But long, too."

Chuuya chuckled, walking to stand by the couch and observe the tired cat. "It was only a few hours; it wasn't so bad."

"Chuuya's an extrovert."

"And what's so wrong with that?" Chuuya scoffed, smiling nonetheless. Dazai was talking to him again, which was a lot better than back at the restaurant they stopped at. He'd tried multiple times to talk to

Dazai, but he was always shut down. It was nice to be back in the apartment, where they could both be themselves.

"Cats aren't very social, Chuuya." Dazai explained, yawning loudly before rolling onto his back. His hair was messy, with his bangs pulled away from his forehead as he stared up at Chuuya with tired, half-lidded eyes.

And now he was back to this. Chuuya pursed his lips to try and stop the thoughts of: *he looks so cute like this, I want to ruffle his hair how the hell does he do this unconsciously?* And also the thoughts of: *I wish I was on top of him while he looked like this.*

He really had no idea when, how, or why he started thinking thoughts like this around Dazai, but the worst part was that he didn't feel anything bad when he did. Sure, he'd known about his sexuality for years now, but he'd never really *felt* for anybody like this before. It was strange and unnatural, but Chuuya was pretty good at adapting to new situations.

"Well, I guess I have no choice but to be social enough for the both of us." Chuuya decided, walking in front of the couch to sit down on the one spot not being taken up by Dazai's slender figure. "Are you really so tired?"

"Mhmm." Dazai hummed, using his legs to push his body forward. He made small grunts of effort as he scooted along, until finally, he rested his head on top of Chuuya's legs. "Pet me."

"What?" Chuuya was taken aback at multiple things. Dazai had rested on top of him; on *purpose.* Dazai was asking for physical touch; from Chuuya.

With those two things combined, how could he possibly refuse?

"Alright, alright." Chuuya said with a roll of his eyes, threading his fingers through Dazai's hair. It was a dance he was quickly getting used to. "You better be thankful, you hear?"

Dazai hummed, nuzzling his face into Chuuya's leg to find the most comfortable spot. "Thank you, Chuuyaaa."

Chuuya gave a lighthearted scoff, enjoying how his leg heated up under the pressure of Dazai's head. "Are you positive you don't want to fall asleep somewhere more comfortable?"

"This is plenty comfortable." Dazai replied, closing his eyes and letting out a rumbling sigh as Chuuya's fingers scratched a certain spot on his scalp. "Chuuya's hands feel so nice."

"Yeah?" Chuuya looked around for the television remote as he kept the conversation moving. If Dazai was going to fall asleep, then he'd be here for a while. He might as well watch something while the hybrid slept.

"Yeah…" Dazai mumbled, letting out another yawn before bringing his legs up closer to his chest. That was a pretty yelling sign to Chuuya that he shouldn't speak any more. Seemed like it was time for Dazai's nap.

Once Chuuya was positive he was the only one awake, he grabbed the remote and turned on the television. He made sure it was on a low volume, so he wouldn't run the risk of waking up Dazai.

He got onto Netflix and scrolled until he found something nice to watch. It was a show about British people baking. He knew quite a lot of English, so thankfully he didn't need to change the subtitles. Apparently it was also a competition, since one person would leave after every week.

It was interesting to see the different recipes and designs the participants would come up with. Chuuya wouldn't quite call himself a baker, but he certainly enjoyed it as a hobby. There were lots of spice and flavor combinations he'd never even thought of trying before. Maybe he should have found this show sooner, it definitely would have given him more recipe ideas.

He kept his hand situated in Dazai’s hair, not really moving his hand around anymore, and settling on moving his fingers every once in a while. If he bothered Dazai too much, he might wake up, and the same could be possible if he stops touching him entirely. He needed a good pace for petting.

As he started to watch more and more episodes, the less he really thought about Dazai, or what he was doing to him. It sort of just became a part of what he was doing while watching a simple television show. He wasn’t thinking too hard about just how domestic or intimate this was. He wasn’t thinking about just how much progress was being shown right now. And he wasn’t thinking about just how much he enjoyed this.

He wasn’t exactly keeping track of the time, but he assumed at least

two or three hours must have gone by before Chuuya felt Dazai begin to move, followed by small noises leaving his lips. Chuuya quickly grabbed the remote and paused the show, glancing down at Dazai to see his eyes slowly opening. It took a moment, but finally, the hybrid's eyes met his own, and he smiled.

"Mmm…mornin', Chuuya." Dazai said groggily, his back arching in a deep stretch. Chuuya couldn't help the way his eyes traveled to the cat's spine, watching in wonder at just how far it could bend. It was a little uncanny whenever he watched Dazai show off his catlike abilities.

"It's not even close to morning time, Dazai." He replied, finally taking his hand out of Dazai's hair. He rolled his wrist around a couple of times, testing out just how sore it was. Thankfully, it wasn't as bad as last time, since he paced himself.

"Well, that's what people say when they wake up in the morning. It's a thing." Dazai mumbled, lifting himself up into a sitting position so he could better stretch the rest of his body. Chuuya could see the man slowly waking up more and more, mainly by the way his tail started to become more animated.

"It's a thing, huh." Chuuya repeated. "Well, whatever, I guess. Just know that if you ever do that again, I still won't reply with a 'morning' of my own unless it's actually morning."

"Noted." Dazai lowered his arms from where he'd been stretching them over his head. "What will you reply with, then?"

"The same thing I replied with this time."

"Lame."

"Who are you calling lame?" Chuuya asked, crossing his arms over his chest. "Remind me who let you go to the park today?"

"Odasaku." Dazai said instantly, guilt or remorse nowhere to be seen on his features. In fact, the bastard looked *smug* instead.

"Oh, that's it. Come here!" Chuuya growled, grabbing Dazai by the wrists and pulling him in before he even had time to think about it.

"Chuuya!" Dazai exclaimed in surprise, immediately trying to get out of his grasp. He responded by moving his hold onto Dazai's waist, where he would have more control. "No! No fair! I'm still groggy! Let

me go!”

“Gonna have to work harder than that! Come on Dazai, let me hear you apologize!” Chuuya said, raising his voice in a playful manner as he continued to thwart Dazai’s pathetic attempts at escape. “You’re under the mafia's control now! Apologize before I resort to other methods!”

“Noooo!” Dazai wailed. He braced his feet against Chuuya’s thighs, trying to push himself away. “Anything but other methods! Please don’t do that, big bad mafioso!”

“Crying won’t save you now!”

“Noooooo!”

Dazai started to laugh as his struggles against Chuuya continued. It seems he quickly got the message that Chuuya wasn’t actually upset, and that he was just trying to have some fun. Hearing the laughter gave Chuuya an even more sinister idea, and with a smirk, he started tickling Dazai along the hips. His reaction was *instant.* Dazai yelped and started to kick once the new assault finally set in. His laughs started coming out more painfully as his cries upped in volume.

“Chuuya! Chuuya! Mercy! Have mercy on me, please!”

“No way!” Chuuya boasted. He saw Dazai’s hands shoot out towards his own hips, and start mimicking Chuuya’s actions. He let the taller man try, before making eye contact and widening his smirk.

“Sorry Dazai, but I’m not ticklish.”

And oh, how *lovely* was the face of despair that slowly spread across Dazai’s face.

Chuuya didn’t even give him enough time to shout out another plea. Using all of his body weight, he pushed Dazai’s back onto the couch, tickling his sides and watching with glee as the hybrid squirmed, gasped, and laughed under him. He could feel hands pawing and softly hitting at him, and once those hits started to get more aggressive, he stopped, giving Dazai time to breathe.

“Haah….haaah..” Dazai panted, body going slack as his tail quickly swished at the tip.

“Gonna apologize now?” Chuuya took his hands off Dazai, placing

them instead on the cushion right by his hips; just in case Dazai tried to get out from under him. He was determined to keep him trapped.

“Y…Yeah…” Dazai took in another big breath. “I’m sorry…it was Chuuya. Chuuya let me go to the park. I’m…haa…sorry. Please forgive me.”

“Alright, you’re off the hook.” Chuuya said, his smirk falling down into more of a soft smile as he looked down at the puffing hybrid. Now that the adrenaline of their playfight was dying down, he was able to fully understand what was happening now.

Dazai, underneath him, panting heavily with flushed cheeks and fluttering eyes. Chuuya, on top of him, keeping him trapped underneath his own body. This was *exactly* what he was thinking about earlier before Dazai had fallen asleep.

This was either an extremely embarrassing coincidence, or a dream come true. Either way, Chuuya could feel his face heating up; but still, he had to play it cool. He couldn’t let Dazai know, otherwise it could strike up another teasing session. Or worse, another tickle fight.

“Better not make that mistake again, you hear?” Chuuya said, keeping his voice confident. “I went easy on you this time. Though I can’t promise I’ll do the same next time.”

“Mmm…but Chuuya should handle me gently. I’m in your care, remember?” Dazai smiled as his need to take large gulps of air started to subside. “It’s up to you to make sure I’m…in tip-top condition. You can’t have me toppling over from exhaustion after your strangely effective torture sessions.”

“Guess you got a point there.” Chuuya muttered. “It would be a pain hauling your body around the apartment. But still, that doesn’t mean you’re free from punishment. Actions have consequences, you know.”

“Oh, I know.” Dazai replied, grinning just enough to show off his sharp teeth. His voice went low as he spoke, and it almost sounded sultry-like. “I know *very* well. I’ve had my fair share of…punishments before. So, how would you do it?”

“Huh?” Chuuya lifted his head, giving himself more room to hide his still-red face from realizing their position. He had a bad feeling about this. Not a ‘dangerous’ or ‘angsty’ bad, but definitely a certain type of bad.

"How would you punish me?" Dazai clarified, using the little room he had to push himself up on his elbows. "Surely the mafia doesn't *just* result to tickling when people don't do what they're asked. You must use more…intimate methods, am I wrong?"

"Uh…yeah, you're wrong." Chuuya said, finally understanding what Dazai was trying to get at. "We don't do that. We use knives, though. And guns. Lots of guns."

"...I see." Dazai said after a while. He almost looked disappointed, as he glanced around the living room. "I guess that hope is thrown out the window, then."

"And what hope is that?"

"That Chuuya pinned me down to the couch to have some fun."

Chuuya stammered, shocked that Dazai would even *think* to say something like that. It took him about ten seconds to messily get out what he was trying to say. "But- I- I thought you wouldn't want that kinda stuff."

"And when did I ever say that?" Dazai asked, tilting his head. "I don't recall ever saying something like that."

"I guess I kinda…assumed." Chuuya admitted, finally sliding off of Dazai and giving him the space to sit up fully on the couch. "You know, since I've heard things."

"What things?"

"That…well, that the hybrids at centers are…you know…touched." Chuuya looked away, too embarrassed and strangely guilty to make eye contact with Dazai. He didn't want to say too much, in case it would trigger the poor cat.

"Oh. Yeah, that happens." Dazai said, and Chuuya caught him shrugging through the corner of his vision. "Sure, it's…unpleasant. *Very* unpleasant, but you should know; in every thing you don't want to do, you always end up enjoying a *little* bit of it, right? Like when you do paperwork?"

"... *No!* Dazai, that's-!" Chuuya tried to gather his words. He tried to put it in a way where he wouldn't sound upset. "Dazai, that is *not* in *any way* the same! You were…that's abuse!"

Dazai's shoulders lowered, along with his ears. He seemed to think for a moment before giving his reply. "Well, I…I suppose…the longer it went on, the more I… *forced* myself to enjoy it. That made it easier."

"Dazai…" Chuuya reached out, waiting until Dazai gave no negative response before taking one of his hands gently into his own. "If you *actually* want it, then…we can figure something out. But I am *not* going to touch you in that way until I get your verbal, clear-minded consent. Do you understand? Never feel like you need to do something for me, okay? Especially if it's something you don't want to do."

"Okay." Dazai agreed, giving a small nod of his head. He squeezed Chuuya's hand as well, probably to ground himself. "I should probably be used to this by now, but sometimes I just..I dunno, *forget;* forget that I'm not expected to do things like that anymore."

"It's alright." Chuuya assured, giving a light squeeze of his own. "It will take time for you to get used to everything…whenever you're ready, I'll be here, okay?"

"Okay."

"Okay." Chuuya smiled, trying to give as much comfort as possible to the hybrid. It seemed to work, since Dazai responded in turn.

"Now…what should we do? We have the rest of the night, and I don't have any plans."

Dazai hummed, scanning around the room again before his eyes landed on the television. The show Chuuya was watching was still on pause, and it seemed to have gotten Dazai's attention. "What's that?'

"Oh, it's a show I was watching while you slept. It's about baking." Chuuya explained, reaching over to grab the remote and turn off the TV.

"Baking…" Dazai mumbled. "That's pastries and stuff, yeah?"

"It is." Chuuya replied. "Do you want to try baking something?"

"Well, if I recall correctly, Chuuya promised he'd teach me some recipes." Dazai said standing up from the couch. "And besides, I think it would be fun."

"Yeah, baking with other people is usually fun." Chuuya agreed, standing up himself and doing a small stretch. He felt his shoulders

give a nice and satisfying pop before he lowered them. “It’s been a while since I needed to bake anything, though, so I might be a little rusty.”

“That’s fine.” Dazai waved his hand. “It will be funny seeing you mess up on things you want to pretend to be confident about.”

“Hey, what do you mean ‘pretend’!?”

Dazai laughed, dismissing Chuuya’s question with one of his own. “So, what are we going to be baking?”

“That’s…a good question.” Chuuya said, turning on his heel as he made his way to the kitchen. “Let’s just go with the old classic; a cake. How does that sound to you?”

"I've never baked a cake before, it sounds like fun!" Dazai said excitedly as he followed Chuuya into the kitchen. “But just for clarification, are those the triangular things Ango and Odasaku bought back at the restaurant?”

At first, Chuuya was about to say something, but he had to stop for a moment to remember that, of course Dazai wouldn’t know what a cake is. His center had probably never given him any treats like that.

“Yeah, that’s what it is. But when we bake it, they won’t be that small. It’s going to be bigger, and round, but we can cut it as small as we want when we taste-test it.”

“Well then, that’s what we’ll do.” Chuuya replied, heading over to the pantry and seeing if he had any cake mix. He wouldn’t mind making a cake from scratch, but if it was Dazai’s first time, he’d prefer making it as easy as possible. Thankfully, he had one box left, and after checking to make sure it wasn’t expired, he took it out and turned back to Dazai, showing it off with a smile.

“Time to get baking, Dazai. Just…try not to make too much of a mess in my kitchen, alright? I don’t want to clean up a huge mess today.”

Chapter End Notes

> So sorry for the almost week-long delay! I was having tech issues, but I was finally able to get back on my account! I hope you enjoyed this week's chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' “Yeah, but it still needs work. Don’t worry though, I can teach you how to make sure nothing spills next time.” Chuuya gave a small wink before taking two eggs out of the carton and presenting them before Dazai. “Ready to do the honors?” '

Chapter 15: Baking

Chapter Summary

They bake their cake!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Watching Chuuya was fun, Dazai realized. Of course, he knew this from the moment he first met him, but it was always nice to have a refresher.

Despite his height, Chuuya definitely acted like the bigger man around the house. He was always the one doing chores and making the food. It made Dazai's stomach do twists and turns whenever he watched it, since before the auction, he'd never once seen a human doing those sorts of things.

Also, he wasn't too terrible to look at. He certainly looked nothing like the humans he was used to: Large and ugly with the occasional facial hair. In fact, ever since he'd met Chuuya, humans have looked different. Ango, for example. He was pretty skinny, and looked nerdy with the glasses, but even so, he was kind.

And then there were those detectives he met earlier today. While they were mean to him at first, once they realized their mistake, they seemed to be genuinely sorry for what they did and said to him. He still couldn't tell if they were *good* the way Chuuya was, but they certainly weren't *bad*.

Right now, Dazai was watching Chuuya look through the refrigerator for the other ingredients they needed. Apparently the cake mix wasn't enough, and they also needed some eggs.

"Eggs shouldn't be this hard to find, Chuuya." Dazai said from where he'd placed himself on the countertop.

"Shut up!" Chuuya snapped back. "I got a lot of shit in here, so I need to shove some things aside!"

"Why aren't the eggs in front? They're fragile, right?"

"Don't judge the way I organize my fridge!"

“Alright; you’re the boss, I suppose.” Dazai shrugged, leaning back as he slowly kicked his feet. He hadn’t noticed this earlier, but with the way Chuuya was scrounging for the eggs, he’d let a *certain* part of his body stick out from the rest. Dazai thought about looking somewhere else, but then quickly decided against it.

Chuuya had a nice butt. That was something Dazai had also realized.

Once Chuuya had found the eggs, he turned around- much to Dazai’s disappointment- and shut the fridge door. “Alright. Now, we only need two of them, so I don’t think I need to go shopping for eggs anytime soon; there’s still plenty in the container.”

“Only two eggs? But aren’t cakes big?” Dazai asked, fixing his position.

“Yeah, but it’s not like we need to use a whole container. Jeez, I’m glad I decided to do this with you, otherwise you might have ruined the cake already by now.” Chuuya mumbled, setting down the eggs and grabbing a large bowl and some utensils.

“You never *decided* to bake with me, you were the one who suggested it.”

“Details.” Chuuya set the rest of the things down and smoothed out his shirt. “Alright; so first, we need to pour the mix into the bowl. Do you want to do that, or should I?”

“You can handle that part. I want to crack the eggs!” Dazai replied, the tip of his tail flicking excitedly at the thought of cracking eggs. It was always something he liked doing, especially with younger hybrids watching him. Their excited squeals whenever they heard the snapping of the shell was enjoyable no matter how many times they did it.

“As long as you don’t spill the stuff everywhere.” Chuuya decided, taking the mix out of the box and cutting the top open with a pair of scissors. He delicately shook the powder into the bowl, tapping it against the rim to make sure everything got out. “Now we need to add some butter.”

“What? But that isn’t right.” Dazai spoke up, grabbing the now empty box and reading over it. “Here it says to add vegetable oil; not butter.” He pointed at the specific instruction, just in case Chuuya didn’t know where to look.

“Yeah, but if you add butter, it’s better. Cake mix is supposed to be cheap, after all.” He turned back to the fridge and opened it, quickly grabbing the butter and shutting it again with some unnecessary force.

“Huh.” Dazai said, watching as Chuuya cut off a piece of the butter, placed it in a small bowl, and then set it in the microwave. “What are you doing now?”

“Melted butter is best. Then, we can add some salt after we pour it in.” As he explained, Chuuya was walking around the kitchen to grab the salt. Dazai wondered why he didn’t just grab all of this stuff earlier. Maybe he was too busy with the eggs, and shoving his butt in Dazai’s face.

“Okay…” Dazai drawed out, body going stiff for a moment after the microwave beeped. He relaxed once he realized where the sound came from, and he hopped off the counter to go get it.

“Don’t burn yourself.” Chuuya quickly said once he caught on to Dazai’s movements. Dazai scoffed and retrieved the bowl of butter.

“It wasn’t even in there for long; I wouldn’t have burned myself anyway.” He grabbed a spoon and swirled it around the lukewarm butter, turning it into a semi-liquid state. It wasn’t exactly melted, but it would be good enough, it seemed.

“I was just being cautious. It was a glass bowl, after all.” Chuuya came over to Dazai’s side, grabbing his wrist and leading it over to the big bowl with the cake mix. “Do you want my help pouring it in?”

“...Yeah.”

Why did I agree to that? I know how to pour things into bowls, I’ve done it before!

Dazai’s eyes lowered down to Chuuya’s hand, watching as it delicately maneuvered Dazai’s own, until the butter was steadily falling on top of the mix, spreading out across the bowl.

“There we go…good job.” Chuuya quietly praised once they were finished, taking the smaller bowl out of Dazai’s soft hands. He hadn’t realized just how much he’d loosened his grip until it was gone.

“You…know I’ve done this stuff before, right?” Dazai asked, moving his fingers around to make sure they were still working correctly. He didn’t understand why they felt so weak all of a sudden.

“Yeah, but you’ve never *baked.* I’m just showing you how to do that.”

“That doesn't make any sense.” Dazai muttered as Chuuya opened up the salt, throwing a pinch into the mixture.

“We need water now. Can you pour that into the measuring cup?” Chuuya asked while he walked back around to put the salt away. Dazai gave a silent nod, grabbing the measuring cup off the counter and heading over to the sink.

He watched as the water slowly filled up the cup, stopping the tap once it had gotten to the small line cut into it. He was slow and careful in his steps back to the counter. He didn’t want to accidentally spill water all over the floor.

Once he’d made it, he poured the water into the bowl. A couple drops splashed onto the marble, but when he looked over to Chuuya, he had a smile on his face.

“Not too bad.” He commented, taking the measuring cup out of Dazai’s hands again. And maybe this was just his brain tricking him, but it almost seemed like Chuuya had purposefully made his fingertips drag across Dazai’s skin.

“Glad I got Chuuya’s approval on my water pouring skills.” He said, trying to add a bit of humor into their baking. Turns out it worked, since Chuuya gave a small chuckle, chucking the measuring cup into the sink. He was probably going to wash it after they’d finished baking the cake.

“Yeah, but it still needs work. Don’t worry though, I can teach you how to make sure nothing spills next time.” Chuuya gave a small wink before taking two eggs out of the carton and presenting them before Dazai. “Ready to do the honors?”

“Ah…yeah.” Dazai said, swallowing some spit that had formed in his mouth. He took the eggs from Chuuya’s hands, and as soon as he did, one of them shattered, startling them both.

Yellow ooze seeped from Dazai’s fingers, but he made no moves. He just stared at the mess falling onto the tiles with a stunned expression. How did he do that? *Why* did he do that? Was he distracted?

“Your hands are tense.” Chuuya said, reaching over to grab a towel. He first made Dazai put the other egg down, before he started cleaning off his dirty hand.

“I’m sorry.” He apologized, frowning as he avoided eye contact. “I don’t know what’s happening. Usually I have better control over myself and my body.”

“It’s alright. My body hasn’t exactly been doing what I want it to do as of late, either. Besides, this is an easy cleanup, it could have been much worse.” Chuuya assured.

“So Chuuya isn’t mad at me for wasting the egg? Those cost a lot of money, right?”

Chuuya shrugged, checking to make sure he cleaned off Dazai’s hand thoroughly before setting the towel down. “Every good baker wastes an egg or two; it’s not a huge deal. As long as you can crack the next one correctly.”

Dazai nodded, waiting until he was sure his hand wouldn’t betray him again before picking up the egg once more. He gently tapped it against the rim of the bowl, and then cleanly broke open the shell, watching the insides fall into the bowl with a satisfying *plop*.

He smiled, and was about to ask Chuuya how he did, before he was interrupted by a loud, “Shit!”

Dazai jumped, turning his head to find a panicked Chuuya sprinting towards the oven. Confused, Dazai quickly threw away the eggshells before following the human over. He was rapidly pressing buttons while muttering multiple curses to himself.

“What happened?” Dazai asked, worried that something bad was happening with the oven.

“I forget to preheat the damned oven! It should have been heating up this whole time!” Chuuya yelled, much louder than necessary. Dazai was about to sigh in relief, but stopped himself. Still, this was better than some sort of actual emergency.

“I’m sure it’ll be fine. Even if it’s not ready in time, we could just wait until it’s heated.” Dazai said, trying to calm down his owner. Chuuya finished setting up the preheat before his facials started to relax.

“I guess so.” He muttered, turning around and going back to their cake mix. “You only did one egg, yeah? Do you still want to do the second one?”

“Yeah, I can do it.” Dazai said, following Chuuya again. The ginger

grabbed another egg and handed it to him, stepping aside so Dazai had access to the bowl.

He repeated what he did to the second egg, skillfully cracking it into the bowl. Chuuya watched him with a flat expression, but when Dazai turned around for approval, he gave a nod.

“That was good. Much better than the first egg.” He joked, giving a smile. Dazai chuckled softly, grateful that Chuuya wasn’t mad at him for what had happened earlier.

“I guess I just needed some time to warm up. I haven’t really made anything in a while, so maybe that’s what was going wrong.” He threw away the egg shells and went to wash his hands in the sink. Even though he didn’t make a mess all over his hands that time, he still didn’t want to risk any egg being left on them.

“That could be it. I guess we won’t really know unless it happens again.” Chuuya said, grabbing a mixer and plugging it in. “Do you want to cover your ears for this? It’s pretty loud.”

Dazai shook his head as he dried off his hands. “No, it’s fine. I’m not weak, Chuuya; I can handle the sound of a mixer.”

“I was just making sure.” Chuuya muttered before turning it on. Naturally, the startup noises startled Dazai, but he quickly recovered once his brain registered what was causing the noise.

“How long are you supposed to mix it together?” Dazai asked, stepping closer to watch all of the ingredients get blended into one compound. It was a little mesmerizing in a way; to see so many different things come together. “Or do you just keep going until it looks right?”

“It’s supposed to be for two minutes, but if it doesn’t look ready by then, I can keep mixing.” Chuuya answered, glancing at Dazai every so often, but mainly keeping his eyes on the bowl.

“So…it’s both.” Dazai said, mainly to himself. “You give very helpful answers, Chuuya.”

“Cut it out with the sarcasm.”

Dazai shrugged, taking a step back in case Chuuya decided to attack him with the mixer. He was certain that he wouldn’t, but he could never be too safe. “No need to get all feisty on me.”

“I am *not* getting feisty.” Chuuya insisted, though by the way the bowl started to rattle, Dazai didn’t believe that. Chuuya quickly noticed the mistake as well, and eased his grip on the mixer, getting back to his smooth and slow pace.

“Right. Then you must simply still be upset about the oven.”

“Yeah, let’s go with that.”

Once Chuuya had finished mixing, which surprisingly did take only two minutes, he held up the mixer and detached the spinny things (Dazai had no idea what they were actually called). Chuuya then turned to him and held one out. It was covered in the mixture, and Dazai cringed, wondering why he was being offered such a dirty thing. Did Chuuya want him to put it in the sink? He was the closest one to it, so that could be a possibility.

“Why are you looking at it like that?” Chuuya asked, as if *Dazai* was the weird one. “Just take it, otherwise the batter will start to fall off.”

Hesitantly, Dazai obeyed, and took the spinny thing out of Chuuya’s hands and into his own. Thankfully the edge of it wasn’t covered in ‘batter’, so his fingers weren’t getting all nasty.

“What am I supposed to do with this? It’s dirty.” Dazai commented, holding it as far away from his face as possible to dramatize his statement.

“You lick the batter off.” Chuuya said. “It would go to waste anyway, so we might as well enjoy it. Here, I can show you.”

Chuuya wrapped his lips around one of the metal bits covered in batter, and by the movement of his mouth, Dazai could tell he was *actually* eating it. Once he pulled away, that bit was shiny and clean. Chuuya quickly licked his lips before addressing Dazai again.

“It’s also a good way to see if it tastes good enough to bake. Thankfully, it is.” The human added with a smile. Dazai was still skeptical, but if Chuuya said it was a normal thing to do while baking, then who was he to say otherwise?

Sticking out his tongue, Dazai brought the metal lollipop closer until his tongue brushed up against a bit of the batter. As soon as the cream-colored liquid touched his taste buds, his eyes widened.

Delicious! His brain suddenly stopped thinking about anything else

other than the taste. Even though his detections of sweetness wasn't as good as a human's, he could still taste it just enough.

No longer caring about how strange he might look, Dazai started to lick all the batter he could see. He twisted the metal in his hands to get to different areas, and at some point, he caught a big glob on his tongue, and before he could stop himself, he let out a pleased moan.

Chuuya was still in his line of sight, so Dazai could visibly see the red spread across his human's face. Confused, Dazai pulled his tongue back into his mouth. "Did something happen?"

"Uh-" Chuuya stuttered, giving a quick shake of his head. "No, it's nothing. We should probably pour the batter into the cake pan now."

"But you haven't finished your batter."

"I don't really want it anymore. Here, give me yours, I'll put them in the sink." Chuuya said, stretching out his hand. Dazai gave him the thing that he still didn't know the name of, and Chuuya used his ability to effortlessly drop them into the sink. He grabbed the cake pan and some sort of thin paper. "Uh, hey, Dazai…the cake will take a while to bake, so why don't we watch something while it's doing that?"

"Like, on the television?" Dazai asked. Chuuya gave a nod as he started placing the paper inside. His face was starting to return to its normal color.

"Yeah. Like on the television." Chuuya tapped the bowl full of batter, and Dazai watched it glow red and get lifted up to hover over the cake pan. Thanks to his ability, pouring the mixture into the pan was easy and mess-free. Dazai took the now empty bowl and placed that into the sink as well. They would definitely need to wash all of these dishes at some point.

While he was busy with that, Chuuya took the pan to the oven and stuck it inside. Dazai heard the loud beeping of the buttons, and on the final press, he heard Chuuya shut the door.

"Alright, it'll be baking for forty minutes. We could watch something short, I think." Chuuya said, looking over himself to see if he had any batter on his clothes.

"Okay! Come on, let's hurry!" Dazai said excitedly, nearly bouncing into the living room.

“You’re excited about this.” Chuuya commented as he slowly followed behind Dazai.

“I’m super interested in the TV; I would never pass up an opportunity to watch it!” He explained as he hopped onto the couch, quickly getting comfortable. Chuuya gave a chuckle and sat down next to him, grabbing the remote and turning it on. It was still on the ‘Netflix’ thing Chuuya had mentioned earlier, and Dazai watched as Chuuya started to scroll through the different options.

“So, what are you feeling, Dazai?” Chuuya asked, keeping his eyes on the TV.

“I don’t know; anything.” He shrugged. “I don’t know how this works, so I’ll trust Chuuya.”

“Alright, don’t blame me if you don’t like this.” Chuuya muttered, clicking onto something. After a red circle spun in the center for a few seconds, the show started. Dazai got his ears ready to listen in.

According to Chuuya, this was something called ‘live-action’, where real life people were recorded and acted like fictional characters. It made sense when it was being explained to him, but Dazai was also confused. Why would people want to pretend to be somebody else? Dazai hated being anybody but him. He would never want to do what these strange humans were doing.

Thankfully that didn't throw him off too much, because twenty-five minutes in, Dazai was absolutely obsessed with the two main characters. The woman, who was named Sako, was just about to confess her feelings to her crush, Toyama. Dazai was on the edge of his seat. Not literally, of course, but he had leaned in to get even just a little closer to the screen.

"I can't deny it anymore…I love you, Toyama-kun!" Sako yelled, cherry blossoms fluttering around them as she expressed what she was feeling. It was absolutely mesmerizing. Were all love confessions this way?

I don't know much about love.

Dazai knew about platonic love, sure. The other children he met in the center are very dear to him, and he would die for them without second thought. But he'd never felt anything more. He didn't know what *love* really felt like.

"Whenever I'm around you, I lose control of myself! My knees feel weak, and I can barely stay on my feet!"

That was similar to what happened in the kitchen. His hands were disobeying him earlier. He knew what he was *supposed* to be doing, but it was like his brain was distracted by something else. Something around him.

"I'm always thinking about how I can impress you. I don't want you to look at anybody else but me!"

He understands that feeling. He's constantly wondering what he can do next to make Chuuya smile. He's never actually *wanted* somebody to *want* him like that before.

"Your voice, I can't get enough of it!"

Wait…

"Your touch is like lightning through my body!"

Wait a moment…

"Please, accept my confession…"

Could it be…?

"I love you!"

Dazai tore his eyes away from the screen. His chest was aching, but strangely, it wasn't painful. His heart was thumping so loudly; it felt like his heart was trying to break free from its skin-like prison.

He was now looking at Chuuya, studying him. His fierce red hair, that seemed like a crown of fire. His eyes, a stark contrast, like the ocean, or a precious azure jewel. He was well fit, with muscles that were definitely there, but not to the point where it was distracting. He was beautiful. How had Dazai not noticed all this before?

Perhaps he had, but he just didn't know what this all meant. Now, however, he wasn't so blind.

"Chuuya." He quickly grabbed his attention. It felt wonderful to have those eyes on him again. He crawled closer, until he could rest a hand on one of Chuuya's thighs. Their faces were now only mere inches apart.

"Chuuya, I think I'm in love with you."

And once he brought their lips together, he knew it was true.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, guys! So, a little change to the update schedule. It was originally every Sunday, but since school is getting busier, and AO3 suddenly hates me, I'm changing my update schedule to once a week with no set day.

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' “And I think I do.” Dazai said, grabbing Chuuya’s hands and entwining their fingers. “Kissing someone has never felt that good before. It can only mean love, right?” '

Chapter 16: Sharing Is Caring

Chapter Summary

Dazai figures out his feelings. Through action.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

What's happening right now? That was the first thing that entered Chuuya's mind once he had regained the ability to think. The second thing that entered his mind was, *God, this feels amazing.*

There was weight on top of him. Dazai had crawled into his lap while Chuuya had leaned back until his neck hit the arm of the couch. It felt like he was being crushed, but he didn't mind at all. It wasn't heavy, not in the slightest.

He'd moved his hands to rest on Dazai's hips, the curves of the hybrid's waist fitting perfectly in his palm, like they were crafted just for him. Dazai's hands had roamed all over Chuuya's body, until one finally settled on his shoulder, while the other grabbed behind Chuuya's head, greedily dragging him closer to keep smashing their lips together.

Right, their lips. That was definitely the most confusing, and the most amazing part of this whole situation.

Chuuya, being an adult man who had engaged in sexual activities before, had obviously imagined what it must feel like to kiss Dazai. How could he not? The hybrid was incredibly handsome by normal standards, and the way he showed himself off, it was like he was *trying* to test Chuuya's patience. He always imagined Dazai to be a slow, gentle, and hesitant kisser. Considering where he came from, he must be nervous about kissing someone, right?

Well apparently, Chuuya couldn't be more wrong. It felt like Dazai was trying to *devour* him; his hand tangled up in Chuuya's hair, refusing to let him retreat, even though Chuuya would honestly rather cut off his tongue than even *think* of doing that right now. His lips felt smooth, but slightly rough, just like he expected them to; but his performance was an entirely different story.

Dazai was sloshing their mouths together clumsily, occasionally

missing his target and kissing along the skin of Chuuya's face instead. He never even leaned back for air, simply opening his mouth to take a quick breath, and then diving back in for more. Chuuya had to start doing the same, otherwise he would have run out of oxygen three minutes ago.

Chuuya was almost just as greedy though, trying to move his lips in tandem with Dazai's whenever they successfully connected with his own. He didn't mind not having complete control over the situation, which usually wasn't the case. Normally, whenever he was with a partner, Chuuya was the one on top. Chuuya was the one starting and finishing everything they did. Chuuya was the one who called the shots.

But this time, it felt nice to let somebody else take the reins. He was curious to see how far Dazai would go with this. If he ever went too far though, Chuuya would intervene. Considering the talk they had earlier, they probably shouldn't do anything too adult-rated.

Kissing was fine, though. Chuuya was more than alright with kissing; especially when it felt as wonderful as it did.

Curious as to the reaction he would get, Chuuya gave Dazai's waist a small squeeze. The reflex he got was Dazai's thighs trying to squeeze together, pushing themselves against Chuuya's legs instead.

Dazai finally pulled away, lips slightly bigger than they were before. His breathing was in sync with Chuuya's, rough and loud. "Chuuya…" He whispered, looking down at him with rosy cheeks.

"Dazai…" He replied without thought. After some silence, besides the both of them panting and the sound of the romance film that was still on, Chuuya spoke up again. "What the fuck was that…?"

"I…" Dazai's eyes scanned Chuuya's body, then around the room, almost like he was unsure of where he was. Once he made eye contact again, he continued. "I don't know. I just wanted to see…"

He trailed off.

"You wanted to see what?" Chuuya asked, desperately hoping the answer in his head was the answer that would come out of the cat's mouth.

"Wanted to see if I loved you."

Chuuya had to stop himself from giving Dazai's waist another squeeze. Slowly, he pulled them away, keeping his eyes on Dazai. "And…?"

"And I think I do." Dazai said, grabbing Chuuya's hands and entwining their fingers. "Kissing someone has never felt that good before. It can only mean love, right?"

"Yeah." Chuuya said, almost breathlessly. Even though he had gloves on, the almost skin contact with Dazai was fantastic. The fact that *Dazai* was the one who initiated it made it special. "At least, I think so."

"Does that mean Chuuya felt it, too?" Dazai leaned closer, tightening his grip on Chuuya's hands. "You've kissed lots of people as well, right? Tell me, did you feel it, too?"

"I did." Chuuya said with a nod, tensing his fingers the same way Dazai had. "I knew about it a while ago, though."

"How?"

"I've been in love before; I learned how to recognize the signs. Guess I pushed them aside, since I wasn't sure if you ever wanted to love."

"I do now." Dazai loosened his grip again as their breathing slowed down to a regular pace. "Years ago, I thought I never would, but Chuuya's kept up a record of changing my thoughts."

"Is that something I should be happy about?" Chuuya smiled, watching as a grin spread across Dazai's face.

"Yes, definitely. If it weren't for you, who knows where I'd be right now?" Dazai paused for a few seconds, looking down at their hands. "Well, actually, I know exactly where I'd be, but I'll spare you the details."

A breeding center. Chuuya recalled his talk with Higuchi. At first, he was going to mention it, but then remembered that Dazai was in heat at the time, and probably didn't remember anything about it.

It was probably best not to let Dazai know that Chuuya knew.

"Well, you're here with me, and that's all that matters." Chuuya said, trying to bring Dazai back from whatever dark place he was probably drifting to in the back of his mind. "Let's not talk about what-ifs, and focus on the facts, yeah?"

"...Okay." Dazai decided, looking back up with a softer smile than before. "Thank you, Chuuya."

"You got it. Now, the oven's probably going to beep any second now. We should probably head over there so the cake doesn't burn." Chuuya looked towards the kitchen, and Dazai followed his movements.

"Oh, I almost completely forgot about the cake!" He exclaimed, letting go of Chuuya's hands and hopping off of him. Now that Chuuya was able to sit up and slide off the couch as well, he followed Dazai into the kitchen, where the oven timer had only a minute left. *Perfect timing.*

Chuuya was debating on whether or not he should grab any frosting to decorate the cake, but quickly decided not to. If this was going to be Dazai's first time trying a cake, he didn't want any other flavors to get in the way; even if frosting was a nice addition to the dessert.

"I'm so excited to try it!" Dazai was nearly jumping up and down as he stared at the countdown on the oven.

"Make sure not to get too close, okay? I don't want you to burn yourself." Chuuya said, getting closer to Dazai just in case he needed to grab him. "Also, you won't be able to eat it right away; it has to cool first."

"I knew that!" Dazai grumbled, crossing his arms. "I've cooked stuff before, I know that heat is a thing!"

"Just making sure." The oven let out a series of loud beeps, and Chuuya noticed the way Dazai's ears turned away from the oven. Honestly, Chuuya wished he had the ability to move his ears like that, it would be very useful when he didn't want to hear his subordinates complaining to him.

Grabbing the oven mitts that were to the side of the oven, Chuuya opened the door and took out the cake, smiling when he saw the way the batter had risen and formed into a perfect golden brown. He set it down on the counter and took off the mitts.

"And now we wait." He announced. Dazai had made it to the counter as well, and leaned closer to the cake. It wasn't enough to potentially burn himself, but it was enough for him to start sniffing.

"Smells good, huh?" Chuuya asked, watching as the cat's nose

twitched with every sniff.

“It does.” Dazai said, pulling back until he was standing straight again. “I’m excited to start eating it! How long does it take to cool?”

Chuuya shrugged. “I dunno. I usually come back to it after five or ten minutes.”

“Aw, boo!” Dazai exclaimed with a frown. “I don’t want to wait that long!”

“Well, you don’t really have a-” Chuuya was interrupted by a loud noise coming from the living room. *Oh shit, I forgot to turn off the show.*

After making sure the romance film was off and that the television was *also* off, Chuuya made it back to the kitchen just a little more embarrassed than he was when he left. Sure, he didn’t really have a reason to be embarrassed, since Dazai had been enjoying the show more than he was, but it was probably the fact he got interrupted that was making his face hot.

“That was funny.” Dazai said from where he was leaning against the counter. Once Chuuya fully registered the way Dazai had positioned himself, his face got hot for an entirely different reason.

Dazai’s back was to the counter, elbows propped up against it so he could lean back and show off the way his back arched. One leg was up on its toes, making it stick out in a way that really shouldn’t have been appealing.

Was Dazai doing this on purpose? Probably. Was Chuuya loving it? Absolutely.

Of course, he’s not going to let the hybrid know that yet. “You’re going to break your back if you stay like that for much longer.”

“I’ll be fine! I’m flexible, you know.”

“So I’ve seen.” Chuuya made his way to the cabinets, grabbing two plates and then going to the silverware drawer to grab knives and forks. Once he grabbed everything, he placed them on the counter and let Dazai observe them.

“So since you’re taking things out to eat the cake with, does that mean it’s cooled down enough?” Dazai asked, looking at Chuuya with a face that could only mean excitement. Chuuya could feel a smile breaking

out on his face the longer he stared at him.

“Alright, I guess we could cut it up.” He finally gave in with a sigh. “Don’t blame me if it’s too hot, though.”

“Yay!” Dazai cheered as Chuuya grabbed the pan and flipped it over on across his plate. It was still pretty warm, but Chuuya didn’t mind. He tapped the bottom a few times before lifting it up and watching the cake slowly fall out of the pan.

“Alright, not too shabby.” He said to himself as he admired his work. He set the pan to the side before grabbing his knife. He cut a small chunk out of the cake, taking a moment to observe the inside. After he gave a nod of approval, he looked at the piece of cake in his hand, and then at Dazai. “Want this one? It’s the first bite, technically.”

“Yeah!” Dazai immediately agreed. Chuuya was about to set the cake on Dazai’s plate, before he got a much better idea. His soft smile turning into a smirk, he stretched his hand out towards Dazai.

“Well then, go ahead. Eat up.”

He watched as Dazai glanced up at Chuuya for just a second, eyebrows knitted together in confusion, before he looked back down to the cake in his hand. Seems like he understood pretty quickly after that, because he stepped closer and leaned down, his teeth ripping off a piece of the spongy cake. Dazai chewed slowly, making a pleased noise as he did so. Once he swallowed, he looked up at Chuuya again.

“That was delicious! It tasted so good! Can I please have more?”

“Be my guest. My hand is still full, isn’t it?”

Dazai hummed, and raised an arm to grab hold of Chuuya’s wrist, probably to make sure he wouldn’t pull his hand away to make eating more difficult. He leaned in again for another bite, but unlike last time, he wrapped his lips around the entirety of Chuuya’s fingers, taking the entire bit of cake into his mouth.

Chuuya had to stop a surprised grunt from leaving his mouth. It felt *strange.* The cake was getting damp from Dazai’s tongue lapping at it, causing it to stick to Chuuya’s fingers. That problem was quickly taken care of though, since Dazai started to *suck* on said fingers, effectively cleaning them off. And all the while, Dazai was making small hums and moans.

This little-! Chuuya knew *exactly* what he was trying to do. He was trying to flip the situation on him! Well, Chuuya wasn't about to let that happen. If this cat wanted to play dirty, then they'd play *dirty*.

"Is that good?" Chuuya asked, making sure to let just a little more roughness sneak into his voice. "Do you want more? I can give it to you. All you have to do is *beg for it."*

"Please." Dazai pulled his mouth away with a small gasp. Chuuya didn't *dare* look down at his hand. If he saw how shiny his hand looked after all that, he would most definitely give a reaction.

He kept up eye contact with Dazai, simply moving his hands towards the cake until he was able to rip off another chunk. The instant his hand was in reach, Dazai grabbed his wrist again and started to eat. He was acting so hungry, and honestly, Chuuya was getting pretty hungry too watching him.

"Don't you think you should share some with me?" Chuuya asked. Dazai hummed in reply, and took the rest of the cake into his mouth. Then, in one swift motion, he let go of Chuuya's wrist, moved his hand to behind Chuuya's neck, and pulled him down to crush their lips together. They simultaneously opened their mouths, and Dazai, using his tongue, pushed a piece of the cake past Chuuya's lips.

Immediately, his taste buds were filled with the sweetness of his baking. He closed his eyes, letting the soft and comforting feeling of cake in his mouth and Dazai in his reach surround him. Sneaking an arm under Dazai's, he wrapped his hand around and grabbed Dazai's shoulder. Dazai responded by doing the exact same. They were desperately holding onto each other, Chuuya leaning down, causing Dazai to have to arch his back to prevent himself from falling over and releasing Chuuya's lips.

Once there was no more cake left to swap between them, they still didn't stop. They continued kissing, soft sighs and grunts filling the kitchen. The taste of the cooked batter was still on Chuuya's tongue, but it was quickly getting subjugated by the taste of *Dazai.*

If Chuuya knew this was how things were going to turn out, he would have told Dazai about how he felt *days* ago.

Once his lungs were starting to hurt from lack of air, Chuuya finally ripped their lips apart, looking down to make sure Dazai was alright. Both of them were panting roughly, trying to quickly gather as much oxygen as they could.

Dazai's fingers were digging into him for extra support. His eyes, staring back at him, were black. *Very black;* almost like they were a dark sea trying to swallow him up. His face was a flushed salmon, and his gaze was showing Chuuya nothing but pure *adoration.*

"Chuuya's wonderful." Dazai whispered, his free hand going up to gently caress Chuuya's cheek. Even though they were literally just making out, that small, simple gesture was the thing that really made Chuuya's heart flutter. "Chuuya is too wonderful to be true."

"Well, sorry to break it to you, but I'm plenty real." Chuuya replied, the sarcasm he planned to put into the sentence dissolved into something much softer. "And you're plenty wonderful yourself, Dazai."

"I'm glad to hear it." He was honestly expecting some form of self-deprecation from the cat, so it took him a while to register Dazai's response. *Oh, right. He has an ego.*

Using his strength, Chuuya lifted Dazai back up, and let go of him once he'd be able to stand on his own without toppling over. Dazai wobbled a little bit, but quickly regained his balance.

"So, is this how it's going to be everyday from now on?" Dazai asked, giving a gentle touch on his lips, like he could still feel Chuuya pressed against them. "Because I wouldn't really mind if that was the case."

"Neither would I." Chuuya agreed. "But if we kiss that heavily each time, I'm worried my lips might fall off."

Dazai laughed, setting his hand back to his side. "How funny! Alright then, no makeouts every hour, got it."

Chuuya gave a chuckle of his own before turning back to the cake and grabbing the knife. "So, now that we got distracted, do you want to *actually* eat this cake?"

"Definitely! Hurry up and cut me some!"

Chuuya nodded, but not before telling Dazai not to order him around. Still, he made sure to cut a slice off for Dazai first, putting it on the plate and sliding it over to Dazai. The cat gratefully took it, and the utensils that came with the food, and started to happily chew on the soft pastry.

Chuuya got his own slice, and took a bite. It tasted really good, even without the added texture of Dazai lips. He gave a pleased hum, satisfied with their work. They weren't going to finish the whole cake today; it was just way too big. Chuuya would make sure to put it in a tupperware so it wouldn't go stale.

"Hey, Chuuya?" Dazai spoke up once he'd finished another bite of cake. "So, after all that…could you say we're a couple?"

"A couple?" Chuuya repeated, tasting the phrase on his tongue. It sounded wonderful, being a couple with Dazai, but it didn't feel *right*. "Well, I guess so, but maybe…"

"Maybe?" Dazai's ears lowered as he frowned worriedly at Chuuya. "Maybe what?"

"Maybe we could say we're…partners." Chuuya turned his head to Dazai, smiling reassuringly. "That way, people won't…you know…"

"Immediately catch on?" Dazai guessed. Once Chuuya gave a nod, Dazai smiled again. "You're too thoughtful, Chuuya. Really, I don't mind getting looked at weirdly, or getting criticized."

"I could guess that much." Chuuya mumbled, setting his plate down on the counter. "But still, even if you're okay with it, *I* don't want that to happen to you. You're supposed to be happy from now on."

"I am." Dazai quickly said, setting his cake down as well. He walked closer, wrapping his arms around Chuuya's neck, and leaning down to give him a soft peck on the forehead. "Chuuya being my partner has made me the happiest cat in the world."

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' Today was Osamu's birthday. His fourteenth birthday, to be exact. '

Chapter 17: Dazai Osamu, Fourteen Years Old

Chapter Summary

A boy born in ignorance, ripped from his home

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Today was Osamu's birthday. His fourteenth birthday, to be exact.

His birthdays weren't similar to the ones he'd heard about. There was no party, no food, no singing, no friends, and no gifts to speak of. Though, he didn't mind all of that. He had his mother, and that was all that mattered.

He woke up surrounded by warmth, just like he always had. He groaned and gave a big yawn, alerting his mother. She looked down at him with a tired smile, before ruffling his hair and giving him a soft kiss on the head.

"Happy Birthday, Osamu." She whispered, scent and voice filled with pure love.

"Good morning, Mother." He whispered back, still feeling tired, but not wanting to go back to sleep. This was his big day, and he was going to make the most out of it. "Has the food come yet?"

"Not yet, dear." Mother said, glancing towards the small hole in the door. Usually, every morning, somebody would slide food through the hole for them. Osamu had never seen who drops their food off though, so it wasn't like he could thank them. Sometimes it felt like he and his mother were the only living creatures in the world. She was the only one he'd ever seen, after all.

"Okay. Do you know when it'll be coming though?" He asked, stretching his whole body. He started with his legs, and went all the way up to his arms. "I'm a little hungry."

"I'm sure it will be coming soon, Osamu." His mother replied, petting his hair again before pulling her hand away. "You need to be patient, remember?"

"I know, Mother." He mumbled, sitting up as he adjusted his hair. It

always got a little messy in the morning, so usually Mother would groom him, but he was getting older, so now he had to start doing things himself. “I was just curious, I promise.”

“I believe you, Osamu.” She also began to fix her hair along with him. It was long, with a beautiful brown color, just like Osamu’s. The only difference between them was their eye color. Osamu’s was a chocolate brown, while his mother’s was black. That brought Osamu to the conclusion that his father must have had brown eyes.

Osamu never met his father. Mother said he would never have the chance to meet him. That made him a little sad, but he got over it after a year or so. There was no need to long for something that would never happen; it was just illogical. And Osamu was a very smart boy, his mother said. He was smarter than most.

“So, what are we going to do today?” Osamu stood up, giving his arms once last stretch. “Are we going to play games? Read books?”

“I’m not sure, Osamu.” Mother stood up as well, taking a little bit longer than Osamu. She was a very frail and weak woman, and there was also the factor of her age. She said that she was getting into her fifties, and so she was going to get slower and slower each time.

One time a few years ago, Osamu asked his mother if it was her fault he was also so skinny and weak. His mother frowned and told him that if he ate well and exercised often, he could get stronger, but he would probably always be skinny. Osamu had seen that come true, because he asked that ten years ago, and he had definitely grown in height, but the rest of his body was much more delicate. Mother had told him that was a good thing, but when she said that, there was something off about her scent. It was sadder than usual. That didn’t make sense to him, though. Why was having a delicate body a bad thing?

“We don’t really have to do anything special for my birthday.” Osamu said after a while. “I don’t actually care that much. If you’re tired, we could just sleep all day like we did three days ago.”

“Osamu…” His mother smiled, taking his cold hands into her own. He never quite understood why he was born cold, but he’d grown used to it. “You’re such a nice boy. A very troublesome boy as well.”

Osamu chuckled, enjoying the warmth of his mother’s skin. She always managed to feel so comfortable. “I’m getting better at that. You don’t have to worry about me so much.”

One good thing about being a cat hybrid was that it was easy to tell when somebody was coming. Both of their ears turned towards the door only seconds before it started to make a strange noise that Osamu had never heard before.

“They’re unlocking it.” His mother said with wide eyes. She moved her hands to rest on Osamu’s shoulder, pushing him away from the door. “Osamu, go into the playroom.”

“Why?” He asked, looking up at his mother. Why did she look frightened? “Mother, what’s happening?”

“Just go.” She snapped. “Hurry.”

Osamu nodded, quickly running towards the playroom. Their little home was made up of three areas: the main room, the bathroom, and the playroom. They had everything they needed here, but sometimes throughout the night, things would change. Toys in the playroom would get taken away or replenished, toiletries would get restocked, and multiple other things. One time Osamu had tried to stay awake long enough to hopefully see a human for the first time, but Mother caught him and forced him to fall asleep.

Once Osamu was out of the main room’s sight, he pressed his back against the wall, turning his ears so he could listen in. He was so confused. His mother had never spoken to him like that before, even when he did something wrong. She was always so gentle and understanding. It was almost scary, but Osamu knew he could never be afraid of his mother.

“Hello there. You’re looking much older than when I last saw you.” It was a voice Osamu had never heard before. Was there a human in their home? Is that why Mother told him to run away? “So, where is he? I know you’ve probably hidden him somewhere.”

“You can't take him.” His mother growled. That was another sound that was foreign to him. He always expected her growl to sound fierce and threatening, but instead, it was almost sad, or desperate. “He’s the only one I have! Please don't take him away from me!”

“I’m well aware of the fact; you don’t have to remind me. It’s a shame all of our previous attempts on you have failed, but that just means dear Osamu is so much more valuable to us. You were very popular back in the day at your old center, so I’m sure your kitten will be as well.”

They were talking about him. They were talking about him, but it was almost like they were talking in riddles. He couldn't really understand what they were *talking* about. And what did Mother mean by 'taking him away'? He would never want to leave her!

"Well," Osamu picked up a sigh coming from the human. "If you refuse to *give* him to us, then I suppose we'll just have to *take* him. Go ahead and search."

The hair on Osamu's neck stood up at the end. Two beings were coming towards him, he could feel it. They were probably other humans. If Mother didn't want them to get him, then he wouldn't let them get close; even if he still had no clue why he should do that.

Where can I hide…Where can I hide? Osamu scanned the playroom, looking for anywhere that would work. Sadly, the playroom was pretty empty, since Osamu never really liked playing alone. It was sad, and so after time, the toys had slowly gotten taken away. There was still a pile of some in the corner though, and that was probably Osamu's best bet.

He ran over, hiding himself behind the small pile. It barely even covered his legs though, so he grabbed two in his hands at the same time two humans entered the playroom.

Their ears look weird. That was the first thought Osamu had before he chucked a plush at the human on the left. It landed right next to his feet without so much as a sound. He'd just barely missed him.

"That was on purpose." He tried to play it off, holding the other plushie in the air, hoping to intimidate them. "Stay back, or I'll throw it."

The humans were apparently very brave, because without a second thought, they started to advance. He quickly threw the second plushie, and this time it hit his target on the thigh, but then it was kicked to the side. It did absolutely no damage.

"Get away from me." Osamu whispered, scooting away. They were advancing on him quicker now. It was swiftly getting to the point where he would be cornered against the wall. His instincts were telling him to run, run, *run,* but he had to stand his ground. Mother always told him to be strong. "Get away from me!"

The humans lunged, both of them grabbing onto his arms before Osamu could retaliate. They lifted him into the air for easier transport,

and he started to struggle. He kicked and squirmed and continued to repeat that they let him go, but it was all to no avail.

Before he knew it, he was back in the main room. He locked eyes with his mothers for a brief moment, and he could pick up the fear in his expression. He'd never seen her afraid before, either.

His two captors pushed him down onto his knees, and went behind him, bringing his arms along with them. He tried to struggle out of their grasp again, but their hold was firm. His arms weren't going to budge.

There was another human in front of him. He was standing over Osamu, looking down at him with a proud smirk. Dazai frowned as he looked up at him, trying his best to give a glare. He thought he did pretty well, since he saw the human's brow twitch.

"What a beautiful kitten you have." The human said, glancing at his mother for just a moment, before returning to Osamu. "What's your name, little thing?"

"I'm Dazai Osamu." He replied, something almost akin to a growl rumbling out of his throat. "What are you doing here?"

"Osamu? What an adorable name." The human walked closer, crouching down so his face was right in front of Osamu's. He leaned back as best as he could, but his best barely made a difference. "My name is Ougai Mori. I've recently gotten information that today is your fourteenth birthday, correct?"

Osamu nodded.

"Well, happy birthday, Osamu! You've certainly aged well so far." The human- Ougai's voice went lower, and his eyes were clouded with something dark Osamu had never seen before. One of his hands, which had fingers that were way too odd-feeling, gently took hold of Osamu's chin, forcing his head up to make better eye contact. "You've aged… *very well."*

I don't like the way he said that. Dazai tried to turn his head, but Ougai used the hand grabbing his chin to bring him back. The gross human's eyes were roaming all over Osamu's body, like he was studying him, and trying to find any weak point he could. It was making him feel nervous. But he wasn't going to let him know that. Of course, by the way Osamu's ears tilted, he might have picked up on it.

“Why are you here?” Osamu repeated, since it seemed like Ougai wasn’t going to answer the question unless he brought it back to memory. Ougai hummed, keeping his hand right where it was, despite Osamu’s hope he would pull it away while he thought of an answer.

“You’re old enough to be separated from your mother now, so I’m here to take you to my center. It happens to all hybrids eventually, so there’s no need to feel like we’re targeting you.” Ougai explained, his face slowly and slowly becoming more sinister. Whether Osamu's eyes were just perceiving him that way, or whether that was actually what was happening, it didn't matter. He wanted to get away from this man.

“No way. I’m not leaving my mother, not ever. You can’t make me; I don’t even know you.” Osamu stood his ground, deciding to show his nervousness about who the boss around here was. He would defeat this nasty human, they would leave, and then he and Mother could continue about their lives like they always had.

“Feisty too, huh?” Ougai seemed to say to himself, finally leaning back to give Osamy room to breathe. “You’re definitely going to be one of my favorites. I have a type, after all. And to give my rebuttal…”

Ougai moved his hand away, standing up and walking towards the open door. He now moved his hands behind his own back, smirking to himself as he kept his eyes on Osamu. “Soon you’re going to learn just how many things I can make you do, Osamu.” He then looked at the humans still restraining Osamu and gave a nod. “Let’s go.”

Osamu was suddenly hoisted up again, and was swiftly being carried towards the door. *Now* he was really struggling, grunting with effort as he tried to twist and turn his body, praying to anything that the humans would drop him; so he could run back to his mother and be safe.

“No! Put me down!” He raised his voice desperately as he tried and failed to kick one of the humans in the leg. He realized now that he wasn’t going to win any sort of physical battle with these two. Now he could only do one more thing.

“Mother! Mother, help me! Put me down! I don’t want to go!” He begged, feeling tears beginning to well up in his sockets. “Stop it; please, stop it!”

Osamu was able to turn his head, but only enough to catch a small glimpse of his mother. She was sitting on the floor, seemingly frozen

in fear and despair. There were tears in her eyes as well. *She didn't want him to go, either.*

"Mother!" Osamu gave one last wail, before they were through the door, and it shut in his face. His breath stuttered, and he gave a choked sob, as he attempted to keep the tears from rolling down his face. Mother told him it was best not to cry, unless he was with her. But he wasn't with her anymore, so now he couldn't cry.

He hated that thought. The thought that he was no longer with his mother. She was only separated from him by a simple door, but he couldn't get through it. He wasn't strong enough.

"I always forget how annoying the separation is." One of the humans holding him said.

"Well, we can't really blame it, can we?" The other one replied, speaking as if Osamu couldn't even hear them. "It's been with its mother for its whole life. It's gonna take time for it to stop weeping."

"I'm not weeping." Osamu mumbled, turning his head back around and lowering it. The colors surrounding the walls were confusing to him, and he would rather keep his eyes on the gray of the new floor underneath him.

"I thought it was cute." Ougai said from in front of them. "I love hearing little hybrids crying and begging, no matter what it's for."

Gross. Osamu scowled, thankful he'd brought his eyes down so he wouldn't have to see that awful man. Would he really have to spend the rest of his life with him? That sounded horrible.

"Osamu," Ougai sang, trying to get him to look back up, most likely. "We're going to take a ride to your new center now. It's going to take a long time, though, so we're going to have you take a short nap, okay?"

"I'm not tired." Osamu said harshly. His original sadness was now morphing into anger. If this human kept on bothering him, he would most certainly lose his temper. "I'm not tired, and I don't want to go anywhere with you."

"And that last sentence of yours is exactly why you're going to take a nap." Almost as soon as Ougai finished that sentence, a cloth with a strangely sweet scent was roughly pressed into his face. Osamu grunted and tried to turn away out of reflex, but another hand swiftly

grabbed the back of his head, keeping him in place. He began to struggle again once he realized he was getting dizzy.

“So adorable…” Ougai’s voice was ringing in his ears. He was scared. He didn’t want to go with him; not like this. “Keep squirming. When you wake up, you’ll be mine.”

Please stop, it hurts. Osamu begged, though he was certain the words never left his mouth. *I want my mother; I want my mother.*

He was able to let out a pathetic whimper; his final attempt to gain their pity and escape, before the honeyed darkness finally took over.

Osamu had no idea how long he was out for. It could have been for ten minutes, or it could have been for ten days. All he knew is that once he started to slowly wake up, his first thought was: *I’m hungry.*

He was afraid to open his eyes. He didn’t want to know where he was. Maybe if he kept his eyes closed, he could imagine he was with Mother again, wrapped around her warm body as the two of them slept throughout the day lazily. Maybe if he kept his eyes closed, he could dispel the cold that was afflicting him. He’d never shivered like this before. His and Mother’s home was always set at a warm temperature.

“Do you think he’s going to wake up soon?” A voice Osamu didn’t recognize. Now that he was waking up more, his senses were coming back to him. It was slower than it usually was, though. Did that cloth do something to him?

“He should. But remember to give him space, yeah?” Another voice. Just how many beings were in the room with him?

I guess there’s only one way to find out. He decided, before giving a quiet yet rough groan, fluttering his eyes open. His vision was blurry for a while, but as he blinked and slowly turned his head towards the voices he’d heard earlier, his eyes adjusted.

He was in a dark room. It seemed like the walls, floor, and ceiling were made of stone. There were no windows, but there was a vent on the rightmost wall at the very top, and a single lightbulb hanging from the ceiling. That didn’t really bother Osamu though, because he could see in the dark.

I guess the stone explains the cold. Osamu thought, before finally taking notice of all the eyes on him.

At least two dozen hybrids were in the room with him, all quietly observing his movements. There was definitely a mix of animals, but most of them were rabbits and dogs. The biggest thing that Osamu noticed, however, was the strong scent of uncertainty, longing, and pain. They were three scents that Dazai didn't enjoy to smell, but three scents that he could definitely say he was feeling for himself right now.

"Wh…" Dazai began, stopping once he realized how sore his throat was. Seriously, what did that cloth do to him? "Wh..hhh.." He tried again.

"Hey, stop that." A dog said, quickly coming in front of him. Dazai closed his mouth. The dog's hand stretched out to give him something, and when Dazai glanced down, he saw a small cup of water. "Here, sit up and drink this. It will help with your throat."

Dazai obeyed, sitting up and cautiously taking the water. He sniffed it before taking a sip. Immediately, his throat began to cool and soothe. He let out a pleasant hum, finishing the cup after a few seconds.

"Where…am I?" He asked, keeping his voice soft just in case his throat was actually damaged in some way.

"Your new center." The dog said, their face morphing into an even bigger frown than the one they had on. "We're not going to give you the details right now. We'll leave Master to do that. For right now, you're probably hungry, aren't you?"

Osamu nodded.

"Perfect. We have something of a tradition around here. Whenever a new hybrid comes in, we all put a portion of our food on their plate." The dog turned around, and grabbed said plate, scooting it closer to Osamu. It didn't look very appealing. Nothing like what he was used to being fed.

"Why do you do that?" Osamu asked. "The portions don't look very big…that must mean your actual meals aren't big, either."

"They're…yeah, they're not." The dog sighed, but put on a smile for Osamu. He could tell it was fake. He'd always been good about picking up lies. "You're young, and not used to this environment. You need your strength. Don't worry about us for now; just worry about yourself."

“Okay.” Osamu said, eyeing the food again. It looked so bland. But he was so hungry. He had no choice but to eat it. After all, others sacrificed their food for him. It would be rude not to accept it.

And Mother always told him he was a nice boy.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview: A Christmas Special!
' Dazai smiled, running the branch through his fingers before letting go. “Well, if Chuuya says so. I’m excited to experience a ‘real Christmas’ with you.” '

Chapter 18: A Real Christmas

Chapter Summary

It's Christmas time!

NOTE: This is just a holiday special! It won't add anything to the plot, and it's just for feel-goods and holiday cheer! It *is* still canon to the story, though! Hope you enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chuuya was in his room, getting ready and putting on his clothes when he heard Dazai call for him from the living room.

“Chuuya? Chuuya, what the heck is this?”

“What?” Chuuya yelled from his room, slipping a shirt over his head. It was a stupid thing Tachihara had given him last year. A red shirt with green and white text that said: ‘I got Ho Ho Hoes’. He would have thrown it out, if it wasn’t the only festive shirt he owned. And besides, it was a little bit funny.

“What did you put in the living room?” Chuuya opened the door, making his way towards the living room. He found Dazai standing in front of the tree, eyes scanning all around; from the lights, to the ornaments, and then to the cranberries and popcorn wrapped around it.

“Oh, I set up the Christmas tree last night after you went to bed.” Chuuya said, getting closer to Dazai until he could grab his arm and give a kiss to the cat’s hand. “Do you like it?”

“It’s pretty.” Dazai said, turning his head around to look at Chuuya. “But I don’t understand. Why do we need a tree inside the apartment?”

“Uh, because it’s Christmas?” Chuuya answered, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. Because honestly, it *was* the most obvious thing in the world. “Did you never buy a tree for it or anything?”

“No?” Dazai just sounded more confused. “When would I have been able to buy something if *I* was the one trying to get bought?”

“What are you…oh.” Chuuya closed his mouth, not sure what exactly to say. Dazai wasn’t really the type to enjoy the ‘I’m so sorry’ type of response; he’d learned that. It was probably best if he just continued talking. “So…what was Christmas like to you? Back then?”

“It wasn’t anything huge. Definitely not a big enough deal to need a tree.” Dazai shrugged, and tugged the sleeves of his green turtleneck sweater. “I always just thought ‘Christmas’ was another word humans used to say ‘we’re having a hybrid sale’.”

Chuuya hummed, finally starting to understand. Of course he should have assumed this; he always forgets that Dazai was basically shut out from anything fun. “So, that’s all it was to you; a sale. Alright, then. Do you remember how much they dropped your price?”

“I think so.” Dazai put a finger to his chin and tapped it. “Originally I was around 1,450,000 yen, but during Christmas they would tell them I was available for only 992,220 yen.”

“Damn. What ugly grunt would have that kind of dough on them?”

“You.” Dazai said without missing a beat. Chuuya’s mouth hung open at the pure *audacity* of this cat, and when he caught Dazai’s eye, he was giving him probably the most shit-eating grin he’d ever seen.

“Oh you little-” Chuuya raised his hands and leaned forward. Dazai squeaked, quickly leaning back to avoid him.

“Ahh, don’t tickle me! I apologize; I didn’t mean that! Chuuya isn’t an ugly grunt, I promise! He’s pretty! Very pretty and well-respected!” He rambled in a high-pitched voice, trying to gain Chuuya’s mercy.

“Looks like you learned your lesson.” Chuuya said, putting his hands back down with a nod. “Better think twice before calling me ugly next time.”

“It was a funny joke, Chuuya! I would never *actually* call you ugly!” Dazai grumbled, stepping closer to Chuuya now that he knew he wouldn’t be tickled. “Calling Chuuya ugly without the intent of it being a joke should be considered a crime!”

“You flatter me.” Chuuya grabbed hold of Dazai’s waist and pulled him closer. Dazai responded in turn, his long arms folding across Chuuya’s back. Dazai hummed the same time Chuuya let his head rest against the tall cat’s shoulder. Hugging each other always felt nice. It was still pretty awkward sometimes, but they were getting used to it.

“Okay, so now that we had that conversation,” Dazai pulled away and looked at the tree again. “What is that for?”

“Oh yeah.” Chuuya cleared his throat before continuing. “Well, Christmas is a holiday that people celebrate. The basic summary is that some dude a long time ago was born, and to some people he was a super important guy; so they made a holiday for him. Of course, some people don’t find him that important, so they use his holiday to buy presents for other people. You put presents under the tree.”

“Oh, I see.” Dazai crouched down, taking one of the fake branches into his hands. “So it’s a day where people get gifts, and that’s it?”

“For some people, yeah.” Chuuya walked over to Dazai’s side, crouching down alongside him. “Of course, there are lots of other things people do during Christmas. They put up stockings, visit family, send friends Christmas cards, and yes, go shopping, because some things go on sale.”

“Like hybrids?”

“ *That,”* Chuuya grunted. “and other things. Trust me, Christmas is really fun. I think you’ll like it.”

Dazai smiled, running the branch through his fingers before letting go. “Well, if Chuuya says so. I’m excited to experience a ‘real Christmas’ with you.”

“Well, if you really want to experience it, then you need to dress up.” Chuuya stood up, taking a moment to stretch his back to make sure it wouldn’t get sore.

“What, like that incredibly fashionable shirt you’re wearing?” Dazai asked judgmentally, smirking as he pointed at the words.

“Oi, it’s the only Christmas shirt I own!” He snapped, putting his hands on his hips. “Besides, I’m not even the one who bought it! Just stay there and wait for me to get back!”

“Yes, Chuuuyaaa!” Dazai sang as Chuuya turned around and marched back into his bedroom. He opened out his closet, doing a quick scan before finding what he was looking for. It was a small box filled with Christmas accessories. He’d collected a few after some Port Mafia Christmas parties, and he never bothered to throw them away, since sometimes they came in handy.

He grabbed a hat, necklace, and a headband before putting the box back and shutting his closet door. Dazai was right where Chuuya had left him, but he'd stood up and was observing all of the ornaments around the tree. Once Chuuya got close, Dazai turned around with an excited flick of his tail.

Sometimes I forget about his cat instincts. Chuuya thought before holding up the accessories. "I got these for us to put on. I can wear the hat, and you can wear the other stuff."

"Alright!" Dazai agreed, taking his new outfit components from Chuuya. He slipped on the necklace, which was made out of Christmas lights, giving a short complaint about how big it was, before then slipping on the headband with reindeer antlers on top. He adjusted it until the band was pretty well-covered by his hair. It looked a little strange with his ears, but it was still super cute.

"How do I look?" He asked, tilting his head at different angles to show off the headband. "Does Chuuya think I'm prettier now?"

"Definitely." Chuuya smiled, before putting on his Santa hat. He made sure the floppy bit wouldn't get in his face by rotating it a few times until he was satisfied with how it felt around his head.

"Aww, what a cute hat!" Dazai exclaimed, getting closer to observe it. "It looks really good on you, Chuuya!"

"You think so?" Chuuya glanced up for a brief moment, making sure the edge of the hat wasn't going to cover his vision.

"Mhm, mhm!" Dazai nodded. "Actually, I think I might have seen Odasaku wearing a similar hat a few days ago. Is that a well-known Christmas hat or something?"

"Well, it's a Santa hat, so I guess so."

"What's Santa?" Dazai tilted his head curiously.

Oh boy…I definitely have a lot of explaining to do.

Thankfully, Dazai was incredibly smart, so he was able to quickly pick up the history of Christmas. At first he was super confused about why Santa was an important part of another guy's holiday, but Chuuya was able to explain it well enough.

"Is that what this is for?" Dazai pointed to the antlers on his head. "Is

this a Santa thing as well?"

"Yeah, he has magical reindeer that can fly. They pull his sleigh."

"But isn't he super heavy? Those poor reindeer!" Dazai called out, leaning forward. "And they have to do that all night? All around the world? They must hate their job!"

"Really? I think they'd like it. I heard that sometimes kids will leave out treats for them and stuff. And besides, it's only once a year." Chuuya leaned back on the couch. They'd moved there for Dazai's little holiday history lesson, and he was very thankful for that decision. If he'd had to explain the last half hour standing up, his legs probably would have collapsed.

Dazai hummed, thinking over what Chuuya had said. "I guess…if they only have to work once a year, then it shouldn't be too awful…but still, Santa should be more considerate of his friends, and lose some weight for them."

Chuuya scoffed, nearly letting a smirk pass through. "Well, maybe you should write a letter to Santa and let him know your opinion."

"Santa isn't real!"

"Whoa, whoa!" Chuuya raised a hand. "Be careful with that accusation! You'll offend some children if you say that."

Dazai sighed. "Oh, alright. I'll make sure not to shout that out in the street. But when I'm alone with Chuuya, I can voice my opinions clearly. Right?"

"Right. You can always let me know how you feel." Chuuya grabbed Dazai's hand, running his fingers over the cold skin. "But just know, some things should probably be kept unsaid. If you want to avoid being tickled, that is."

Dazai laughed, his tail giving an amused swish against the couch. "I'll keep that in mind, then. I wouldn't want the mafia to come after me again; that was horrible."

"Glad you learned your lesson." Chuuya smirked. "Because next time, I might go on for a whole five minutes!"

"Not five minutes!" Dazai gasped, eyes going wide in mock fear. "I don't know if I would be able to handle that! You're so cruel, Mr.

Mafia!”

“Mr. Mafia.” Chuuya repeated, giving a snicker after he’d said it himself. “Your nicknames are so unclever.”

“Hey, give me a break! *I* think they’re hilarious.”

“Whatever. Get over here.” Using the hand that was holding Dazai’s, he gave a mild pull, making Dazai lose his balance and fall on Chuuya’s chest. The hybrid let out a soft yelp as his position shifted.

“Chuuya! So mean! Not even a warning?” Dazai complained, lifting his head to give Chuuya a pouting frown.

“Don’t give me that; I know you like this position.” Chuuya replied, now moving his hand to rest on the back of Dazai’s head. The second he gave a single scratch to Dazai’s scalp, the boy on top of him *melted,* all complaints forgotten.

“Ooohh…” Dazai groaned, the sound nearly bordering a *moan* as Chuuya started to pet him. His fingers had limited range this time, thanks to the reindeer headband, but Dazai still seemed to be enjoying it despite that.

It was very helpful knowing just how much Dazai loved to be pet. It had solved a lot of petty arguments between the two of them.

“Don’t enjoy yourself too much. We still have a lot of Christmas to do.” Chuuya warned, Dazai giving him a hum in acknowledgement. He got the hint; ‘Keep petting me for now, and we can worry about all that stuff later’.

Dazai was lucky he was cute, otherwise Chuuya wouldn’t have let him order him around like that.

The room was silent yet comfortable for a good ten minutes, before Dazai broke through it.

“Hey, Chuuya?”

“Hmm?”

“Do people usually do it during Christmas?”

“What?” Chuuya stopped his hand, glancing down at Dazai, who had lifted his head just enough to make comfortable eye contact.

“Do they do it?”

“Do what?”

“It.” Dazai repeated, blinking innocently.

“There are a lot of ‘its’, Dazai. Be more specific.” Chuuya said.

“Do they have sex?” Dazai clarified. Chuuya felt his cheeks redden, but then immediately told himself he shouldn’t be surprised. Dazai had been trying to get in his pants for a while now. Of course, Chuuya never indulged him in his extremely toxic mindset. He was still waiting until Dazai seemed to genuinely want it.

“Some people do.” Chuuya ultimately decided to say. He didn’t want to lie to him, after all. “But most people just spend time with their family handing out gifts and eating candy.”

“What sort of candy?” Dazai asked, leaning his head into Chuuya’s hand. ‘Keep going’, he was telling him. So Chuuya started to slowly pick up the pace again.

“Well, if we’re talking strictly about Christmas candy, then I guess… candy canes?” Chuuya tried to think of other Christmas candies out there, but his mind went blank.

“What’s a candy cane?”

“I think I have a few in the pantry. Once you’re done, I could grab some for us?” Chuuya offered as he scritched a particularly nice spot right above Dazai’s neck. The hybrid gave a pleasant shiver, biting his lip to stifle any loud noises.

“Mmm…yeah, that sounds nice.” Dazai closed his eyes, resting his head against Chuuya’s chest again. Looks like it would be a while before he could get those candy canes.

He decided to pass the time by scrolling through social media, because really, what else could he do with only one free hand? Thankfully, he was able to get his phone out of his pocket without disturbing Dazai.

He checked out all of his friend’s pages, seeing what they were doing to celebrate the holidays. Oda and Ango had gone to a bar apparently, while Hirotsu and Ane-san looked like they were having a wine night.

Should I post something? Chuuya wondered, glancing down at the cat

currently failing to stay awake on top of him. Chuuya usually posted stuff on the holidays, but it was mainly about the new wine he'd bought to celebrate.

They all know I have a cat now, so it's not like it'd be a huge shock to them.

He gently tapped Dazai's head, trying to wake him up. "Hey Dazai, is it alright if I post a picture of us?"

"Mmmng…" Dazai groaned, his eyes blinking open. "You mean like… on the media or somethin'?"

"Yeah." Chuuya smiled, finding it cute how groggy the hybrid's voice was already sounding. "On social media. Are you cool with it?"

"Whatever." Dazai mumbled, shoving his face in between Chuuya's pecs.

"Hey!" Chuuya quietly exclaimed. He felt Dazai give either another grumble, or a chuckle, before turning his head to the side.

"Sorry, I couldn't help myself." Alright, so it was definitely a chuckle. "Chuuya's chest is just so comfortable!"

"Pervert." Chuuya muttered, his smile returning as he resumed his petting once again. Dazai's throat rumbled appreciatively, his eyes shutting closed as his head snuggled deeper into Chuuya's shirt.

Finding this the perfect opportunity, Chuuya went onto his camera app, flipped it around, and raised his phone in the air. He angled it until it perfectly captured Dazai contentedly snoozing away on Chuuya as he stroked his chocolate locks. He snapped the picture, and quickly went back onto his social, uploading the picture with the caption: *'Christmas naps with my favorite cat <3 Happy Holidays everyone'*

After that, they spent another ten minutes together on the couch before Dazai was finally satisfied.

Well, it was probably less that he was satisfied, and more that he was curious to see what a candy cane was.

"I got two boxes of 'em." Chuuya said once he'd returned from his trip to the pantry. "Now, before I hand you yours, make sure you don't bite it first, okay? You gotta lick or suck it to get the flavor."

“Alright.” Dazai nodded. He had stayed on the couch, but was now at least sitting up properly on it. Chuuya ripped one of the candy canes out of the box and handed it to Dazai. The cat quickly took it and started to sniff.

“It smells like plastic.” He said, nose twitching in disgust.

“That’s because it’s wrapped in plastic.” Chuuya explained. “Unwrap it first, dummy.”

Dazai huffed, before using one of his claws to cut a smooth line in the plastic, skillfully unwrapping it. He stretched out his tongue and gave a lick to the candy cane, instantly reeling backwards and making a loud gag.

“Disgusting!” He yelled. “It’s so minty! I *hate* mint!”

“Calm down! I have a fruit flavor!” Chuuya took the candy cane away from Dazai, shifting around the boxes in his arms until he could grab one of the fruit-flavored candy canes. Dazai’s tongue was still poking out from his lips as he continued to complain about the mint.

Once the candy canes had been swapped and Dazai had opened the second candy cane, he still seemed skeptical. He sniffed it for at least fifteen seconds, and then very slowly, and *very* dramatically, gave it a hesitant lick.

And then another.

And then another again.

And then without any warning, he shoved the candy cane into his mouth until only the curve was visible to Chuuya.

“Wh-!” Chuuya grunted, nearly lunging forward to pull it out of Dazai’s mouth. “What are you doing!?”

Dazai pulled the candy out of his mouth. The mix of reds and blues and green were already getting washed away with white. “Hmm? You told me to suck on the candy cane, so that’s what I’m doing.”

“Yeah, I told you to suck it, not *deepthroat* it, what the hell?”

Dazai giggled. “Aww, is Chuuya impressed with how much I can handle? I’m pretty skilled, you know.”

Chuuya sighed, his worry seeping into something more akin to

tiredness. “Just eat the candy cane normally, please.”

“You got it!”

Dazai continued to eat his candy cane- normally this time- and Chuuya, not wanting the peppermint one to go to waste, joined him. Dazai made a joke about how Chuuya was ‘indirectly kissing him’, and Chuuya snapped back by calling him childish.

“So, now what are we supposed to do?” Dazai groaned once Chuuya had put the candy canes away. He made his way back into the living room and shrugged.

“You could always get up and help me set up the last decoration.”

“What’s the last decoration?” Dazai turned around and tilted his head at Chuuya. “Is it something fun?”

“Lots of people think so. Here, just get up and I’ll show you.”

Dazai nodded and hopped off the couch, quickly circling behind it so he was face-to-face with Chuuya. “Alright! So, what is it?”

Chuuya grinned and reached a hand into his pocket, feeling around for a moment before pulling out a mistletoe, and hovering it above them. Dazai looked up at it for a moment, nose clearly trying to sniff it.

“What is that?” He asked, once he’d finally given up. “Why are you holding it so strangely?”

“It’s a mistletoe.” Chuuya said, using *Tainted* to help place it on the hook he’d prepared there overnight. “There’s one last Christmas tradition I forgot to mention to you.”

“What? Does it have something to do with the mistletoe?”

“You catch on pretty quickly.” Chuuya grinned, sneaking an arm around Dazai’s waist to pull him closer. He felt his heart give a tug once he saw a flush start spreading across the hybrid’s face. “There’s a tradition where if you land under a mistletoe with somebody, you have to kiss them.”

Dazai seemed to think over the words, before a grin of his own appeared. “Ooohh, I see…how lucky for me, then! I get to experience a Christmas tradition with Chuuya!”

“Yeah yeah, now shut up and kiss me.”

Dazai immediately obliged, leaning down and pressing their lips together. Chuuya used his free hand to grab the back of Dazai’s head, keeping him in place to prolong the kiss for as long as he desired. They’d recently gotten better at kissing, and now it was more smooth lips than the occasional teeth.

Dazai had placed his own hands on Chuuya’s waist for support, and once Chuuya finally allowed them air, they were both pink in the face, panting, but with the biggest smiles on their lips.

“Merry Christmas, my cute reindeer.” He said once he’d gotten enough oxygen back into his lungs.

“Merry Christmas, my chibi Santa.” Dazai returned, before leaning in for another kiss.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' The door opened a few seconds later, Chuuya giving a small smile when he saw who was on the other side. “Ane-san,” He greeted. “Please, come inside.” '

Chapter 19: Darkened Child

Chapter Summary

Kouyou decides to visit Chuuya and his pet

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was always in Kouyou's nature to protect the children cast out from the light. That's why she cared for Q. That's why she cared for Chuuya. And that's also why she was visiting Chuuya right now.

He had been an official Executive for nine weeks now. He's been performing excellently; almost as if he was born to work directly under the boss. Born to take orders, and perform them without fail.

It made her proud, but it also made her want to stay close. If he strayed too far from her protection, who knows what might happen to him?

She rang the doorbell before tucking her arms back into her sleeves. She kept her back straight and her chin high. The Port Mafia needed to show perfection, no matter where they were. And Kouyou was always the best to represent that.

The door opened a few seconds later, Chuuya giving a small smile when he saw who was on the other side. "Ane-san," He greeted. "Please, come inside."

"Thank you." She dipped her head, stepping inside the apartment once Chuuya had stepped to the side. She abandoned her shoes before stepping on the floor, taking a quick scan of the quarters.

It looked incredibly clean; not even a single piece of furniture out of place. Chuuya had always been very organized and tidy after his training under Kouyou. Before he was just a street rat; leading a gang of unruly children around who abused his ability. Vermin, she would want to call them. But even now, Chuuya was probably still defensive over them.

She heard the sound of the door closing shut and locking. "So, what brings you here, Ane-san? Please, sit down."

She made her way to the couch, gracefully sitting on the rightmost part before answering the question. “I wanted to give you a visit. Do I need any other reason to come see you?”

“Not at all. I’m glad you’re here.” Chuuya walked to her side. “Do you need a drink?”

“I think some wine would be lovely; wouldn’t you agree?”

Chuuya’s smile turned into a grin, and he nodded. Kouyou was always glad Chuuya enjoyed wine as well. It allowed them another excuse to hang out and talk about unimportant things.

“Dazai!” Chuuya suddenly called out. Kouyou blinked, and turned her head in the direction Chuuya was looking at. He seemed to be looking towards one of the empty bedrooms.

But then the door opened, and out came the cat he had bought at that auction. Kouyou remembered what it looked like back then: tall, skinny, with many signs of past malnourishment. It was in nothing but blue lingerie and a collar back then.

Now, however, it looked different. It was still tall and skinny, and the light blue collar was still wrapped around its neck, but some things definitely changed. It had a smile on its face, and it was clothed in a pale yellow sweater and navy pants. There were bandages wrapped around the neck poking out from the collar of said sweater, and after some looking, Kouyou found similar bandages wrapped around the visible parts of the arm. Its ears were perked up, and as it walked, its movements were delicate.

“Yes, Master Chuuya?” It placed its hands in front, keeping its eyes on Chuuya. That was good. If it had looked at Kouyou first, that would have been disrespectful.

“Get us some wine from the kitchen, please. We have a visitor.” Chuuya gestured a hand towards Kouyou, and as he did so, the cat’s eyes followed.

“Very well. I’ll get it right away. Welcome to Master Chuuya’s home.” The cat bowed to her before elegantly turning around and entering the kitchen. Chuuya then moved to sit down next to her, and Kouyou nodded.

“You’ve definitely trained that cat well.” She said.

“I didn’t need to do anything. He was already well-equipped.” He replied, giving a small shrug.

“I see. How lucky for you, then. It was definitely a smart choice to pick that one.”

Chuuya hummed and then moved his eyes to stare at the coffee table; which really, should be renamed a wine table, since Kouyou knew that was the main thing Chuuya placed on it. “I think he’s the one that picked *me,* honestly.”

“That’s a thing many cat owners say; don’t take it too seriously.”

The cat returned not long after, successfully carrying two wine glasses along with a bottle. It set them on the coffee table and silently opened the drink, pouring a fair amount into each cup. Once it was finished, it placed the wine within arms reach of both of them, and knelt on the other side of the table, keeping its eyes down.

“Impressive.” Kouyou said, lifting up her cup and taking a sip. It was wonderful, as all of Chuuya’s wines were. “You were right, it’s very well-equipped. I suppose that’s what comes with its age, though.”

“Dazai’s a very efficient worker.” Chuuya took a sip from his own cup. “A big help around the house, too. He might not look like it, but he’s pretty good at cleaning.”

“I would certainly hope so. A hybrid without the ability to do housework is like a grunt without the ability to shoot a gun. They’re both completely and utterly useless.”

Chuuya hummed, taking a longer sip than he did last time. He looked down at the hybrid, his gaze swirling with many different and conflicting emotions. Kouyou didn’t enjoy the silence that was threatening to begin, so she cleared her throat.

“So, Dazai, you said its name was? Did you name it yourself?”

Chuuya glanced back up at her, looking a little surprised. “No. He told me his name after I brought him home.”

“I see. Well, it’s a good name.”

After that, the two of them moved on to another topic. Kouyou asked Chuuya about how work was treating him, and he seemed to loosen up. He told her about all the tasks he’s been assigned, and how he

handled them. Kouyou gave her approval on nearly every single one, but there was one or two where she gave him some pointers on how to better handle a similar situation next time. Chuuya listened attentively, most likely taking notes in his head.

After all of that, Kouyou had finished two cups of wine, and Chuuya had finished one and a third of his second cup. Sadly, he was a lightweight, and Kouyou could already see the signs of him getting tipsy, so she forced him to set his cup down on the coffee table. If he was drunk, then it would be difficult to continue a conversation.

Kouyou opened her mouth to ask a new question, but before she could begin, Chuuya raised a hand. “Wait.” He said. “Dazai.”

The hybrid raised its head, looking at Chuuya without saying a word.

“You’ve been kneeling there for quite a while. Come on up here.” Chuuya made a gesture with his hand, and Dazai rose to its feet immediately, climbing onto the couch and straddling Chuuya’s lap without any hesitation. A grin spread across Chuuya's face as he placed his hands on Dazai’s hips.

“There we go; isn’t that more comfortable?”

“Definitely.” Dazai replied, giving its master a smile. The way they were looking at each other was strange. It was almost like something was hiding behind their smiles. Something that Kouyou didn’t know about.

Chuuya moved a hand to the back of Dazai's head, leading it to rest on his shoulder. Once it was in place, he started to softly move his fingers through its hair.

"Sorry about that." Chuuya started as he looked back at Kouyou. She realized he looked much more comfortable now that he had his pet with him. "He's gonna be going into heat sometime this month, so he's been pretty clingy recently. If I didn't move him he might have started whining."

“I see.” Kouyou lowered her glass, observing the cat with faint curiosity. “With how well it was performing earlier, I’m quite disappointed to hear that it can’t even control its own body.”

“The heats hit him hard.” Chuuya said, his voice coming out with more force. “Besides, it’s not a huge deal; he mainly just sleeps all day. He’s a cat, after all, that’s what they do. There’s not much you can do

to change *that* part of him."

"I suppose you're right. Cats will always be stubborn and imperfect. It's no wonder why nobody wants them."

Kouyou heard the cat give a loud huff of breath, its back giving a quick rise and fall to accompany it. Chuuya leaned his head down and whispered something Kouyou couldn't understand into Dazai's ear. Then, once he lifted his head, he changed the topic.

"How are your girls doing, Ane-san? I haven't really been seeing much of them, since I've been pretty busy recently."

"They're doing well, thank you for asking." Kouyou took another small sip of wine before continuing. "Nothing out of the ordinary to really report on. I train them well, and they haven't stepped out of line yet. I hope that day will never come."

"Me too." Chuuya agreed. "They're nice girls, and you seem to really care for them, Ane-san."

"A superior always grows a soft spot for every subordinate. That's what makes them a true and great teacher." While Kouyou was indeed flattered that Chuuya noticed her efforts, she didn't want to let anything too personal slip. Of course, Chuuya knew a few things, but she still had to keep her perfect image in check.

"I guess so." When Chuuya's gaze drifted back towards Dazai, Kouyou's did as well. It looked strangely content. More content than Kouyou had ever seen a hybrid before. Almost as if it was thoroughly enjoying where it was.

That strange idea formed into a theory of sorts in her head. She decided that thinking about it wasn't going to be productive, and that she should just ask. "So…have you two had sex yet?"

"Ane-san!?" Chuuya's head flipped back to her, and his body shot straight up, freezing in place as red flushed over his features. "Wh-Where did *that* come from!?"

"Your pet seems very comfortable being in such an intimate position with you." Kouyou began, pausing for another sip of wine. "I've heard some things around the mafia, Chuuya; I know you perform very well in bed. You don't have to be embarrassed about it. We're both adults, after all."

“W-Well…” Chuuya stuttered, eyes fluttering about the apartment as he formed the words. “No, we…haven’t done anything like that yet. It…just never felt right.”

Kouyou’s lips tightened. “Well, that’s strange. I know I never explicitly stated it, but the biggest reason I took you to that auction was to get you an object to help relieve your upcoming stress as an Executive. Sex is a very effective way to relieve stress. And your cat definitely is on the attractive side of the scale, if he’s still going into heat.”

“Well, I dunno, I guess I just found other ways to relieve stress. You know how I feel about this kind of stuff, Ane-san.”

“I do, but those thoughts won’t do you well in the mafia, lad. You had better get rid of them before something bad happens to you; or to your pet.”

Once her words sunk in, Chuuya’s cheeks were suddenly void of any redness. His eyes narrowed, and his hand tensed against Dazai’s hip. “Was that a threat?”

“No, of course not.” Kouyou remained composed, even though Chuuya’s stare was quite intimidating. “I’m just letting you know what the reality is. You may be able to hide it away in your apartment, but everybody knows about it. Sooner or later, people will start to realize your views, and then you’ll be shunned. That can’t happen to an Executive of the Port Mafia.”

Chuuya was quiet now. He knew that she was right, but he didn’t want to accept that. She could tell. He had always been an empathetic boy, even after years in the mafia. He grinded his teeth together as he turned his head away, blocking Kouyou out from his vision.

“I don’t care about all that shit.” He finally said after many minutes of silence. He maneuvered Dazai out of his lap and onto an empty cushion before standing up. The cat turned its head to stare at its master in confusion. “I’m going to the balcony for some fresh air. I don’t want to yell at you, Ane-san. You don’t deserve that.”

Without waiting for a reply, he left the living room. Now it was just Kouyou and Dazai, sitting on the couch together. Slowly, she set her glass of wine down on the coffee table, waiting until she knew there would be no interruptions from Chuuya.

Kouyou knew that Chuuya’s pet would have to get informed with the mafia; there was no way it couldn’t. The mafia requires loyalty from

every member, and if there was even the smallest suspicion that betrayal may be at hand, there would be consequences. That means the hybrids need to be watched just as thoroughly as real members. Loyalty must be unwavering; no matter what.

There was a simple way to figure out which hybrids were loyal and which weren't. A simple question. A simple offer.

"Dazai, was it?" Kouyou asked, only glancing in the cat's direction. Its ears turned towards her, and its head followed suit.

"Yes, Miss…" It trailed off, waiting for a response. It probably knew 'Ane-san' wasn't an acceptable title.

"Kouyou." She offered, now turning her head for better conversation.

"Miss Kouyou." Dazai continued, keeping its face stoic as it spoke. "Is there something you need?"

"I would just like to have a conversation with you now that we're alone. There's something I've noticed about you, Dazai. Here, sit closer." She gestured her hand towards the cushion next to her. Dazai obediently scooted over.

"Why does Master Chuuya need to be gone for us to converse, Miss Kouyou?" Dazai asked, its hands perfectly placed against its lap. "Is the topic of conversation something you wouldn't like him to hear?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it's something Chuuya can't be aware of, otherwise he might try to intervene." Kouyou frowned, taking a moment to look at the ground before continuing. "You see Dazai, after observing you here, I've realized you don't belong here. This isn't the environment for you."

"I'm not quite sure what you mean. Master Chuuya says that I'm doing my job wonderfully here."

"Yes, but…well, that's the thing. I'm not sure you're supposed to have a master."

"What are you talking about, Miss Kouyou?" Dazai's ears tilted downwards. It was the only sign of emotion that it was giving her thus far. Kouyou leaned forward just a bit, so she was able to lower her voice.

"I'm talking about escape. If you would like, I could help you escape

this apartment, and even the mafia. All you have to do is say yes, Dazai; I'll do the rest."

She expected thought. It was what she had gotten every other time she'd performed this trick. The hybrids would think, and think, before the rotten ones ultimately said yes, and their lives were ended right after the decision was made.

However, for the first time, no thought was made. Dazai simply smiled, and with as much confidence as it could muster, said, "No."

"No?" Kouyou replied, faking shock as she leaned back. "Why do you say no?"

"I have no need for escape. Escape would mean that I'm trapped, when actually, that's quite the opposite." Dazai explained, the words leaving its tongue in a way that was almost artistic. "Master Chuuya has been nothing but kind to me. He's given me food, clothing, and even my own room. He has never hit me, never degraded me, and never forced me to do something I didn't want to do. Being under Master Chuuya's command has given me more freedom than I could ever wish for. Thank you, Miss Kouyou, but I'm perfectly content where I am."

"I see…" Kouyou's voice was nearly breathless. She had never heard something like that from a hybrid before. The way it talked about Chuuya was almost as if it was genuinely grateful; genuinely happy. She knew that Chuuya would take good care of his pet, but she never expected the outcome to be such an anomaly.

Dazai's eyes looked over her, and after a quick observation, she saw Dazai's smile widen. "Did I surprise you? I guess that makes sense. Hybrids never *actually* care for their masters; they just pretend that they do to avoid discipline. That's what you know, right? That's what you've seen?"

Like a switch being flipped, or a button being pressed, this cat was now completely different. It was no longer graceful and delicate, but smug and proud. It leaned forward, much like Kouyou had done earlier, fangs now more visible through its smirk. "Well, I know things, too. I've seen things, too. I know and I've seen that humans are selfish, sadistic, monstrous beings that torment those lower than them for the thrill of it. But of course, there are exceptions. I'm an exception to your knowledge, and Master Chuuya is an exception to mine. You can't trick me with the theory of a better life, Miss Kouyou; because I

can think of no better life than the one I was given nine weeks ago."

At that, Kouyou was speechless. This was definitely no ordinary hybrid. No ordinary hybrid would ever dare speak to a human that way. No ordinary hybrid would even *think* about getting in a human's face like that. And no ordinary hybrid had eyes like that, either.

Now that they were close, Kouyou could clearly see its eyes. She had seen many hybrid's eyes before; they were the same as any others. But this pair was different. It had color, but no light. Like all the hopes every creature shows through its eyes was gone; missing.

She had never seen a creature without hope before, and it was frightening. *Dazai* was frightening. It was living, but what was it living *for?* Kouyou couldn't tell. Its eyes wouldn't let her see, because there was nothing *for* her to see.

She opened her mouth to ask, once she was certain she could form the words. However, what she used to describe Dazai was not something she had ever once called another hybrid before.

"Lad…" Her eyes widened. What had she just said? Dazai seemed surprised as well, because it leaned back, the distance as well as the light of the living room now hiding its empty eyes.

"Lad," She said it again, her eyes fixated on Dazai. Every logical part of her told her that was wrong. She couldn't be calling a cat something like that, because that's all it was; a *cat.* But even with all of that, it didn't feel *wrong.* "What do you live for?"

"Living?" Dazai flipped again; but not back into the role it had assumed when Kouyou had first arrived. Now it was like its entire body was reflecting his eyes; cold and distant. "I haven't been living for a long time, Miss Kouyou. When you're dragged through the darkness, your life is never your own again. There will always be somebody there, telling *you* what you're living for. And they can never be wrong."

"Even now?" Kouyou asked. "Even after all you've said about Chuuya giving you freedom?"

"Even now." Dazai said. "If I were given the option of never having to see the darkness of the world versus seeing Master Chuuya smile even once, I would pick the latter without even a second thought. My life is not my own. I live for my master, and I will die by my master's side, if he chooses to keep me."

To choose to stay in the darkness to witness another person's light…what a sad child he must have been.

All logic forgotten, Kouyou silently opened her arms, enveloping Dazai in a warm embrace. She waited, and waited, and waited, until finally, she felt the cold, stiff hands against her back. She closed her eyes, giving a silent promise to the boy that she hoped he understood.

It was always in Kouyou's nature to protect the children cast out from the light. That's why she cared for Q. That's why she cared for Chuuya. And that's also why she now cared for Dazai.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' "Chuuya…" Dazai's ears tilted as he paused for a moment, his frown deepening before he continued. "Do you want to have sex with me?" '

Chapter 20: Comfort Before Pleasure

Chapter Summary

> It's finally here, the moment most of you have been waiting for...THE SMUT CHAPTER!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The day started like any other for Chuuya. He woke up, made his way to the kitchen where Dazai was already there waiting for him, and then he would prepare breakfast while Dazai set up the table. He was still refusing to let Dazai cook before Chuuya woke up, since he didn't want him to feel like a pet again. He still let him help around though, but usually Chuuya would be doing something with him, so the possibility of Dazai spiraling back into his 'master/slave' ideology was lower.

The two would eat together, and Chuuya would ask Dazai what he would be doing while he was busy at work. Usually, Dazai would respond with either 'reading', 'napping', or 'playing his game', but today he just shrugged and said, "I'll just wait for Chuuya to come home, I guess." before taking another bite of food. Chuuya didn't take any notice of it, and pushed it aside.

Once breakfast was out of the way, Chuuya would brush his teeth, cleanse his face, and then get ready for the day. He would leave for work, but not before Dazai could hug him goodbye, and then he would spend the next couple of hours reading over paperwork, ordering around subordinates, and waiting to see if he was going to be called for any missions. Thankfully, Yokohama hasn't been acting up lately, and any problems needing to be resolved weren't drastic enough to need to involve an Executive. It was a little boring, but he was still getting important things done, even if it was just paperwork.

When he got back to the apartment, he was expecting Dazai to be in his room, like he usually was when Chuuya returned; but instead, the hybrid was sitting on the couch, keeping himself busy with a book that Chuuya didn't bother to try and read the title of from a distance.

"I'm home." He announced, quieter since Dazai wasn't in a different room. He closed the door and started taking off his shoes when he

heard Dazai give a reply.

“Welcome back, Chuuya! How was work?”

“It was alright.” He muttered, straightening his back and walking over to the couch now that his shoes were off. “It was boring, as usual. Tons of papers to go through.”

“That *does* sound boring. How do you do that for hours on end?” Dazai turned his head to look at him, closing his book and placing it on the coffee table. Did he even have a bookmark with him? How was he going to remember where he left off?

“I manage.” Chuuya shrugged and kept walking until he sat down next to Dazai, then taking a hand and giving it a gentle kiss. He kept it in his hold and smiled at his partner. “So, have you been keeping yourself busy?”

Dazai chuckled, some pink creeping into his cheeks. “Less with activities and more with my thoughts.”

“Good thoughts or bad?” Chuuya lowered Dazai’s hand into his lap before pulling away, a layer of concern washing over him. He knew that Dazai’s thoughts were very powerful to him, and that if he believed something, it was hard to get him to stop.

“Good.” Dazai answered quickly, before then taking a moment, and adjusting it with an, “At least, I think so…it sounds good in my head.”

“Well, alright then. So, what is it? Do you have a problem telling me?”

“Not really, since it’s mainly a question for you.”

“Oh.” Chuuya’s brows rose just slightly. “Alright. What’s the question?”

Dazai once again changed his answer. “Well, I don’t know if it’s more of a question than a request, but-”

“The details don’t matter that much, I promise. Just tell me what you’ve been thinking about all day.” He kept his voice calm and slightly affectionate, just in case Dazai might have possibly misinterpreted that as being mean if he hadn’t.

“Chuuya…” Dazai’s ears tilted as he paused for a moment, his frown deepening before he continued. “Do you want to have sex with me?”

Chuuya's immediate reaction was a sigh. He'd been asked this question in many different forms as of late. This time though, it felt different. "Dazai, if this is about what Ane-san said yesterday, then you-"

"It's not about that." Dazai interrupted, slowly gaining confidence through his voice. "My heat is going to happen any day now, and last month I was left…less than satisfied."

"So? What does that have to do with anything?" Chuuya asked; again, not trying to sound rude.

"I don't know if I'll be able to hold myself back this time. I don't want our first time together to be during a moment where there's a high possibility I won't remember it." Dazai reached forward, taking one of Chuuya's hands into both of his. The hybrid's skin was a bit warmer now, a warning sign of an upcoming heat, Chuuya assumed. "It's now or never. This has nothing to do with anybody else. I want this; I want it with *you.* Please, Chuuya…I'm ready."

Chuuya felt his face heat up at Dazai's words. He had always been skilled at speaking and getting what he wanted from Chuuya. He pursed his lips into a thin line, and pretended to think it over.

If he indulged Dazai right away, that would be like admitting defeat; and Chuuya *never* admitted defeat.

"Okay…if you're absolutely positive, then…yeah, we could do it." He mumbled, having to resist a smile when he saw Dazai's ears perk back up.

"Really?" He asked, his voice just a little higher pitched.

"Really. Now, how about you let go of my hands, and we can figure some stuff out, alright?"

Dazai nodded, returning his hands into his own lap and waiting for Chuuya to do the same. Chuuya cleared his throat, unsure of how or where to start. He'd done this talk with so many other people, but something about doing it with *Dazai* made it feel more…awkward? Special? Chuuya couldn't even find the correct word for *that.*

"Where do we want to do it?" Dazai initiated the conversation, starting off with something simple.

"Uh…why not my bedroom? You're used to the bed, right? From last

month's heat?" Chuuya offered. He thought it would be best to do this on a surface where Dazai would feel relaxed and safe.

Dazai smiled, and Chuuya took that as a good sign. "Yeah…yeah, that sounds nice. Chuuya's bed; let's do that."

"Perfect. Do we want to move there now, or figure out some more things here where we won't start feeling…the mood?" Chuuya didn't want to say the word 'awkward', since he didn't want Dazai to feel like s ex between them was going to be awkward. He was excited for it, definitely, but he was still nervous. There was always the possibility that Dazai was lying to him; and he didn't want that.

"The mood?" Dazai repeated with a scoff and flick of his tail. "Alright, sure, let's go with that. I'm fine with talking over anything Chuuya wants to talk about beforehand. Wanna get kinky?"

"No." Chuuya knew that question was going to come out, and he was shutting it down immediately. "Absolutely not. We're starting off slow and gentle so we can both decide if we like it and want to continue doing this with each other. *Nothing* kinky is going to happen, and this is *absolutely* non-negotiable."

"Alright, alright. There's no need to get all defensive, I was just clarifying." Dazai huffed, his ears tilting downwards. Chuuya felt guilt twist his insides. He came off too harshly.

"I'm sorry." He said, making sure his voice was calm and soft. "I didn't mean to say it that way. I just…want you to be comfortable."

"I understand. It's weird, but I understand." Dazai smiled, and while his ears stayed in place, Chuuya knew his mistake was forgiven. "So, no kinks. You said we'd be going slow and gentle, right?"

Chuuya nodded. "Mm. I don't mean like a snail's pace, but slow enough that it'll still feel good. Trust me, I know how to work a nice rhythm."

Dazai's ears lifted back up to their full height, and his smile widened, becoming one of adoration. "Of course I trust Chuuya. That's why we're doing this right?"

"…Right." Chuuya muttered, feeling a smile of his own form across his face. He would never get tired of Dazai saying he trusted him. It reminded him of just how much progress the two of them had made together. It made him feel proud. Of himself, but mostly of Dazai.

Both of them had to get their bearings before their serious conversation continued. Again, Chuuya was having trouble thinking of something, so Dazai took the lead.

“Is it alright if I keep my bandages on? I…don’t really like having them off. Sorry.”

“No need to be sorry. If that’s what makes you comfortable, then please, keep the bandages on. I promise you that some gauze on your body won’t keep me from getting hard.” Chuuya assured, keeping the last part in so he could hear Dazai’s amused scoff.

“Chuuya has such a potty mouth.”

“It adds character.” He replied, causing both of them to chuckle. “And, actually, now that you mentioned your bandages, I should let you know I usually keep my gloves on in the beginning. I’ll probably take them off though, but there are some cases where they’re on the whole time.”

“Alright, that’s fine with me. I’m used to the feeling of Chuuya’s gloves because of all the petting you give me.” Dazai’s tail gave another excited flick as he mentioned petting. He seriously loved that stuff, didn’t he?

The next thing they had to figure out was their safeword. Chuuya suggested the traffic light method, but Dazai shook his head.

“I don’t like that one; it’s too complicated. Can’t we just figure out a word that’ll mean ‘stop’ or something? That’s a lot simpler than naming all the colors of the rainbow.”

“Alright, I guess. How about…uh…” Chuuya thought for a moment, trying to come up with a word that neither of them would probably say. “How about mayonnaise?”

“Mayonnaise?” Dazai’s nose wrinkled up. “Why in the world would you suggest that?”

Chuuya shrugged. “Nothing kills the mood faster than somebody shouting ‘mayonnaise’.”

“I-” Dazai stopped, seemingly thinking it over in his head. “I guess you’re right about that. Mayonnaise it is, then.”

“Great.” Chuuya said, finally figuring out a good question to ask.

“Now, what do you say to condoms? Yes or no?”

“No. I don’t like the way they feel inside of me.” Dazai decided, before he hesitated, pointing a finger at Chuuya. “Wait, you’re clean, right?”

“Yep; you?”

“Surprisingly, yes.” Dazai groaned, setting his hand down. “So yeah, no condom, please.”

“Gotcha. I’m cool with that.” Chuuya nodded. By the way Dazai had replied to that, it heavily, *heavily* implied that he’d had lots of people inside of him. That thought equally pissed Chuuya off and made him feel bad for the cat. “Do you think we’ve figured everything out, or is there still something we’re missing?”

“I think we’re alright for now. If something comes to mind, we can figure it out in your room.” Dazai replied, taking the opportunity to stand up from the couch. Chuuya waited for him to finish all of his stretching before getting up himself.

As they started walking to Chuuya’s room together, he gently took hold of Dazai’s hand. The hybrid looked at him, before reciprocating and entwining their fingers together. They both smiled, and Chuuya suddenly felt a lot more confident about the situation.

The door to Chuuya’s room opened, and he quickly asked Dazai if he wanted the light on. The hybrid shook his head, saying that if there was too much light it might overstimulate him. Chuuya instead opted for pulling the curtain away from his window, since that would give them enough light to be able to see well.

“Stripping time!” Dazai exclaimed cheerfully once the light had begun to fill the room. He grabbed the bottom of his sweatshirt, ready to pull it off his head.

“H-Hang on!” Chuuya turned away from the window to face Dazai. The hybrid was staring at him, giving him some confused blinks. Chuuya cleared his throat before he started to explain himself. “Shouldn’t I…go first? To make you more comfortable?”

Dazai chuckled, and then in one swift motion, pulled the sweatshirt off of his body. Chuuya tensed up, ready to say something again, but Dazai beat him to it. “It’s fine. I’m used to being basically naked in a room of fully clothed men. I’m fine with it; promise.”

“Okay…” Chuuya mumbled, eyes too busy scanning over Dazai’s exposed chest. There was near to no muscle at all, and the signs of past malnourishment were still very prominent. In conclusion, he still looked nice, but thinking about his health was a bit concerning.

In the end, Chuuya still didn’t want Dazai to take everything off before him, so they ended up taking turns removing different articles of clothing. Dazai still had his collar and bandages, and Chuuya still had his gloves and choker. They were both in their boxers, and everything else had found a place on the floor.

Thankfully, Chuuya didn’t need to feel like a creep for checking out Dazai’s chest earlier, because the hybrid was doing the exact same thing, except he was way more shameless about it. Even if his face didn’t give anything away (which it absolutely did; the bastard was downright *smirking* at his pecs), his excited tail movements betrayed him.

“You’re very handsome, Chuuya.” Dazai complimented. “Are you going to take off your choker next?”

Chuuya hummed, bringing a hand to touch the leather around his neck. “I…guess so; it’s not like I need to wear it for anything.”

Taking off the choker with gloves was pretty hard, but eventually he managed to unclasp it, dropping it next to his hat. Then, he glanced up at the blue surrounding *Dazai’s* neck. “You taking off your collar, then?”

Dazai’s brows rose, not expecting the question. “I thought you’d want it on.”

“Not really. It makes you look like a pet, and I’d rather you not feel that way while we’re in bed together. If you still want to wear it though, I guess I won’t stop you.” Chuuya felt a little awkward saying all of this in his underwear, but he wasn’t going to let Dazai know that.

“No, I…don’t need to wear it, either.” Dazai’s hand went up and behind his neck, quickly unclasping the collar and letting it fall down to his feet. He stared down at it for a little longer than Chuuya liked, and then brought his eyes back up to Chuuya’s. “It’s off.”

“It is.” Chuuya gave a small nod, putting a smile on his face. “Should we get in bed now?”

“Yeah, let’s do that.” Dazai moved first, putting his hands on the sheets once he was close enough, and using that to help the rest of his body climb on. Then, he turned around and waited for Chuuya. He didn’t have to wait for long though, since he quickly joined the hybrid on the mattress.

“Can I touch you now?” Chuuya asked; then very quickly realizing how weird that sounded, rephrased. “I mean, are we good to start now?”

Dazai smiled, apparently finding the slip-up amusing. “Yeah, we’re all good. You can touch me.”

Chuuya first grabbed Dazai’s shoulders, taking note of just how broad they were. They definitely made him look more attractive. Keeping his hold gentle but firm, he led Dazai to lean backwards, laying the cat’s head down on the pillows.

“Do you want me to turn over?” Dazai asked as Chuuya began to trail his hands downwards.

“No, I want us to see each other. So you know it’s just me.” Chuuya said, hooking his fingers under the waistband of Dazai’s boxers. He glanced up, silently asking permission. Dazai nodded, and once he got that, he took them off. Dazai raised his legs so it would be easier, and he appreciated that, mindlessly tossing the clothing off the side of the bed.

Despite himself, he couldn’t help but take a quick look at Dazai’s dick. It was still soft, so Chuuya wasn’t that surprised when he realized it was only about three inches.

That’s around the average size. He noted before moving his attention to his own underwear. He shimmied out of it, giving it the same toss as Dazai’s.

“Whoa…” He heard Dazai whisper. He looked up and realized that once again, Dazai was doing the exact same thing Chuuya just did to him: checking him out. “You’re big.”

“Yeah.” He replied. He knew that his length was larger than the average, and he was actually pretty proud of it. He leaned down, so now it looked like he was almost towering over Dazai. “It’s only seven inches right now, but it’ll get longer once I’m hard. You think you can handle nine?”

“Nine-” Dazai’s breath hitched, and when Chuuya looked down, he could see that he was starting to harden up. *Fuck, he’s imagining it, isn’t he?*

His confidence growing, Chuuya smirked, putting a hand on Dazai’s thigh. The skin underneath his palm was heating up even more, and Chuuya had to stop himself from biting his lip. “Since you’re clearly getting in the mood, should we hurry up and get to it?”

“Please.” Dazai whispered, his body relaxing into the mattress. “Chuuya can’t just drop a bomb like that and expect me to stay patient.”

“No, I guess I can’t.” He muttered, leaning over to his nightstand and opening up the drawer where a bottle of expensive lube was waiting for him. After taking off his gloves, he poured a nice amount on his fingers, and once he set the bottle back down on the nightstand, Dazai had already opened up his legs.

“Hurry up! You’re taking too long!” The cat complained, keeping his arms to his side. Chuuya rolled his eyes and moved back to the hybrid. Since he’d already gotten permission, he slowly slipped a finger inside. He kept careful watch of Dazai’s face, waiting for any signs of discomfort. All he got though was closing eyes and a hum. With that, he started to slowly move it; forward and back, in and out.

“Mm…feels good.” Dazai sighed, tilting his head back. “It’s a little cold, though.”

“You’ll warm up.” Chuuya assured, keeping his pace steady. Once he was sure Dazai would be able to take it, he inserted another. Dazai gave a few grunts and hums, so Chuuya was at least aware he was doing a good job.

Eventually, his fingers hit a particular bundle of nerves; and when Dazai’s hands curled around the sheets as his mouth opened to let out a soft moan, Chuuya knew he was entranced.

“Chuuya…more…I can take it. Please, more. Want more.” Dazai begged, messily thrusting his hips to try and get Chuuya’s fingers deeper. The act sent heat pooling down towards Chuuya’s abdomen.

“Alright.” He whispered, carefully adding a third finger. Dazai keened, opening his eyes half-way to lock eyes with the human on top of him.

Now that he knew where Dazai’s prostate was, it was a lot easier to

get him to relax and stretch out. He thrusted and scissored, eventually finding a faster pace, which Dazai clearly appreciated. Chuuya thought about adding another finger just for safe measure, but apparently Dazai had noticed that.

“I’m ready! Chuuya, don’t tease me! I’m ready for you!” Dazai basically whined at him. His skin was even hotter now, a little bit of sweat starting to cover his skin. He really was sensitive, wasn’t he?

“Alright, if you’re sure. But if anything starts to hurt, tell me.” Chuuya said, pulling out his fingers and wiping them off on the sheets. He would clean them after, he decided.

Grabbing the lube again, he quickly coated his dick, which was now fully hard thanks to the vocal show Dazai had given him while he was getting fingered. Putting it away again, he leaned over Dazai, setting his hands on the sides of his neck. They were both staring at each other, cheeks red and arousal *way* up.

“You ready?” Chuuya nearly panted as the words came out. He was so excited, yet so nervous at the same time. He didn’t want to hurt Dazai. The hybrid lazily grinned at him.

“As I’ll ever be. Come on, let me feel how *big* you are, Chuuya. I want it inside me.” Dazai wrapped his arms around Chuuya’s neck, bringing their faces even closer. “I want you.”

“Fuck…” Chuuya grunted, pressing himself against Dazai’s entrance before beginning a slow intrusion. He closed his eyes, nearly shocked at how *good* it felt. It had been so long since he’d done something like this, and Dazai was so *hot and tight* even though Chuuya had just barely entered him.

“Chuuya!” Dazai gasped, his hips bucking before lowering themselves back down against the mattress. “It’s… *oooh*… Chuuya, it’s big… big..!”

“Nng…yeah…” Chuuya replied, giving a small thrust, to which Dazai whined. He could feel the familiar sweat and heat of sex beginning to take over him. “I’m about…halfway…in-”

“Halfway..?” Dazai interrupted. “I’m gonna die…Chuuya’s gonna kill me…”

“You’re gonna be fine.” He opened his eyes now that his body was beginning to adjust to the feeling of Dazai wrapped around him. He

looked down at Dazai, taking notice of how his hair was already beginning to stick to his face. It looked cute on him. “I’ll take care of you.”

“Mmn…” Dazai bit his lip, his cheeks flushing from embarrassment. “Okay. I trust you, Chuuya.”

And that sentence meant more than any act Dazai ever could have done for him. They were *literally* in the middle of fucking, probably the thing that Dazai hated most in the world, and he told Chuuya he trusted him? He might just cry from relief.

But he couldn’t do that right now. He had to focus on making Dazai comfortable, and making him feel good.

Comfort before pleasure. He told himself. *Otherwise this will all fall apart.*

He kept pushing in, and before long, his hips met with Dazai’s backside. Both of them let out simultaneous groans, except Dazai’s was more of a gasp.

“I feel so full.” He whispered, slowly gaining his voice back. “Chuuya, it feels good…”

“Yeah?” Chuuya smiled, currently resisting the very tempting thought of moving his hips. “Is it good enough for me to start moving?”

“Give…give me a minute.” Dazai replied. “I wanna get used to it.”

Chuuya nodded. He knew his size could be a bit to handle, so he wasn’t all that shocked. Dazai closed his eyes, going further into his senses, probably. Chuuya patiently waited, still scanning for any signs of possible discomfort coming from the hybrid under him.

About a minute passed before Dazai opened his eyes, a smile back on his face. “Chuuya can move now. Sorry I took a while.”

“No need to apologize. I was willing to wait an hour if I had to.” Chuuya said, before slowly pulling himself halfway out, and pushing back in.

“How romanti.. *Ahh!”* Dazai moaned, cutting off his initial remark. Chuuya could feel the cat’s tail twitching between his legs, and it felt weird to have the fur (or hair? Chuuya wasn’t sure) brush against his bare skin.

“Feel good?” He asked, just to make sure.

“Yeaaaah…feels good! Keep going, Chuuya!” Dazai near demanded, tilting his head back. Chuuya was quick to oblige, slowly finding a steady pace that he was certain wouldn’t overwhelm Dazai. He made sure not to pull out all the way yet, since he was still letting Dazai get used to the feeling.

“Dazai…” He grunted, his fingers tensing against the sheets. “You feel so good… *nnm* ...and you look so pretty like that.”

Dazai keened, pushing his hips up. “Chuuya needs to stop..saying things like that! I’m already getting close and we’ve barely gotten anywhere!”

“Isn’t that a good thing? Doesn’t that just mean I’m doing my job right?” Chuuya asked, making sure his voice sounded just the right amount of smugness. It earned him a glare from Dazai, to which he gave a sharp thrust.

“Aaagh!” Dazai yelped while his eyes went wide. He clearly didn’t expect the retaliation, and that just made Chuuya feel even more proud.

“That was a nice reaction.” He commented, lowering the smugness just a little bit. “Let’s hear some more of that, yeah?”

“No fair…” Dazai whined. “Chuuya’s teasing me! So rude!”

Chuuya gave a small laugh, shaking his head. “Alright, I’m sorry.” He leaned down, kissing the bridge of Dazai’s nose. “I won’t tease you again tonight; I promise.”

“Tonight?” Dazai frowned, raising a brow. Chuuya just smirked, and Dazai sighed, realizing that was the best he was gonna get. “Okay, fine. I’ll take it.”

“Damn right you’re gonna take it.” Chuuya started up his rhythm again, slowly getting back up to his original speed. As he sped up, Dazai’s noises got louder with it. He really never expected Dazai to be so responsive, but it was something Chuuya was more than willing to work with.

“Chuuya; Chuuya!” Dazai cried, his voice breathy and high-pitched. “Gonna…gonna cum! Please!”

Chuuya grunted, trying to keep his pace from getting sloppy. He could feel a familiar knot inside of him as well. “Come on…Dazai…”

A torrent of whines came from Dazai’s throat, and he bit his lip once again, stopping his noises from becoming any louder. Chuuya watched with something akin to awe as Dazai finished, painting his stomach in small bursts. Chuuya pushed him through it, not slowing down or stopping to make sure he felt as much pleasure as possible.

Once his orgasm subsided, Dazai spoke out to him. His words came out in small, choked out gasps. “Puh- pull out. Chuuya, pull out! Not inside me!”

His eyes went wide, and he quickly pulled out. To make sure they got some distance, Dazai unwrapped his arms from his neck. Chuuya didn’t want to lose his own climax though, so he brought a hand up to stroke himself.

Dazai propped himself up on shaky arms, watching Chuuya as he brought himself to the edge. With a groan, he spilled over the sheets, his chest heaving as he started to calm down.

It was silent except for their heavy breathing for a while. They were both waiting until their heads were clear before they started to say anything. Chuuya noticed that Dazai’s eyelids were starting to get droopy. He’d better start talking.

“Was it good?” He asked softly as he reached for his gloves. “You never like…felt scared or anything, right?”

“Not really.” Dazai replied, his voice just as soft. “I’m mainly just tired now…can we go to sleep?”

“What? We still need to clean up and do aftercare.”

“What’s that?”

Chuuya stared at the hybrid with an unreadable expression, while internally, he was furiously deciding which scent of bubbles he should put into Dazai’s bubble bath.

Chapter End Notes

> I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' “Certain somebody?” Yosano smiled, her brow raising as she began leading Nakahara to the cafe. She’s not one to say no to gossip. “Do you have a lover waiting for you at home?” '

Chapter 21: A Doctor's Research

Chapter Summary

We revisit a few of our ADA characters!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yosano wouldn't exactly call herself a loner, but she had to admit, most days she *was* often alone in her clinic. It wasn't every day that somebody in the agency gets injured, so most of the time she's sitting in her chair, reading over reports or keeping stock of her supplies. It's not like she needs all of those medical things, since everybody in the Agency can just be healed by her ability, but she likes to have it just in case an anomaly of some kind shows up. It's better to be safe than sorry.

Of course, starting recently, she hasn't been alone nearly as much. Since she's more of a doctor and less of a detective, when the others are sent on missions, it's her responsibility to take care of the hybrids.

She doesn't find it a bother; in fact, she enjoys their company. Both Atsushi and Kyouka are very helpful around the clinic. They're quiet and willing to help Yosano with anything she needs. Of course, since Atsushi is a cat, he gets curious about some things, but instead of touching them or knocking them over, he simply asks Yosano, which she greatly appreciates.

Right now, the two of them were sitting on the floor, playing a card game to keep themselves occupied while Yosano busied herself with her research. What was she researching? Well…

"Dazai Osamu…" She mumbled quietly to herself as she scrolled through the records. Being a doctor- both a human one *and* a hybrid one, she has access to multiple health records across Yokohama. Currently, she was looking through the records of a certain breeding center.

Over the past few weeks, she'd checked everywhere. Hospitals, other breeding centers, and even Mori's center, but none of them had any record of a 'Dazai Osamu'. Either he didn't exist, or he lied about his name. The latter was unlikely, since she heard his owner refer to him as Dazai. He didn't seem like the type to change a hybrid's name

either, so she threw that possibility away.

Though while she was investigating Mori's center, she made sure to check *every* health record she could. She definitely wouldn't put it past *Mori* to change a hybrid's name. She made sure to look at every picture thoroughly, but still, none of them resembled the cat she'd met at the park.

Her theory for that is Mori probably never filed health records for Dazai. She couldn't understand why, though. Did he not care if the cat was injured? Or was Dazai a very careful hybrid?

Either way, she still hadn't gotten anywhere after *weeks.* She was running out of places to check, and it was starting to frustrate her.

She didn't even know why she was taking this personally-assigned task of hers so seriously. Sure, she hated Mori. Sure, Dazai was raised by Mori. Sure, Dazai was now under the care of a dangerous, mass-murdering Mafia Executive. Sure, Dazai was definitely kind, since he helped out Atsushi when he got injured. And sure, Yosano wanted to preserve and help that kindness before it got destroyed by the mafia.

Maybe that was why.

She scanned through all of the files, again making sure to check the photos as well just in case the name was incorrect. And just like all of her last attempts, she found *nothing.*

"Does this cat never get sick or something?" She groaned as she shut her laptop, finally giving up. "It's like he's a ghost! I've checked everywhere!"

"Maybe you need a break, Yosano-sensei." Atsushi suggested, turning his head over and studying her expression, which probably looked exasperated. "Like, maybe going on a short walk could clear your head and help you find something."

"You're right, Atsushi." She sighed, setting her laptop on one of her desks and standing up. "You two don't get into any trouble, okay? I'll be back before the agency closes."

The hybrids nodded, resuming their card game. She knew they wouldn't actually get into any trouble; they were good at keeping to themselves.

She exited the agency, making her way down the stairs and out the

door. She had to admit, the sun *did* feel good, and getting some fresh air would most definitely put her in a better mood. She would take a five to ten minute walk, and then get back to her office.

Where else could I possibly look? She wondered as she walked down the street. Even though she was stuck in her head, she was still careful of those around her, making sure to stay on the right side of the street to avoid bumping into anyone.

The internet definitely isn't any help; but where else could I look? It's not like I could ask anyone, since there's nobody around that knows anything about him. She frowned to herself, and then remembered that this was supposed to help her calm down. She should focus on the things actually around her.

Taking a deep breath, she straightened her gaze, looking straight ahead. It was then when she noticed a familiar hat in the crowd. She zoned in on the owner of the hat, and just as a person moved to give her a better look, she saw the blazing color of hair.

Well, speak of the devil. She smirked, picking up the pace. She may or may not have bumped a few people to the side in order to get to the mafioso, but she convinced herself that it was for a good cause.

"Hey!" She called out once she was close enough. Thankfully, he seemed to recognize her voice, since he turned around, almost instantly locking eyes with her. He stopped walking and waited until Yosano was standing beside him.

"It's one of those detectives." He said, his voice calm with a curious tone. "Do you need something from me?"

"First, I'm a doctor," She began, straightening her posture to look more official. "And yes, I do. If you have the time that is, Mr. Executive."

"Just call me Nakahara." He said, putting one of his hands in his pocket. The other was holding a grocery bag. "And I guess I have some time to spare. Do you have a place in mind where we could talk?"

"There's a cafe below the agency. It's usually empty, so we can have our conversation there." Yosano offered, turning around to head back to the building. "I'll try not to take too long."

"Please do. There's a certain somebody waiting for me at the

apartment, and I don't think he'll be too happy if I'm gone for a long time."

"Certain somebody?" Yosano smiled, her brow raising as she began leading Nakahara to the cafe. She's not one to say no to gossip. "Do you have a lover waiting for you at home?"

"You could say that." Nakahara grinned softly to himself. "He wanted crab for dinner, so I had to go out and buy some. He can be so bossy sometimes, it's annoying."

"You don't *sound* very annoyed." Yosano teased, enjoying the way Nakahara's face changed to scowl at her.

"Watch yourself, doctor."

"Alright, I'll hold my tongue."

Yosano *did* hold her tongue until they made it to the cafe. They both ordered their coffees and sat down at a booth, Nakahara setting his bag next to him. He sighed, crossing his arms over his chest. "Alright, let's get this over with. What did you want to talk to me about?"

"I want to talk to you about your cat, Dazai." Once the words left Yosano's mouth, Nakahara raised his shoulders defensively, his gaze hardening.

"And *why* exactly do you want to talk to me about him?" He asked, his voice rougher than it was just a moment ago. "You sure have some nerve, doctor. If my memory serves me correctly, you had a *scalpel* at his throat back at the park. I don't know if you *deserve* to ask any questions about him."

"I already apologized for doing that. I was looking out for Atsushi. You would have done the same if another hybrid was potentially hurting Dazai, right?" Yosano narrowed her eyes, not trying to look intimidating, but mainly trying to get her point across. Nakahara was silent for a few beats, before he scoffed.

"Whatever. What do you need to know about him? Is it some doctor-related stuff?" The mafioso lowered his shoulders, going back to his calm tone of speech. It was clear he was still skeptical.

I guess a little white lie never hurt anybody. Yosano decided. She would take any information she could get.

She gave him a sharp nod. “Yes. I’m a doctor, both for humans and hybrids, and your cat, Dazai…I’m curious about his health.”

“How so?”

“He looks strong, and yet it’s clear he’s been malnourished. He also seems to have quite a mouth on him, and yet he’s obedient. I just wonder how such juxtapositions found themselves with him.”

Nakahara hummed, one his fingers tapping on his arm while he formed his answers. “For the strength…he told me that he took care of all the other kids at the center. He played games with them, and helped them with their tasks and stuff. I’m guessing that entailed picking them up to some extent. You’ve gotta be pretty strong in order to do that.”

“He was a caretaker? I guess that explains why he was so quick to help out Atsushi.” Yosano noted, storing that information into her head. It was a good trait to have, but it could eventually lead to him getting into trouble. *Especially* if he was associated with the mafia.

“Yeah. And as for the second part, that’s just how Dazai is. One moment he’s acting like a mute, listening to everything you say, and the next he’s complaining at you for fifteen minutes about how he wants crab for dinner but there’s no crab in the fridge.”

Both of them went quiet after that. It seemed like Nakahara had realized the mistake he just made, and Yosano had caught on to it.

Nakahara said his lover wanted crab for dinner. And just now, he said that *Dazai* had been complaining to him about wanting crab for dinner.

The pieces were given to her, and she easily connected them.

“I wasn’t expecting that.” She lowered her voice just a little, in case the owner of the cafe was deciding to listen in. She was positive he wasn’t, so she was mainly doing it for Nakahara’s nerves. “How long?”

Nakahara didn’t answer for a while. He just sat there, probably kicking himself in his head. Finally, when the silence timer was getting close to a minute, he mumbled, “A couple weeks.”

“And who initiated it?” Yosano had to choose her questions carefully. If she asked something too personal, Nakahara might shut down, or even worse, leave. She couldn’t have that. Now that she knew the two

were in a *relationship,* she had to know if she needed to get Dazai out of there.

“Dazai. One moment he just confessed out of the blue and kissed me. I’d already had feelings for him at the time, so we talked, and decided we wanted to give it a shot,” Nakahara lowered his gaze, some pink dusting his cheeks.

“I see. And how did other members of the mafia respond to this?”

“They didn’t, because I never told ‘em. I know what they all think of hybrids. I know what they’d think of me, and of Dazai, if they found out we were partners.” Nakahara gave a moment to scowl before continuing. “My reputation would be ruined, and I might even have my position as Executive revoked, and Dazai…I don’t even want to *think* about what those bastards might do to him.”

Thankfully, Yosano was able to hide her clenched fist under the table. She could *definitely* think about what they might do to the cat, and it wasn’t good. “If you’re aware of the consequences, then why indulge him?”

“Because I promised him to make him happy. I promised to give him the most normal life possible for a hybrid. And…if *I* make him happy, then he can have me. It’s as simple as that. I shouldn’t have to feel worried or guilty for wanting him to be happy.” Nakahara grabbed his bag and stood up, shuffling away from the table until he was now to the side of it. “Now, really, I should be getting home. Dazai needs me.”

“Is he sick?” Yosano asked, wondering why Nakahara was suddenly in such a rush to get home. It could just be because he was getting upset or uncomfortable, but she wanted to make sure.

“Not really. He’s a few days into his heat though, and this one has been especially rough for him. If he wakes up and I’m not in the house, he’ll be filling up the empty space with screams and cries. I don’t wanna go home to that.” Nakahara gave a sigh before he turned around and started walking towards the door. It was only then when Yosano realized there was one last thing she wanted to ask.

“Wait!” She called out, standing up from her seat. Nakahara turned around and stared at her, waiting for her to hurry up and ask the question. “Where did you buy him?”

“Ah? Why do you wanna know that?” He questioned, before then

deciding right after he didn't actually care that much. "I picked him up at an auction. I don't remember the auctioneer's name though because he pissed me off. Later, doctor."

The door closed not long after Nakahara gave his farewell. Yosano's eyes were wide with realization. An *auction!* That's the one place she never bothered to look at!

And she probably wouldn't have thought about it unless she ran into Nakahara today! She should really thank Atsushi for his advice on going for a walk, because that little suggestion saved her. And possibly Dazai, too.

Since she was below the agency, it was very easy for her to hurry back into her office. Atsushi and Kyouka had done what she'd asked, and stuck to their games (actually, they'd picked up a new card game to play), which meant everything was just as she'd left it.

Because of the hybrids' good hearing, they were already looking at the door by the time she opened it.

"Welcome back, Yosano-sensei!" Atsushi greeted her with a smile. "Are you feeling better now?"

"Much; thank you, Atsushi. Turns out I really did need a break after all. I have something new to try, and I'm pretty positive it's going to work this time." She smiled back and went to her chair, sitting down and grabbing her laptop. Happy he was able to help, Atsushi turned back to his game with Kyouka, not wanting to keep her waiting.

Once her laptop booted up, the first thing she did was type into her browser about the most recent hybrid auctions that took place. She could probably calculate which auctions to click on based on their interaction at the park, and with what Nakahara said earlier about Dazai's heats.

They've probably been living together somewhere between seven and ten weeks. Since Nakahara used the word 'heats', plural, that means he's had at least one before. And we saw them at the park a few weeks ago, and they already seemed pretty comfortable with each other. I could go for six or eleven, but I feel like that would be pushing it too thin.

She clicked, and clicked, and clicked some more, reading all of the hybrid's names and looking at all the pictures. It was the same old routine of nothing, nothing, *nothing,* until finally, she clicked on a new link.

Ose Yori, Nonaka Kasumi, Aoki Gorou, Omori Maiko, Kondo Harumi, Tsushima Shuuji-

Yosano instantly clicked on the picture. That was him. That was *him.* Finally; she'd finally found him! Looks like she was correct about Mori changing his name, though. At least Nakahara let him change it back.

She scrolled past his picture one last time, not wanting to look at how pitiful he looked back then. Seeing it once was bad enough, now she just wanted to get away from it. Once the picture was off the screen, Yosano was finally able to read the cat's description.

SOLD

*

Name: Tsushima Shuuji

Sex: Male

Age: 22

Breed: Cat

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Brown

Height: 181 cm

Weight: 45.5 kg

Date of Birth: June 19, xxxx

Heats: Yes

Center Owner: Ougai Mori

Description: This hybrid is good at listening to and following commands. It's mainly quiet, but if it's preferred, it will speak to you and address you. While it's only mediocre at cooking, its main strengths lie in cleaning, and pleasing its master. It has an above average pain tolerance, but can usually not give any big reactions to it. However, it's very sensitive to pleasure, and if allowed, it will give very loud reactions. This hybrid is very well

trained, being a young adult. It's learned many tricks, and is an expert of controlling its emotions and reactions to almost anything. However, being a cat, it often steps out of line. Some discipline will be required for this hybrid, but it will always learn its place in time.

*** : WARNING: Damaged Goods**

Cause: Scars covering the arms and neck

Old, underweight, and damaged… Yosano tapped on her laptop, being careful not to hit anything that might mess with the screen as she observed. *He definitely reacted to the scalpel, which means the scars are likely from Mori, that disgusting man. There's no doubt Dazai is a very attractive hybrid, so it's strange why he was never bought until now. I could just excuse it for him being a cat so people don't want to buy him. That's likely a big factor of it, but I can't help but feel like Mori had more to do with this.*

It's probably something like…Mori wanted Dazai all to himself, so he messed him up so others wouldn't take him.

She gritted her teeth. She really, *really* hated thinking about that man, and the kinds of awful things he does to those poor animals. She witnessed it first hand, back when she was his intern.

She prided herself in being nothing like him. She vowed to become a better doctor than that scumbag, and she easily achieved it. It wasn't very hard at all.

Yosano was glad Dazai was able to get bought and avoid living a life as Mori's personal plaything, but sadly, he wasn't in the clear just yet.

She really hoped Dazai would give the agency a call before Nakahara decides to bring him into work.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' Once that was done and over with, Dazai finally got to the point Chuuya was waiting for. “Well, Chuuya, you should know that I’m still way too tired to eat this delicious-looking food all by myself! You should be a good partner and feed me!” '

Chapter 22: Heated Dinner

Chapter Summary

Catzai finally eats some crab!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Chuuya, why in the world were you washing dishes in the bathtub?”

“What?” Chuuya glanced down at Dazai, who he was carrying in his arms. He knew that Dazai could probably walk on his own, since he didn’t go that rough on him, but still, he wanted to give him the full experience. Still, that question was so confusing, he was questioning if putting him down would restart his brain somehow. “I never washed dishes in the bathtub. *Nobody* washes dishes in the bathtub. What the heck made you think that?”

“There are bubbles in the tub.” Dazai said, as if that solved all of Chuuya’s problems about what he’d previously said.

“Yes…and?”

“Bubbles mean you’re cleaning something.” Dazai added. Then, after a few seconds, he frowned. “Well, that’s the only time *I’ve* seen bubbles, anyway…is this another normal human thing I don’t know about…?”

Chuuya *hated* the way Dazai asked that. Usually, his voice would be full of curiosity. He was excited to learn about something new. But this time…it was sad.

Dazai’s ears had flattened against his head, and he was looking at Chuuya with something like longing in his eyes. It was hard to keep eye contact.

Still, Chuuya couldn’t lie to him. “Yeah…it’s a bubble bath. They’re supposed to be fun and relaxing. The bubbles are scented, too. It’ll smell like kiwi and melon.”

“Kiwi and melon?” Dazai repeated, his ears lifting up a little more after hearing that. “Will they be edible?”

“Uh, no. Please don’t try to eat the bubbles.” Chuuya said, putting a

smile on his face to try and keep Dazai's mood lifted. "Anyhow, we should probably get you in there if you still want the water to be warm."

Dazai hummed in agreement, and Chuuya took a few more steps until he was at the tub's edge. Carefully, he lowered Dazai into the water. He could feel Dazai's hands grabbing at him nervously as he did so.

Right, he's a cat…he probably isn't a huge fan of water.

Thanks to his strength, Chuuya was able to hold Dazai above the water while he reassured him. "Don't worry, it'll feel nice. And if it doesn't, you can crawl out and wait until the heat becomes better, alright?"

"Does Chuuya promise?"

"I promise. Besides, I wouldn't want to see your pretty skin getting all red because your water was too hot."

Dazai chuckled, his tight grip on Chuuya's arm retreating. "You sound so stupid when you say things like that."

"Oi, I can drop you in there, you know." Chuuya threatened, which only made Dazai smile harder. They both know he actually wouldn't do that.

He lowered Dazai into the water slowly, watching as the bubbles moved to make space for the tall hybrid. Dazai gave a shudder when the water began touching his skin, and he made a small sound of discomfort, but he relaxed into the bath after a while. His lower half was successfully submerged, but he was sitting up in the bath, looking at Chuuya.

"It's warm." He said simply, causing Chuuya to snort.

"Yeah, I told you it would be. What do you think I am, a liar?"

"No, I was just saying you were right." Dazai mumbled, turning his head towards the bubbles. He bent over at the waist, sniffing the semi-clear, semi-green suds. He hummed, and then gave another comment. "It doesn't smell a whole bunch like kiwi or melon."

"Yeah, well, it was a cheap product anyway. Sorry, Dazai." Chuuya apologized, grabbing a soft washing cloth from the edge of the tub and soaking it in the hot water. "I know a way I can make it up to

you, though."

"Well, then get to it." Dazai demanded with a huff. Chuuya obliged, and placed the cloth on his back. Dazai reacted immediately, giving a small exclaim as his back arched to get away from the strange sensation.

"Oh- sorry." Chuuya apologized again, pulling his hand away slightly. "Was it too hot for your back?"

"No, I just wasn't expecting it!" Dazai said dramatically, turning his head around to give a childish glare to Chuuya. "Warn me next time!'

"I did!"

"No you didn't!"

"Yes, I did!"

"Did not!"

Chuuya groaned, dipping the cloth back in the water. "Whatever. Is it alright if I do it again?"

"Fine." Dazai grumbled, turning his head back around. "But warn me this time."

"Why are you suddenly so grumpy?" Chuuya asked, pulling the cloth above water and watching as water dripped back into the bath. A few stray bubbles had stuck onto the cloth, and Chuuya wondered if they'd stick onto Dazai's back.

"I'm not grumpy!" Dazai insisted, his tone finally shifting away from sounding annoyed. "I just feel weird."

"Weird how?" Chuuya lifted the cloth near Dazai's back. "I'm gonna put it on your back again, by the way."

Dazai grunted, and Chuuya started to slowly rub the cloth along Dazai's shoulder blades. The hybrid gave another, more pleasant sound at that gesture, this time without freaking out.

"I still expect you to answer my question, by the way. You're not off the hook, Dazai." Chuuya said after some silence between them. He found that he was right earlier, and Dazai's back now had a few bubbles on it. "You can tell me, you know. Anything."

“I know.” Dazai said softly, raising his voice to give his answer to Chuuya’s question. “I just feel like we should be swapped.”

Chuuya was about to ask what Dazai meant by that, before he stopped, and realized he already knew exactly what that meant. He wanted to sigh, but if he gave a negative reaction, Dazai might shut down. So instead, he hummed, a silent cue for Dazai to continue as he dipped the cloth into the water again.

Dazai caught on to the hint, and kept speaking. “I feel like you should be the one in the bath right now, and I should be washing your back. I know that’s not really how it’s supposed to be, but it just…it just feels right, you know?”

Chuuya let go of the cloth, letting it drop to the bottom of the tub. Dazai was using his sad ‘I’m failing’ voice again. He always talked like that when he was thinking about how he was trained to act, or when he did something he wasn’t supposed to do. Chuuya needed to fix this as soon as possible. Dazai couldn’t be sad during a bubble bath; he wouldn’t allow it.

“Hey,” Chuuya put his dry hand on Dazai’s shoulder. “You don’t need to overthink things, okay? This is just a part of healing. Of course you’re going to think about stuff like that often. Of course things aren’t going to feel normal right away. Of course you’re going to mess up. It’s all okay. I’ll help you out whenever you take a wrong turn. That’s why I’m here, Dazai.”

Dazai turned his head, looking at Chuuya with eyes holding so many different things, it almost looked like nothing was inside of them. “That…doesn’t sound right.”

“I know it doesn't right now, but-”

“No, not any of that.” Dazai interrupted. “I mean my name. It doesn’t sound….ugh, I dunno. It doesn’t sound genuine.”

“Hah?” Chuuya raised a brow. “I’m plenty genuine. What do you mean? Saying your name is normal.”

“I know, but Chuuya’s my partner! He should call me something cute and couple-y when trying to comfort me.”

“Ah…I guess so, but…don’t you remember what I said? Back during our first time in the kitchen together?” Chuuya paused, waiting to see if Dazai would nod and explain what happened. When he didn’t,

Chuuya filled in. “I told you that I would never call you anything but your name unless you *ask* me to. You need to initiate it, okay? So… what do you want me to use? What’s alright with you?”

Dazai blinked a few times, before quietly humming to himself. It didn’t take him very long to come up with something, though. “I… didn’t really like it when other people called me this, but I think it should be okay from Chuuya. Could you call me ‘baby’?”

Chuuya smiled, giving the hybrid a nod while he leaned closer, now using both of his arms and draping them over Dazai’s shoulders until his hands were touching his chest. He laid his head on Dazai’s shoulder, and softly kissed his neck, where skin was peeking out of the bandages. He felt Dazai give a small shiver, and that just made him feel ever prouder of himself. “Of course I can. I’m willing to do anything for you, baby.”

That had happened a few days ago. Dazai was now about halfway through his second heat, and Chuuya had to admit, his prediction was correct. It was harder for him to control himself. Chuuya didn’t really mind it too much though, since if Dazai ever made advances on him, he could reciprocate. Since they were partners.

It was definitely strange how different this heat was from Dazai’s first. Instead of being passed out for seventy percent of the day, he’s just been taking a ton of naps throughout the day instead of basically going into hibernation. Even though he’s still sleeping a ton, he’s been better at staying awake for longer.

One thing definitely didn’t change though, and that’s Dazai *hated* it whenever Chuuya left the house. Chuuya came up with an idea the fourth time Dazai nearly started to cry, and called Kouyou to explain his situation to her. She said she would tell the boss that Chuuya would be working from home for a week. If he was ever called out for a mission, he would obviously go, but he seriously doubted anything like that would happen this week. Things have been peaceful recently. Well, as peaceful as the mafia can get.

When he told Dazai the news, the hybrid practically pounced on him, bringing them both to the floor where they hugged and laughed together.

“Chuuya is mine for the rest of the week!” Dazai had said. “He better treat me well.”

Chuuya's been treating him *perfectly,* if he did say so himself. He had gotten home with the crab a while ago, and was in the middle of cooking it. Dazai was still asleep, which meant the process was going a lot faster, but it was also quiet. He enjoyed the quiet, but he also didn't.

When the final product was finished, Chuuya reviewed his work proudly. The crab was cooked perfectly, and Chuuya had pulled apart the meat for Dazai just in case he was a picky eater like that. He'd also prepared a lemon and garlic butter dipping sauce for them.

Now came the difficult part. Should Chuuya carry Dazai into the kitchen so they could eat at the table? Or should he bring the food to Dazai, who was napping on the couch? He could put the food on the coffee table, and he knew for a *fact* that if he did that, Dazai would make Chuuya feed him by hand.

And if Chuuya picked him up from his comfortable spot on the couch, he would no doubt complain. So eating in the living room it is.

Chuuya was careful not to drop or spill anything as he moved all the food onto the living room's coffee table. If any of this food got on the carpet, it would really suck to clean. He also brought two cups of water, since he wasn't sure if Dazai would be craving any specific drink.

Next, he had to wake Dazai up. There were a lot of ways he could do that, but since Chuuya was nice, he went for gently rubbing his shoulder until the movement roused him awake.

"Nnmgg…" Dazai mumbled as his eyes fluttered open. Immediately, he looked at Chuuya and smiled. "It's Chuuuuuya…"

Chuuya smiled, almost chuckling, but not quite. It was cute how tired Dazai always sounded after waking up. "Rise and shine, baby. I got your crab."

"Really?" As the cat's brain started up again, his voice grew in volume. He slowly brought himself up into a sitting position, and his eyes widened when he saw the dishes in front of him. "You did! Thank you, Chuuya! I knew I could count on you!"

"Was there ever any doubt?" Chuuya sat next to Dazai, reaching up a hand to fix his hair. It had gotten a little ruffled while he was napping, after all. Dazai's smile widened, and when Chuuya pulled away, Dazai's own hand went to his hair to make some final adjustments.

Once that was done and over with, Dazai finally got to the point Chuuya was waiting for. “Well, Chuuya, you should know that I’m still way too tired to eat this delicious-looking food all by myself! You should be a good partner and feed me!”

Chuuya scoffed. “Oh, really? Should I now?”

“Mhm!” Dazai nodded, the word ‘smug’ written all over his face. “You don’t want me to starve, do you?”

“No, of course not.” He agreed, grabbing a pair of chopsticks he brought just for this. “But if you want me to feed you, I should get something in return.”

“Like what? Aren’t I giving Chuuya enough of me this week?”

“Technically, it’s all still for you, so while yes I do enjoy it, that doesn’t count. I was thinking of a kiss.”

“Oh. Alright, then.” Dazai didn’t skip a beat, leaning forward until he could place his warm hands on Chuuya’s face. He brought their lips together, gently moving his lips for a good seven seconds before pulling away. “Was that good?”

Chuuya, now red-faced and pliant, nodded. “Ah…yeah, that was good. Get comfortable, and don’t get any food on my couch, okay?”

Dazai made a sound of acknowledgement, and let go of Chuuya’s head, putting his hands in his lap instead. Once he was ready, Chuuya used the chopsticks and grabbed one of the cut pieces of crab. He brought it to Dazai’s face, and the hybrid obediently opened his mouth, snatching the meat out of Chuuya’s grasp with his teeth.

Chuuya watched as the hybrid chewed, waiting to see what he thought of it. Dazai quickly finished it, probably thanks to his sharp teeth. He visibly swallowed, and licked his lips.

“Chuuya’s still a master at food.” He said, and that’s all it took for Chuuya to know he did a good job.

“Do you want another?” He asked, even though he already knew the answer. Dazai nodded, and so he grabbed another piece with the chopsticks, bringing it to Dazai’s lips.

They stayed like that for a long time. Occasionally, Chuuya would take a bite of his own food, since he didn’t want it to get cold. Every

once in a while Chuuya would dip one of Dazai's pieces into the sauce, and the hybrid would give a squeal of enjoyment every time it hit his tongue.

Chuuya was certain this was the longest dinner he'd ever had in his own home. Still, it was enjoyable the whole way through. Sometimes, during the period where Chuuya was grabbing another piece for Dazai, the cat would start up a small conversation. They would bicker, flirt, and just talk with each other,

It was perfect. It was all Chuuya had ever wanted.

You've come so far. Chuuya thought as he watched Dazai stretch his arms above his head. *Even though you feel like you haven't made any progress…I know.*

"Chuuya is washing the dishes, right?"

"Obviously." Chuuya replied, giving a quick glance at the now empty dishes. He was proud Dazai managed to eat all of the crab. "I'm not trusting you to do chores in your current state. But you bet your ass you're making up for lost time next week."

"S'mean…" Dazai mumbled, his speech slurring every few words. Chuuya picked up on the warning sign quickly. "Chuuya shou' be nicer to me…"

"Yeah, yeah, come here." Chuuya reached out, gently grabbing Dazai's shoulders and bringing him closer. He didn't stop until Dazai was leaning against him, with his chin resting on Chuuya's shoulder. "How do you want it this time?"

"Mmmm…" Dazai thought for a moment, breathing in deeply while he did. Chuuya remembered when he mentioned how much he enjoyed his scent. Maybe he was just…getting a whiff? God, that sounded weird. "Simple one. And gentle, too."

"Of course I'm going to be gentle." Chuuya said as he started trailing his hand down Dazai's stomach. He went slow enough that Dazai would be able to stop him if he didn't like it. He always went that slow, unless Dazai started whining and complaining to him that he was going *too* slow.

"Okay…that's okay, then. Thanks." Dazai closed his eyes, taking in another deep breath. "Can we…do something fun after?"

“After this session?” Chuuya asked for clarification, stopping his hand so he could focus on talking to his partner.

“No…after this. The…mmm…week. Heat. That. After?” Dazai’s voice was getting breathier, while his skin was getting hotter. Chuuya knew he wouldn’t be able to understand anything soon, so he had to make a decision quickly.

“Yeah.” He said before thinking, afterwards realizing he should probably give an example, or an idea. “There’s, uhh…a work event coming up pretty soon. We could go to that. Does that sound fun, or something?”

“Okay.” Dazai replied, giving a short, pained whine afterwards. Chuuya made a mental note to grab his heat meds later. “Go with Chuuya. What?”

What will we do? Chuuya knew what Dazai was really trying to ask. He didn’t know how he was able to pick up on it, but he excused it for living with him, and being his partner. “We’ll talk, meet people, hang out…I don’t know, really. I’ve never participated in this event before.”

Because it’s a ‘bring your pet to work’ event. And Chuuya never had a pet until that auction, where he picked up Dazai. The mafia knew about it, so it would be weird for Dazai not to come with Chuuya. Still, he wanted to ask Dazai what he thought.

He’d ask again after the heat, and if Dazai changed his mind, then neither of them would go. Or maybe if Ane-san insisted, just Chuuya would go. He wanted Dazai to be comfortable, after all.

“M’kay. Chuuya…want you now.” Dazai muttered, nuzzling his face close to Chuuya’s neck. He let out a small breath before nodding.

“Yeah, alright. Don’t worry, Dazai. I’ll take care of you.”

“I know.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:

' “Staying like this if Chuuya’s fine with it. Though…” Dazai trailed off, his eyes beginning to glass over with that familiar haze. “I might…do something else.” '

HUGE ANNOUNCEMENT! A Purrfect Companion finally has fanart! Some absolute angel called Zuzii on twitter decided to make this without any payment or provocation from me at all! My heart is melting from gratitude and shock, so I just had to share it (with their consent, of course)!
And if any of you other talented artists out there want to send me a gift, this sure is one way to do so! Otherwise, just comments and kudos will make my day!!

Chapter 23: Blow the Heat Away

Chapter Summary

The end of Dazai's second heat

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Today was the last day of Dazai's heat. According to the cat, it was his 'cooldown day'. He would still have some urges, but the seventh day was mainly to give his brain and body time to readjust to the normal way they're supposed to act.

Chuuya could see that for himself, because with every hour that went by, Dazai was starting to seem more like himself. He couldn't exactly explain it, but it was in the little things. The volume of his whines, the snappy remarks he gave to Chuuya, what position he got into when he wanted to nap; they were all showing off his personality much better than they used to.

Right now, they were in the living room watching television. Well, *Chuuya* was watching television, at least. Dazai was kneeling on the floor with his head resting on Chuuya's thigh. His ears were turned to *listen* to the TV, but he was more focused on the pets he was receiving.

"Are you sure you're comfortable on the floor?" Chuuya asked when they had first gotten settled. Dazai nodded and lightly brushed his cheek against Chuuya's pants.

"The carpet is soft and Chuuya feels nice. As long as you pay attention to me I'll be alright."

So Chuuya paid attention to him. Softly brushing his hair with his fingers, and every once in a while giving some scratches to his neck. Every time his fingers went relatively near that part of him, Dazai would whine and shiver with anticipation. Chuuya knew those weren't negative though, because every time he *did* pay attention to his neck, Dazai's exhales would rumble against his thigh. It wasn't exactly a purr, but it was telling Chuuya *'I like that'*.

He was watching another baking show- a Japanese one this time, so Dazai could understand what the people were saying. It was a nice way to pass the time, since it wasn't just mindless entertainment.

Chuuya was finding new recipes and ingredients he might want to experiment with in the future, so he was calling it worthwhile.

Though, everytime a person on the show said the word ‘cream’, the warmth Dazai’s cheek was putting on Chuuya’s leg grew just a little bit hotter.

After the fourth episode, Chuuya grew bored of it and quickly shut off the TV. Now that most of the noise in the house was gone, Dazai looked up at Chuuya with furrowed, confused brows.

“Sorry.” He apologized, giving a light scratch behind one of the hybrid’s ears. Dazai smiled, tilting his head so Chuuya could get the angle just right.

“It surprised me.” Dazai said, which Chuuya knew he *meant* to say, ‘*It’s okay, it just surprised me’.* His speech still wasn’t perfect yet. As long as his brain was even a little fried, it was expected he wouldn’t get everything out right.

“I’m giving my eyes a break. If I stare at a screen too long they might start to ache.” Chuuya explained. He wondered if Dazai’s eyes would ache if he stared at a screen too long. He had cat eyes, so did they work differently in that sense? “Do you want to do something else to pass the time?”

“Staying like this if Chuuya’s fine with it. Though…” Dazai trailed off, his eyes beginning to glass over with that familiar haze. “I might…do something else.”

‘ *I’m alright with staying like this if Chuuya’s fine with it. Though I might want to do something else.’* Chuuya easily translated in his head. He understood what Dazai was implying. “Okay. What are you feeling right now?”

Dazai made a grumbling, or maybe even a growling sound as he shuffled his body around. Now he was kneeling right in front of Chuuya, his hands resting on both of his kneecaps. “Mouth.”

“Ah-?” Chuuya tilted his chin up in confusion, but it only took another second before he understood. His cheeks heated up and his head lowered back down. “Oh…yeah, sure, I guess.”

They’d never done anything like that before, but he supposed it was simple enough that he didn’t have to worry.

Chuuya hesitantly used his free hand and undid his zipper, making sure to go slow enough so that Dazai's brain could register it. If he somehow misinterpreted, he wanted Dazai to be able to tell him to stop.

Though, with him still being in heat, Chuuya wasn't really sure if he was *able* to tell him to stop. Since Chuuya was setting their pace, he never even got close to the line of Dazai getting uncomfortable.

Once his fly was undone, he lowered his boxers until he could get his penis free. Dazai leaned back, as if he were intimidated by it, and Chuuya responded by giving him a reassuring scritch on the head. "Did you change your mind?"

"Mmnnn…no." Dazai mumbled, his eyelids drooping into that familiar 'sexy, ready to get ruined' look Chuuya had to witness so much as of late. "I'm just deciding where…to start."

"Take your time." Chuuya smiled reassuringly, deciding to ignore the fact that it was super weird comforting somebody with your dick out. Thankfully, Dazai wasn't in a teasing mood, and just lowered his head with a nod.

It didn't take long until Dazai leaned forward, using his hold on Chuuya's knees for support while he gave a light kiss to his shaft. He stayed like that for a while, doing nothing but peppering soft smooches all along Chuuya's length. Chuuya knew he was just getting used to it, and it wasn't like he was feeling impatient anyways. He'd let Dazai take his time with it.

He was getting harder and harder with every kiss; not enough to let any noises come out, but enough that Dazai took notice of it. Shuffling on his knees until he had situated himself properly, the hybrid now used both hands to fondle Chuuya's balls.

He groaned, finally filling out to a full erection. Dazai hummed pleasantly, and with one hand staying put, the other wrapped around his shaft and started a slow, steady pace.

Chuuya watched as Dazai's hand moved up and down, up and down. His breaths were coming out in pants, his cheeks starting to feel like they were burning. It had been months since he'd gotten a handjob. And to make things worse, he knew things were going to escalate, and that fact only made his mind dirtier with fantasies and questions.

When a glob of precum had came out of Chuuya's tip, Dazai's eyes

brought both of their attention there. Chuuya thought he would just use his thumb to wipe it away or something, but he was wrong. He was *very* wrong.

Dazai opened his mouth, and his warm breath hit Chuuya's sensitive skin. He gave a quiet gasp at that, but Dazai paid it no mind. He brought his head closer to Chuuya's member, and lowered his hand down to its base so he had full access. Then, with nothing else holding him back, he licked.

And Chuuya. Was. *Gone.*

He threw his head back, his neck nearly hitting the couch while he threw a hand up to his mouth to stifle his moan, nearly a *scream* of pleasure. His hat fell off his head with a thud on the floor, but he couldn't even care.

His tongue- his fucking tongue!

He should have expected something like this. Dazai was half cat, of *course* his tongue would have that rough sandpaper-like texture! The sensation wasn't painful though; his tongue was rough, yes, but in more of the bumpy sort of sense. It wasn't like a mild, painless stabbing at all.

It was like the texture inside of a sex toy, stimulating all of the right places at once. It felt *wonderful,* but since Chuuya wasn't expecting it, the force hit him twice as hard.

Dazai's tongue traveled all the way up Chuuya's cock, a slow journey to make sure Chuuya felt as much as possible, until he reached the tip and was able to swipe the precum off.

Now that he was certain he wouldn't embarrass himself by moaning too loudly, Chuuya moved his hand down to below his mouth. He kept it there just in case he had to cover himself up again. "Fuck, Dazai…you never told me you could do that…"

Dazai leaned his head back enough that he could comfortably look Chuuya in the eyes to give his reply, a genuine smile plastered on his face. "Men liked to rent me out for stuff like this…good tongue."

"God, yeah, you do have a good tongue." Chuuya said breathlessly. He didn't want to reply to Dazai's comment about the men, since he didn't want him to potentially snap out of his comfortable, safe space. He started to retract the hand that was still hovering on Dazai's locks,

but as soon as he did, the cat started to growl.

“Sorry.” He returned his fingers to their rightful place on top of Dazai’s head, and his pupils relaxed immediately.

Is it loving physical touch, or not being used to touches that are loving? No matter the case, if it made Dazai happy, Chuuya would continue to do it.

Since Dazai was already in a good position to do so, he opened his mouth and slowly took in the head. Chuuya groaned, massaging Dazai’s scalp encouragingly as he allowed himself to experience bliss.

Once the hybrid had taken in four inches, Chuuya was thinking of telling him to stop. He didn’t want Dazai to rush or overexert himself. He knew he had a tendency to try and do things he knew he couldn’t do just yet.

But then he looked into his eyes, and Dazai looked back. *Stay down.* The eyes said to him. *Stay down and enjoy it.*

So he did. He sat, and panted, and moaned, and *watched* as Dazai took in more and more, and eventually had all nine inches in his mouth. Chuuya was worried it felt uncomfortable, but Dazai’s face quickly told him otherwise.

He looked content. Comfortable. Maybe it was just the heat making him look that way, but it still soothed his nerves; even if just a little.

That was all the time to think Chuuya got, before Dazai started to slowly suck, moving his head back and forth. Chuuya at least had enough mind left to keep his hand on Dazai’s head.

“God, Dazai, you’re crazy.” Chuuya mumbled, his face feeling like it was on fire. “I’ve never had a mouth that felt this good before…”

Dazai hummed, the sensation causing Chuuya another grunt of satisfaction. Dazai closed his eyes, and focussed on his task.

As time went on, Dazai started to up the difficulty. He sucked for longer, moved his head faster, and even used his hands when he felt like it. He would also occasionally hum and moan to keep Chuuya on his toes. With the combination of his hot mouth, and his textured tongue, Chuuya knew he wouldn’t be able to last for as long as he usually could.

“Mnggf…ff- *hmm!* Da..Dazaiii…” He explicitly decided to ignore the whimper, his hand grabbing a fistful of the hybrid’s hair to keep himself grounded. Dazai made a surprised sound at that, but it wasn’t negative. So Chuuya kept it like that; though he was careful not to tug.

He didn’t really remember when exactly two hands on his dick became only one, but Chuuya’s head was leaned so far back, and his mind was so blissed out that he couldn’t really care nor complain. Dazai’s muffled noises became louder and more frequent as well, and that made up for it. Hell, it even made it feel *better*.

“Dazai, Dazai, I’m close.” Chuuya warned, his chest heaving and his cock throbbing. He tilted his head down, feeling his abdomen jump as he was once again met with the sight of Dazai on his knees, greedily working away.

Dazai opened his eyes at Chuuya’s words, giving another hum. Chuuya swallowed, trying to hold himself back just enough to ask, “Do you want to pull away? You don’t have to swall- *Oh fuck!”*

Dazai suddenly gave a harsh suck, adding in swift flicks of his tongue with it. Chuuya’s thread had already been close to snapping, so with no other choice, he let himself go.

Eyelids closing and mouth opening on a moan, Chuuya emptied himself inside Dazai’s mouth. The cat swallowed it gratefully, pulling away once Chuuya’s pleasure had passed its peak.

Chuuya kept his eyes shut as he regained his composure, oxygen filling up his lungs while his heart rate decreased. It took a good two minutes until he was ready to open his eyes and check on Dazai.

He leaned over so he could see the hybrid’s full body. That was when he noticed the hand in between Dazai’s thighs.

“Dazai, were you…?” Chuuya didn’t finish the sentence, not wanting to embarrass Dazai too much. The cat nodded, pulling his hand away to rest on the carpet.

“Finished.” He whispered.

“Mmm…we’re going to have to clean you up, then.” Chuuya replied. “Does a shower sound good? Or do you want a bath?”

“Bath. Later.” Dazai put his hands on one of the couch’s cushions,

pulling himself up until he was sitting next to Chuuya. “Want to rest.”

“Okay, give me a second.” Chuuya tucked his member back into his pants and wiped some sweat off his forehead. Seeing him do that, Dazai wiped his own head as well.

Once Chuuya was ready, he invited Dazai over with a flick of his hand. Dazai crawled closer, resting his head on Chuuya’s shoulder. It really was strange how Chuuya always felt calmer when Dazai was laying on him. Maybe that was another cat thing?

He needed to research this stuff at some point, didn’t he?

Dazai took more time to recover than Chuuya did. It was to be expected after all, considering his heat. Even though it was the last day, his body still required a crazy amount of rest. It didn’t help that he was a cat, either. The laziest kind of pet Chuuya had ever encountered.

It was around ten minutes, give or take, until he felt Dazai begin shuffling his body around. That meant he had at least gained enough energy for Chuuya to start questioning him.

“Are you feeling better?” Chuuya tilted his head to get a better view of Dazai’s face. The hybrid gave an affirming hum, keeping his eyes closed.

“Are you comfortable?”

“Mmhhm.”

“Is there anything else you need?”

“Quiet.” Dazai grumbled, to which Chuuya quickly shut his mouth, whispering a small apology. He made sure to stay as quiet as possible while Dazai recovered his energy. Just because it meant he *could* answer questions, didn’t mean he *wanted* to.

Dazai's throat was vibrating from contentedness. Chuuya could tell when the cat started to get uncomfortable, because he’d get a cheek rubbing all over his arm until the hybrid had repositioned himself. He would always check Dazai’s face to make sure he wasn’t rubbing himself red, but he still looked fine.

Chuuya was positive that Dazai had fallen asleep at some point. It was pretty hard to tell though, since his naps and sleeps looked nearly

identical. What he did know is that he spent twenty minutes sitting on the couch, so scared of making noise that he may as well have turned himself into a statue.

When one of Dazai's hands moved on top of his own, he tensed up. If he was a normal person, he probably would have gasped, or made another noise, but Chuuya was a mafioso. He was better than that.

His eyes traveled sideways, and met with Dazai's. Chuuya was staring at a chocolate river, swaying with gratitude.

"I'm feeling better." Dazai announced, before hoisting his upper half higher to give Chuuya a peck on the cheek. "Thank you, my Chuuya."

Chuuya didn't think he would ever get tired of the way Dazai's voice rumbled when he was purring. It sounded so unnatural, but whenever the sound reached his ears, all tension in his body was forgotten.

With a smile, he returned the favor, brushing away Dazai's bangs to kiss him in the center of his forehead. "You're welcome, *my Dazai."*

Dazai scoffed, readjusting his hair once Chuuya pulled his hand away. "That sounded dumb."

"You started it, you know."

"It sounds good when it comes from *me.* Chuuya doesn't have my natural cuteness." His purr started to dissipate, a few words still coming out like a vibrato.

"Yeah yeah, whatever." Chuuya crossed his arms, leaning back on the couch. "Anyways, do you think your mind is clear enough to hold a conversation?"

"We're holding one right now, aren't we?" Dazai replied.

"Shut up; you know what I mean." Chuuya snapped. "You remember when I mentioned the work party?"

"Vaguely. When is it? And what is it? I don't need to ask where, since it's called a work party for a reason." There was a beat of hesitation. "Right..?"

"Yeah, it's at my work." Chuuya confirmed. "It's in a week, and…"

Silence. He didn't know what to say.

Well, that was a lie. He knew exactly what to say, he just didn't know if he *should* say it.

Silence. Dazai's ears turned downwards.

"It's a hybrid thing isn't it?" He asked warily. Chuuya sighed.

"Yeah. It's a 'bring your pet to work' event." His tongue felt heavy in his mouth as the words came out. He hated it. "If you don't want to go, then-"

Dazai interrupted. "No, it's fine. I want to visit Chuuya's work. And, who knows? I might make some new hybrid friends there; like with Atsushi."

"But-"

"You know I'm already fine with being your pet in public." Chuuya thought back to the park, where Dazai forced him to attach him to a leash. "Is Chuuya trying to talk me out of going?"

"No, that's not it at all! I just…" Chuuya faltered for a moment, letting his face sink in worry. "I just don't want to make you feel like you have to. We can skip the party, stay here, and watch a movie if you'd rather do that."

"But then your coworkers would be suspicious." Dazai reasoned, leaning forward. "And then they'd ask questions. Chuuya isn't as good of a liar as me, so I don't trust him to cover us up while under that kind of pressure."

"Hey-!" Chuuya was thinking about retorting, but then decided he wasn't in the mood for it. "Whatever…so, you're *really* sure you want to go to work with me?"

"Sure, why not?" Dazai shrugged, his ears finally lifting back up. "I know Chuuya won't let anybody touch or hurt me there. I'm in good hands."

"Yeah, you are." Chuuya agreed, letting himself smile. He put a hand on Dazai's cheek, his chest heating up when Dazai leaned into the touch. He noticed the cat's skin was lowering down to regular temperature. "You're always safe with me, Dazai."

"Cheesy." The hybrid said, closing his eyes before giving a lick to Chuuya's palm. His body shivered from the texture, while his heart

shivered from the gesture.

“Keep saying that, but we both know you love it.” Chuuya shot back, smirking as he fondly watched his partner. “Otherwise you wouldn’t be blushing right now.”

“I think I want that quiet back.” Dazai huffed in embarrassment. Chuuya chuckled, closing his mouth in surrender.

Later, he’d give Dazai a bubble bath; but this time, with bubbles he could actually smell. Scented like kiwis and strawberries.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' “Let go of me!” Dazai shouted desperately. “Now!” '

Chapter 24: Smoke Break

Chapter Summary

Dazai has some unexpected visitors!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It had been a while since Dazai needed to be petsat. The last time that happened was two months ago, when he'd first met Odasaku and Ango. It wasn't too bad that time. In fact, Dazai enjoyed it.

This time though, he wasn't quite sure how to respond to the humans watching over him. They weren't even supposed to be here. Chuuya was at work, but he never warned Dazai about visitors when he'd left. And Chuuya *always* warned him about visitors.

Kouyou, the woman who had insulted him and then hugged him out of the blue, was sitting on the couch, calmly sipping on a glass of one of Chuuya's less expensive wines. Standing next to the arm of the couch was a man he'd never met before. He had gray hair on his head and face, along with glasses and a cigarette in his hands.

He really should take that out to the balcony. Dazai thought as he watched the smoke rise and disappear near the ceiling. *It's stinking up the place.*

The three of them were all in the living room, minding their own business in complete silence. Dazai was bored. He wanted to do something.

But what could he do around two mafia members (he assumed the old man was a part of it as well) without getting disciplined? Chuuya was a different kind of mafioso, he knew he could trust him. He didn't know how well he could trust these two.

So instead of having fun, he simply sat on the carpet picking at his fingers. He never tore his skin or claws, since he was careful, but the tips of his fingers were red. It didn't hurt. He had high pain tolerance.

But even though it didn't hurt, the old man noticed his red fingers and called attention to it. It was the first sound any of them had made in twenty-five minutes. "Do you need some aloe on those hands? They

might inflate if you keep picking at them like that."

"I'm okay." Dazai muttered. The man wasn't close enough that he could pick up on his scent, so he had to be careful with his words. "You don't need to bother yourself."

"It's no worries." He dipped a hand of his own into one of his pockets, pulling out a tin. When he opened it, Dazai realized it was a portable ashtray. *Does he really smoke so much that he carries that with him all over?*

Once the cigarette was put out, the tin was closed and placed back into his pocket. Dazai kept himself ready for anything as the man disappeared into the bathroom. He wouldn't have been so apprehensive about the stranger if he wasn't actively smoking in the living room. He had memories of buyers who smoked, and they weren't positive.

Of course, he had memories of buyers that drank wine, but Kouyou wasn't that bad. And Chuuya wasn't bad at all. But still, it was better to be safe than sorry.

The old man returned with some aloe and made his way to Dazai, kneeling down on the carpet. He never reached out, so Dazai offered his hands instead.

As the cold, soothing aloe vera was being applied to the red parts of his fingers, Dazai took the opportunity to catch onto his scent. He smelled the cigarettes, obviously, but the other tones he picked up on were loyalty, some form of indifference, and trust.

Dazai felt his body relax. He was one of the good ones. How lucky.

"What's your name?" Dazai asked, finally having the courage to look him in the eyes. "I'm Dazai."

"My name is Hirotsu." The man replied. Dazai realized his face was similar to Odasaku's: permanently in a frown, but not sad or upset. "Has Chuuya-dono been treating you well?"

Dazai nodded. "Yes, very. Are you close to him?"

"In a sense. I'm the leader of a squadron called the Black Lizard. Chuuya-dono and I would often be seen on the same battlefield as one another. He's a very formidable fighter, with his gravity manipulation."

“Really, he actually uses that for fighting? I’ve only seen him use his gravity powers to wash dishes and fold laundry.” He joked, showing off his fangs in a smirk.

Kouyou let out an amused breath, setting her wine glass down on the coffee table. “He’s still efficient, I see. That’s good. Though, I hope you help him out with chores to earn your keep.”

“Of course I do, Miss Kouyou.” Dazai tilted his head in her direction, his tone shifting from cheery to calm.

“No need for formalities, as much as I appreciate them.” Kouyou said, smoothing out her kimono, ridding it of wrinkles. “You needn’t play a part for me, lad. You’ve opened yourself to me. Stay open.”

“If that’s what Kouyou insists.” Dazai agreed. “But still, I help out Chuuya where I can. He doesn’t let me do a bunch, but I mainly clean the place up. Sweeping, dusting, that stuff.”

Kouyou hummed, looking at the open couch cushions next to her, then at the boys currently on the floor. “Come sit, won’t you? There’s enough room for the three of us to sit comfortably.”

“Yes, Kouyou-san.” Hirotsu obeyed immediately, standing up and making his way to the couch. Dazai followed after him quietly, choosing to sit in the middle while Hirotsu took the other end.

“Why the sudden generosity, Kouyou?” Dazai asked, swinging his legs for a moment before hiking them up onto the couch to sit criss-crossed.

“Call it inspiration. It would be much harder to talk to you if you were still sitting on the floor. I prefer face-to-face conversation much better.” She nodded to herself, grabbing her wine glass again and finishing it off with a tilt of her head.

“I see, then.” Dazai’s eyes followed the cup as they were set back down on the coffee table, likely to be forgotten. He made a note to place it in the sink when they left. His head cocked back towards Kouyou. “That means you wanted to talk, yes?”

“You would be correct.”

“Then by all means, let’s talk.”

Dazai wasn’t stupid. He could sense it. Yes, Kouyou did want to talk to

him, but he could feel her hidden purpose for it. She was embarrassed that she'd somewhat lost her cool with him during their last encounter. She wanted to redeem herself.

Well, he was never one to say no to a challenge; that made things more interesting. And a challenge of wits? A challenge of facades? Personalities? Dazai was a *master* at all things lying. Age doesn't necessarily mean skill. He'd beat Kouyou again easily.

It was all just for fun, of course. Not because he disliked her. In fact, he felt rather indifferent to her. The only reason he cared at all was because she was Chuuya's superior, and he didn't want him to get in trouble because of Dazai.

Still, that didn't mean he couldn't mess around a little bit. Cats were naturally bothersome, after all. He could just blame it on that.

"How have you been, boy? Has Chuuya been treating you well?" The first challenge. Kouyou was acting even calmer than usual. That was good; an extra barrier for Dazai to climb over.

"Well, it's hard to say. My heat just ended a few days ago, so last week is pretty fuzzy to me. Though, I *can* say that Chuuya and I have finally had sex with each other." He dropped the bomb with a smile, reveling in the shift in Kouyou's scent. Even though she didn't let anything show on her body and face, she could never escape the way she smelled. It would always betray her in the end.

"Have you now? I assume that means you took my words to heart?" She was studying him, her eyes slowly scanning across his face, waiting for a crack she could break through. But Dazai didn't have cracks. He'd filled them with sweat, blood, and tears, turning them hard as bedrock.

"Nonsense, I'd been trying to get him to agree weeks before you decided to visit. There's no need to try and flatter yourself, Kouyou." Dazai waved his hand somewhat dismissively. "But I guess I can say you were right about one thing: he performed very well. I was impressed!"

"And I take it that's high praise coming from someone with your experience?" Kouyou raised a brow. Dazai wasn't exactly sure if she was seriously asking, or if she was trying to be snarky; but either way, it didn't matter to him.

"It is, actually." Dazai replied.

“Could you two stop your small competition, please?” Hirotsu asked, finally opening his mouth. Dazai and Kouyou both looked at him, and after a bit of silence, looked at each other, and nodded.

“Sorry if you felt left out, Hirotsu.” Dazai softly apologized. “Is there anything you would like to talk about?”

“Nothing in particular. But if you’re interested, I could let you in on some mafia details.”

And suddenly, Dazai wasn’t so bored anymore. He perked up, leaning closer to the old man until he felt like cigarettes were being shoved up his nostrils. He tried to ignore the way it was harder to breathe. “Really? Chuuya never tells me anything about his work!”

“It won’t be anything that could be considered secretive, so you might not find it too interesting.” Hirotsu warned. His scent wavered with amusement, and Dazai’s smile widened.

“Anything about Chuuya is interesting, and that includes his work.” Dazai could sense Kouyou’s approval once the phrase had left his mouth. He wasn’t saying that for her, though, it was simply the truth.

“Well then, I guess it’s no harm.” Hirotsu took a moment to gather his thoughts before he began speaking again. “The mafia has a hierarchy. At the top is, obviously, the Boss. He can order whomever he wants, and his words are absolute. Next in line are his Executives, like Kouyou-san and Chuuya-dono.”

“Whoa, Chuuya’s that important in the mafia?” Dazai questioned, his tail beginning to sway from excitement. “How scary.”

“You say that with sarcasm, boy, but you don’t know how scary he can really be.” Kouyou said.

“It’s true. He’s truly a force to be reckoned with.” Hirotsu backed her up, giving a nod of respect to the man who wasn’t even here.

“Really…well, I suppose it makes sense.” If Chuuya was an Executive in the mafia, then of course he would be scary. He wasn’t really sure if he’d ever want to see Chuuya doing his mafia job, but on the other hand, it could be interesting to see how differently he acted while being professional. “I’ll take your words for it.”

Hirtosu pulled out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, giving Dazai a side eye. “Do you mind if I take a smoke?”

“Not if it’s out on the balcony.” He replied. *Please don’t stink up the apartment. I’ve worked hard setting my smell in here!*

“That won’t work. The balcony is the prime place for snipers.” Hirotsu got up from the couch. “I suppose I’ll just have to go out into the street.”

“Or you could just…not smoke?” Dazai offered, even though he knew that idea would get shut down immediately.

“We’ll go with you.” Koiyou said, standing up as well. “Care to join us, lad?”

“Sure.” Dazai stood, stretching his arms above his head. “I haven’t been outside in a while. It sounds fun.”

“We’ll just be in an alleyway while Hirotsu smokes.” Kouyou told him. “It’s safer in numbers, so we aren’t letting him go alone.”

Dazai nodded, setting his arms back down. “Should I grab our shoes, then?”

After some walking, they made it outside. They were in the alleyway, just like Kouyou had said. Hirotsu was leaning against the wall, puffing out smoke with each breath. Dazai made sure he was a few steps away from him, so the smell wasn’t too bad. Kouyou was in between them, hands tucked into the sleeves of her kimono.

Dazai felt very out of place. He wasn’t a dangerous mafia member like these two were; he was just a random cat they decided to pay a visit to. Why did he even agree to go?

He sighed to himself, keeping busy by turning his ears to see which direction gave him new sounds to listen to. It was an activity he was used to. Sometimes he’d even try to guess what was making the sound. He was usually right though, since he was smart.

Finally, he had enough, and decided to speak up. “Is this how the mafia always spends their breaks? By hanging around in alleyways?”

“Not always, though it is a commonplace for us.” Kouyou replied quickly, probably bored from the silence as well. “As well as other lower-level gangs.”

“Yeah, I saw a bunch of that in movies.” Just as Dazai had said that, he picked up something. A sound, coming from above. His skin

prickled a warning.

“Move!” He yelled, dashing away to the other side of the alleyway. Kouyou and Hirotsu acted accordingly, following his lead. Once they started to move, a window above shattered, and five men dressed in all black wearing masks started to plummet down towards them.

“I see.” Kouyou seemed undisturbed. “How bothersome.”

“Truly.” Hirotsu agreed, throwing his cigarette on the ground and stomping it out. His foot landed just as the five strangers did, resulting in a loud thunking sound all around.

“I assume this is normal for you guys.” Dazai swallowed the lump in his throat. He had to act brave, otherwise he’d be picked out as a target. “Do you know them?”

“Simple thugs. This won’t be difficult.” Kouyou’s voice dropped into a dangerous tone, and all of a sudden, a flash of golden light swirled around her. Dazai turned to watch in curiosity as a strange yellow robot-looking-lady-creature appeared and started to hover next to her. It had a sword.

An ability. Dazai realized, taking a sidestep away from the woman.

Two men dashed towards Kouyou, drawing daggers from their pockets. Right before their metals collided, Dazai’s wrist was grabbed by Hirotsu, and he was dragged behind Kouyou and to the old man’s side.

“Stay by me.” He ordered, keeping his voice low. “We’ll handle them.”

Dazai nodded. “I’m with you. Take care of them.”

Kouyou had already taken care of one of the men, stabbing him in the chest with her ability lady. A third charged towards her, and she drew a sword of her own, beginning to battle him herself.

“Will she be okay?” He asked, brows lowering in concern.

“Never doubt Kouyou-san’s capabilities.” Hirotsu answered, his gaze locked onto the final two thugs. They met eyes, and the black-wearing attackers charged in their direction.

“Don’t worry.” Hirotsu instructed. “This will be over in a moment.”

He lifted his arm, stretching his hand out in front of himself and

towards the thugs. It took Dazai until the thugs were almost there to realize, *He has an ability, too.*

Frantically, Dazai tried to pull his arm out of Hirotsu's grip. The old man glanced at him, but didn't budge. The men in black had drawn their daggers.

"Let go of me!" Dazai shouted desperately. *"Now!"*

He didn't listen. Instead, he grabbed one of the thug's shoulders with his free hand, and Dazai watched as his eyes widened in shock and confusion, before a dagger was plunged into his hip.

Now that his grip had weakened, Dazai was able to rip his wrist away. Hirtosu was injured now, and he had to do something to help him.

Back at his center, emotions were controlled, unless you were told to use them. It had been years since Dazai had allowed himself to use the full force of his emotions, but right now, he didn't have a choice. He needed to feel *anger,* and he needed to feel it *now.*

His shoulders raised. His pupils shrunk, and his mouth curled into a snarl. He glared down at the final thug, his mind swirling with commands. His claws were itching to tear at something. His fangs were grinding against each other so hard he could feel it all the way to his brain.

So this was anger.

Without any thought behind the action, he charged. The attacker in black seemed surprised, and even scared at the sight of a rabid animal charging at him, so Dazai used that shock to knock him off-balance and pin him to the ground. He felt something tear his shirt, probably the dagger.

He could have stopped there. He could have flung the dagger out of reach and kept him immobilized. But Dazai was angry, so of course he let things get out of control.

With an inhuman roar, Dazai sank his teeth into the young man's throat. He heard the scream travel through his ears, he felt another tear at his clothing, but he paid no mind to it. His vision was *red.*

Blood filled his mouth, staining his teeth and tongue. He didn't know how long it took until the man under him stopped screaming, or until he stopped moving entirely. All Dazai knew was that suddenly, he was

grabbed by the back of his neck.

Trick. Dazai relaxed his jaw and let himself be pulled off the man. His body went completely limp, making it easier for Kouyou to drag him away from the now bleeding thug.

“Lad, can you hear me?” Kouyou asked, setting Dazai down on the floor. It took a moment, but he eventually nodded, taking deep breaths to calm himself down.

“I…” His tongue swiped across his fangs, picking up more blood. “… did this? Is he…?”

“He isn’t dead.” Hirotsu said, his voice sounding strained. “I can tell.”

What a relief. Dazai let himself exhale vocally. He had no idea his fangs could do that much damage to somebody. “I’m sorry that things got out of hand. I was just trying to protect you two.”

“We know.” Kouyou sheathed her sword, hiding it back inside of her kimono. “But more importantly, boy, there’s something I need to ask you.”

“Yes, Kouyou?” Dazai’s ears lowered. He could already tell where this was going, and he didn’t like it.

“I saw what happened with Hirotsu. His ability didn’t work. Nothing like that has ever happened to an ability user before. It’s unheard of.” She took a moment to pause. “Are you following me here?”

Dazai nodded, swallowing some spit that had formed in his mouth. Some blood mixed in with it as it traveled down.

Before she could make the accusation herself, Dazai wanted to come clean. It was the mature thing to do. The responsible thing to do. “I’m sorry. I wanted to keep it a secret. I didn’t want anybody to know.”

“I can understand why. You would have been watched and looked down upon even more harshly. But have you told Chuuya about this?” Kouyou asked, her gaze turning cold as she mentioned him.

Dazai swallowed again, his ears now flush against his head. “No…I didn’t. He doesn’t know that I have an ability.”

Kouyou was quiet for a long time, staring down at Dazai. After long, she let out a sigh. “Well then, we’ll have to tell him. First, let’s all go

to my place. We can patch each other up and get you some new clothes.”

Dazai looked down at his shirt. It was pretty torn up. “...Okay. But can you promise Chuuya won’t be mad at me?”

“Well, that all depends on him, now doesn’t it?” Kouyou walked over to Hirotsu, giving him some support as they started to leave the alleyway.

Dazai really didn’t want Chuuya to hate him for keeping a secret. But he probably deserves it. A good pet never keeps secrets from its master, after all.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if the ending isn't the best quality- I lost inspiration -v-

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' “Lad, I don’t feel like beating around the bush, so I’ll get straight to the point. You two like each other, don’t you?” '

Chapter 25: Secret's Out

Chapter Summary

Some more Protective Boyfriend Chuuya for y'alls

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chuuya was worried. Like, *seriously* worried.

He swiftly opened the door to Kouyou's house, nearly barging in from how loudly the door flung open. He knew he had permission to come in of his own accord, so he didn't waste time feeling bad about it.

"Dazai!" He shouted, basically running into Kouyou's guest bedroom, where Chuuya assumed Dazai would probably be. He was right, because once he entered, he saw the hybrid sitting on the bed, head turned to look at him.

"Thank goodness you're okay!" Chuuya exclaimed, throwing his arms around Dazai, squeezing him in a protective hug. "Wait, you *are* okay, right?"

He pulled back, worrying still *very* evident on his features. "You don't have any injuries do you? Should I not have squeezed you that tight? Do-"

Dazai was wearing different clothes.

Dazai was wearing a *kimono.*

A simple, striped dark blue kimono. But it framed him perfectly. His broad shoulders, his slim figure, his *collarbones.*

Don't even get Chuuya started on his collarbones.

Chuuya quickly felt himself blushing. Whether it was embarrassment, or realizing how hot his partner looked, it got him to stop the barrage of questions that surely would have turned into.

Dazai smiled, amusement curling his lips up. "I'm fine. My shirt sustained more damage than I did. That's why I'm wearing this."

"You uh-" Chuuya cleared his throat. "You look good."

“I’m glad. I always want to look good for Chuuya.” He stretched out an offering hand, and Chuuya accepted. He let Dazai lead him to sit by his side on the bed. “How was work?”

“It was normal until I got a call from Kouyou saying something had happened to you.” Chuuya replied, keeping Dazai’s hand in his grasp. He felt more control over his body when he was holding onto Dazai, though he didn’t know why.

“She overdramatized it. We just got attacked by some thugs and one of them tore up my shirt.” Dazai explained, keeping up his calm persona; probably because he was in somebody else’s house. “I got revenge by biting his throat though.”

“Wait, what.” Chuuya did a double take. “You *bit* his throat?”

Dazai nodded. “Turns out my fangs are sharper than I thought. It also turns out that blood doesn’t taste very good.”

“...Holy shit.” Chuuya whispered, his thumb beginning to rub over Dazai’s wrist. It was nice, being able to feel the muscle move and twitch under his touch. “I think I just fell for you even harder.”

“Chuuya has some weird preferences.” Dazai replied with a mumble, his tail giving a flick on the mattress.

“Guess that’s what happens when you get with a mafioso.” Something in the air shifted as they continued to look at each other. Dazai gave a knowing smile, and Chuuya knew he couldn’t back out now. It’s not like he would ever want to, though.

Their bodies moved as one, leaning closer and tilting their heads to the perfect angle for their lips to touch. Chuuya closed his eyes, and not long after, he felt one of Dazai’s hands rest behind his neck, pulling him even closer, and deepening the kiss as a result.

“You two seem to be having fun.” Chuuya’s eyes flew open, and he abruptly ended the kiss, flipping his head towards the doorway, where Kouyou was now looking at them.

“Ane-san!” His face was even more flushed than it was before. It wasn’t like he was ashamed of being caught, it’s just embarrassing having the owner of a house catching you in the act of kissing somebody else.

Dazai chuckled, acting as unashamed as ever. “It’s mainly my fault, I

apologize. I lured Chuuya to me using my collarbones."

Wait, how did he know about that? Chuuya wondered, trying not to let the surprise show on his face. *He probably saw me staring at them earlier.*

Kouyou smiled. "I see. Maybe I should have you teach my girls some of your charms, then."

"I'd rather not."

"Since when do you two act so chummy?" Chuuya asked, feeling a slight disappointment as both of Dazai's hands retreated back to his lap.

"Do you not like it?" Kouyou's smile disappeared, though Chuuya knew she wasn't really upset.

"No, it's fine. I just wasn't expecting you two to get along so easily, that's all." Chuuya replied.

"Well, we fought together. Isn't that supposed to bring others closer?" Dazai tilted his head questioningly. "And besides, you should know that you'll forever be my favorite. No need to be jealous, Chuuya."

"Not calling him 'master' anymore, are you?" Kouyou asked.

"No. I stopped that a long time ago. Sorry for deceiving you even harder that day you came to visit." Dazai grinned, clearly not feeling sorry at all. Kouyou noticed, and her frown deepened.

"Well, digressing from *that* lovely topic," Kouyou began, re-straightening her posture and looking at Chuuya to address him. "Lad, there's something that Dazai here needs to tell you."

And the mood successfully went from enjoyable to uncomfortable. From the corner of his eye, Chuuya could see Dazai's ears lowering. This wasn't going to be good, was it?

"Dazai, what happened?" Chuuya turned his head towards his partner and lowered his voice, being extra careful not to accidentally send the wrong message. He wanted to keep Dazai comfortable enough to be able to talk to him. "What do you need to tell me?"

Dazai was silent for a time that Chuuya didn't bother to count. His fingers were kneading at his legs in nervousness. "...Will Chuuya be

angry with me?" He finally whispered.

"I'll try my best not to be." He assured. He wanted to reach out, to hold Dazai again, but now wasn't the time. If he grabbed him now, Dazai might freak out.

"...Okay." Dazai mumbled, taking a moment to gather himself. His tail had moved and curled near his legs. Chuuya was sure it would have disappeared between them if Dazai hadn't been sitting down. "I have an ability."

"Oh." Chuuya said without thinking.

"Oh?" Dazai repeated, turning his head to make better eye contact. Clearly, he had been expecting more of a reaction.

"I was worried it would be something like you committed a crime." Chuuya smiled, finally reaching out until Dazai's fingertips were touching his own. "What's your ability?"

Dazai glanced down at their hands, surprised, but not pulling away. "It's called… *No Longer Human.* I nullify any ability I touch."

First off, how dare it have a name like that? Chuuya kept the anger internal. He was sure Dazai had similar feelings to it, anyways. "That's strong. I guess that explains why I feel so much calmer when I'm holding you."

"You do?" Dazai asked, perking up. If Chuuya wasn't mistaken, there was also some pink in his cheeks now.

"Obviously." Chuuya smiled, feeling his body burn with fondness while he watched Dazai's ears lift up to their normal, relaxed state. *He* made Dazai calm again. *He* made him happy. No matter how many times that happens, it never gets old.

Chuuya wants to make Dazai happy forever.

"So Chuuya really isn't mad at me?" Dazai clarified. Chuuya instantly gave a shake of his head.

"Of course not. I'm just happy you finally decided to tell me. Everybody needs their secrets, sometimes." He *wasn't* happy, however, about how worried Dazai was about the *thought* of Chuuya being mad at him. He knew that Dazai was still healing, and he knew that it would take a long time, but sometimes, he wishes he could just feel

better already.

“Chuuya.” Once again, Kouyou interrupted a soft moment between them. Chuuya looked over.

“Yes, Ane-san?”

“I’ve never seen you act this way towards somebody before.” She said, “Much less a hybrid.”

“Yeah, well…everybody has people like that.” He muttered a reply. “People they act differently around.”

He ignored the way Dazai’s eyes lowered when he said the word ‘people’.

“Lad, I don’t feel like beating around the bush, so I’ll get straight to the point. You two like each other, don’t you?”

Chuuya’s first instinct was to lie in order to protect Dazai. His second instinct was to tell the truth because it was Ane-san, and he cared about her. There was no way he could choose on his own without screwing something up, so he looked at Dazai. Thankfully, the gaze was already returned on the other side

Should she know? He asked, with a small furrow of his brow.

I don’t see why not. Dazai’s tail reappeared, moving against the bedsheets with slow indifference.

They hadn’t even come up with this strange telepathy, and even more so, they had never practiced it. Still, Chuuya could understand Dazai perfectly.

He confidently gripped Dazai’s hand, facing Kouyou once more. He was made of stone, and he was going to stand his ground. “Yes, we do. We’ve been together for a month now. You can say whatever you want, but my feelings aren’t going to change.”

He doesn’t know why he added that last part. Maybe he wanted to be more intimidating. Maybe he was worried Kouyou would start to look down on him. Maybe he was terrified that the boss would find out, and his title of Executive would be revoked.

But this was Ane-san. This was Chuuya’s big sis. He trusted her for a reason. She cared for him. She wanted the best for him.

So once she smiled, Chuuya knew that everything would be okay.

She gracefully made her way to the edge of the bed, where they were currently sitting. She put a hand atop Dazai's head, giving him a mild, yet affectionate ruffle of his hair. Dazai eagerly accepted the affection.

"I'm impressed. You've been able to handle Chuuya's protective nagging for nearly two months now." She said, her voice dripping with a liking Chuuya hadn't heard in a long time.

"Hey-!" He began, but Dazai's chuckle shut him up.

"I think I've been nagging Chuuya more, in my personal opinion. Not that I'm ashamed of that, though."

"I should have guessed." Kouyou took her hand away, and Chuuya could almost *hear* the whine Dazai was definitely holding back. He rolled his eyes, and changed the hand currently holding Dazai's to now rest above the cat's neck. He started the usual scritches, and Dazai gave a quiet mewl of appreciation.

"How's Hirotsu doing?" Dazai asked, switching the topic of conversation.

"He'll make a full recovery. He's endured worse than a cheap dagger to the hip." Kouyou assured. "He also wanted to thank you again for protecting him."

"He protected me first. It was the least I could do." Dazai was somehow able to come off professional while getting petted by Chuuya. It was pretty impressive.

"Do you want to head home now, Dazai?" Chuuya asked. "We need to get started on dinner."

"Mm." Dazai nodded. "Sure thing."

"Be safe on the way, you two." Kouyou instructed, turning on her heel to leave the room. Chuuya made sure to yell a quick goodbye before they left the house themselves.

"That was scary." Dazai said once they'd exited the house. "I think she took it pretty well, don't you?"

"Yeah." Chuuya exhaled, his chest feeling lighter. "We probably shouldn't make a habit of telling people, though. We're bound to run

into a bad apple sooner than later."

Dazai nodded in agreement. He knew it hurt that they weren't able to show how much they loved each other, but that was just what they had to deal with. One day, things would be different.

At least, Chuuya hoped so.

Entering their apartment felt like a breath of fresh air. Months ago, this place was just a spot for Chuuya to be away from the mafia. Now, however, it really felt like a home.

Dazai made it feel like a home.

"So, what is Chuuya planning on making for dinner?" Dazai asked, hightailing it to the couch, probably his favorite place in the whole apartment. Chuuya followed him without missing a beat. He sat down next to his partner. "It's pretty early to start, isn't it? Will it take a long time to cook?"

"Nope." Chuuya said, his smile growing into a smirk. "I just wanted to get back to the apartment so we could pick up where we left off earlier, before Ane-san interrupted us."

"Chuuya!" Dazai whacked him on the arm, face turning red for Chuuya's amusement. "You are so selfish! Needy!"

"Sure am." He proudly accepted all titles given to him, so long as Dazai allowed him to pull him closer. "Indulge me, won't you?"

"Fine." Dazai closed the distance, once again locking lips with Chuuya. While it was rough at the start, it only took Chuuya's hands moving to Dazai's hips for the hybrid to calm down.

He was being bratty for no reason, but Chuuya didn't really mind. In fact, he found it endearing.

Any new piece of Dazai's personality he could get, he welcomed with open arms. The good, and the bad; he wanted it all.

Chuuya pulled away, allowing the both of them room to breathe. He took in three breaths of air before letting out a, "You look so beautiful in that kimono."

"Chuuya already told me that before." Dazai said, his voice grew softer now that he wasn't as embarrassed.

“Well, I’m telling you again. And you better believe me, yeah?”

“Yeah.” Dazai didn’t resist, instead leaning forward to give a softer, shorter kiss. Chuuya made sure to kiss back. “I believe Chuuya. I always will.” He said once they’d broken apart once again.

They didn’t stay separated for long. Instead, they got closer. Dazai moved his legs until he was successfully straddling Chuuya’s lap, his hands resting on the ginger’s shoulders. Chuuya’s were still comfortably placed on Dazai’s waist.

“You’re short.” Dazai said as he looked down at his partner. Chuuya frowned.

“Get your face down here and try saying that again, I dare you.” He gave a warning squeeze with his fingers, and it seems like Dazai took the hint, though not without chuckling.

And then they were kissing again. Slow, smooth, and simple kissing. With closed eyes and the occasional sigh coming from either one of them. Dazai would massage Chuuya’s shoulders, and Chuuya would reciprocate by running his hands up and down his waist, wrinkling up his kimono without care or thought. All he cared and thought about was the feeling of Dazai’s lips on his.

He never wanted to stop. Dazai was a drug, and Chuuya was successfully addicted. And it was the sweetest addiction he’d ever known.

Naturally with them, as time went on, their passion increased. Touches were more frequent, as well the sliding of their lips getting faster, and with more force. At some point, Chuuya took a risky move and licked alongside Dazai’s bottom lip. The hybrid reacted by opening his mouth.

That was permission if he’d ever seen it, alright. Chuuya saw the opportunity, and went for it.

They’d never kissed with tongue before, and it was a completely different experience. It felt like bolts of electricity shooting down Chuuya’s spine every time he felt Dazai’s textured tongue brush against his own. He could feel the heat radiating off both of their faces, and even moreso, he could hear the much more vocal sounds the two of them were now letting out into each other’s mouths.

Sadly, they both still needed air, so they had to part to let in some

oxygen. Panting heavily, they stared at each other, both feeling immensely proud of how red the other's face looked.

"We need to kiss like that more often." Dazai decided.

"Definitely." Chuuya agreed.

He was expecting Dazai to lean back in, to connect their lips again so they could continue to heavily make out. Though, it seemed like Dazai had different plans, since when he *did* eventually bring his head back down, it was towards Chuuya's neck.

Dazai moved Chuuya's shirt away as much as he could, exposing the skin underneath. He gave a slow lick near the spot where the neck met the shoulder, and Chuuya shuddered, sucking in a breath as he tilted his head, giving his partner better access. Dazai hummed, appreciating the gesture.

He gave a few more licks before wrapping his lips around a small bundle of skin and beginning to suck. Chuuya groaned; the feeling of Dazai's hot mouth on any part of him felt *wonderful.* He wanted to thank Dazai for at least choosing a spot that wouldn't be easily seen by other people, but he could do that later.

Right now, he just wanted to enjoy the feeling of getting his first hickey from his partner.

"Mm…good." He muttered, letting his eyes flutter closed. "That feels good, Dazai. Keep going."

Thankfully, he didn't need to be told twice. Chuuya was able to relax in the comforting hold of his partner, letting out grunts and groans of all different volumes while Dazai enjoyed himself on his own end of things.

Finally, once the hickey had formed, Dazai pulled away after giving one final lick to the spot on Chuuya's skin. He looked over his work, his pupils dilating. "Chuuya looks good with my mark on him."

Oh, how Chuuya *loved* hearing that. He never expected him to be the type. Sure, he knew that *he* was possessive, but having somebody being possessive over *him?* It felt incredible.

"Feels nice for me, too." Chuuya opened his eyes, giving a satisfied grin. "Now I'm yours just as much as you're mine."

Dazai's throat rumbled in a growl, the blackness in his eyes spreading even further. He *definitely* liked that.

"Chuuya's mine?" He asked, his voice less seeking clarification, and more wanting to hear Chuuya declare it again.

"Have been for a while." Chuuya assured him. "We're a duo. A give and take. No one half is more important than the other. We work together."

"It's a wonder how you can sound so caring and so sexy at the same time." Dazai whispered, a hand traveling down to the waistband of Chuuya's pants. Without warning, and without questioning, he started to unbuckle Chuuya's belt.

Chuuya glanced down, his grin widening as he watched Dazai's hands fumble, trying to take off the clothing while still straddling his lap. "Cute."

"Excuse me?" Dazai's hands stopped, and Chuuya looked back up to meet the hybrid's eyes. "What did you just say?"

"I said what you're doing is cute. And also a bit ironic." Chuuya said, starting to run his hands up and down Dazai's waist again. "Now who's the selfish and needy one?"

Dazai let out a soft chuckle, leaning in until his nose was almost touching Chuuya's. "Indulge me, won't you?"

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' "You still look just as pretty." He replied, relaxing his body and lowering his hand. "Continue now. I'd like to see the show I was promised." '

Chapter 26: Ride of Your Life

Chapter Summary

More smut! Yay!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was a blur. One moment, he and Dazai were simply kissing- or rather, making out- and the next moment, he was pulled up and getting dragged to his bedroom. All while Dazai was near trying to *tear* the clothes right off of his body.

Chuuya didn't mind though. Not in the slightest.

He was pushed onto the mattress, shirt almost successfully off. He lifted himself up on his elbows- just enough so he could help Dazai take it off the rest of the way.

He chucked it onto the floor, and quickly took off some other articles to go along with it. His hat, choker, and gloves to be specific. He felt a pang of nervousness and unease when he first took them off, but once Dazai put a hand on him again, all of it disappeared.

He was safe with Dazai. And not just because of his nullification ability.

"Keep going." Dazai demanded, voice strangely confident. Chuuya wasn't sure if he'd ever heard that tone be used before.

"Why are you in such a rush?" Chuuya asked sweetly, once again putting his hands on Dazai's hips. "We have all the time in the world, baby. And besides, don't you think you should at least take something off, as well?"

Dazai thought over it, cheeks glowing with a slightly pink tint as he did. Finally, he started to undo his kimono. As much as Chuuya loved seeing him in it, he also loved seeing Dazai's bare skin, so he didn't mourn the loss of the outfit for too long.

"You're so pretty." He muttered as the kimono fell to its place on the floor. Dazai froze momentarily, processing the compliment before giving a huff.

“Whatever. Pants; now.”

Chuuya chuckled, sliding his body up even further so he could reach his already unbuckled belt. He slid it out of place, and then shrugged his pants down. He stopped midway though- only continuing once Dazai started undressing alongside him.

They were now both in their boxers, with Dazai’s legs spread out across Chuuya’s. Now it was time to talk.

Actually, they probably should have done this sooner, but better late than never, right?

“What do you want to do?” He asked, beginning soft and gentle movements across Dazai’s now bare waist. “I’m up for anything, as long as it’s not too extreme.”

With the initial excitement now seeming to wear off, Dazai’s voice lowered in volume. “There’s something I want to try. I’ve been thinking about it for a bit, and I believe we’d both really enjoy it.”

“Hit me with it.” He stopped moving his hands, giving his full attention over to his partner. Dazai’s ears tilted in disapprovement, but he didn’t complain any further.

“I want to ride you.”

It took Dazai repeatedly tapping on his cheek for Chuuya to regain the ability to think. He blinked wildly, staring up at Dazai with an open mouth and wide eyes.

“I- uh…” He stammered, his face quickly heating up as visions and ideas flooded into his brain. “Yeah. I’d like that…a lot.”

Dazai smiled. Seems like he enjoyed the mini-meltdown. “I’m glad. Do you still want to prep me?” He leaned back, making sure to give a deliberate arch of his back while he did. “Or should I put on a little show for you?”

Oh my god oh my god oh my god. Chuuya’s mind went blank again. He didn’t know what magic Dazai was pulling to make him *this* horny, but it was *working.*

Dazai snickered, seeming to have already deduced the answer without any help on Chuuya’s side of things. He leaned to the side, almost shoving his chest in Chuuya’s face as he reached for the nightstand.

Chuuya watched as the cat fumbled with the drawer, messily pulling it open and rummaging around inside until finally, after some effort and searching, he pulled out the lube.

Looks like they were running a bit low, though. Chuuya made a mental note to buy some more when he had the time.

Dazai was about to get started, when Chuuya noticed something. Something around Dazai's neck.

"Wait." He stopped, a hand reaching out and nearly touching the collar. "Could you take this off for me? Would you be comfortable doing that?"

Dazai paused, tilting his chin downwards so he could look at the leather around his neck. "Oh. I didn't even realize that it was still on. It just feels like a part of me, so I often forget about it. Gimme a second."

Briefly setting the lube down on the mattress, Dazai brought both hands behind his neck and unclasped the collar, dropping it down into the pile of his clothes. He did some light neck stretches, showing off the skin.

"Is this better for Chuuya?" He asked, sneaking a bit of childishness into the question. Chuuya smiled, glad to see that Dazai wasn't uncomfortable.

"You still look just as pretty." He replied, relaxing his body and lowering his hand. "Continue now. I'd like to see the show I was promised."

Dazai scoffed, retrieving the lube and putting it back in his hands. "If you keep talking smugly like that, maybe I'll reconsider and have you do it instead."

"Oh no, I get to have my hands on you." Chuuya said with a roll of his eyes. His smile widened. "What a tragedy."

"Quiet." Dazai gave an amused huff before squeezing a nice amount of the substance onto his fingers. After gently tossing the lube onto the floor as well, he used his clean hand to pull down his underwear. Chuuya watched with interest.

He'd been with plenty of people in the past; both men and women alike. He'd watched all sorts of people prepare themselves before, but

none of them even *compare* to the way Dazai does it.

It's like having a private session with a pornstar. Dazai knows just the right way to manipulate his body to give himself pleasure, while also giving Chuuya *incredible* eye candy. The arch of his back, the movement of his hips, even down to the way his tail would brush against the sheets, and then perk up in the air once he hit a particularly nice spot in himself.

Though, even with all of that, Chuuya could tell something was wrong with Dazai. He was biting his lip too hard- stifling his noises. He wasn't doing that because he was embarrassed. Chuuya could tell.

"Dazai?" Chuuya began with uncertainty. What if he really did have the wrong idea after all? "You don't have to stay quiet for me. I won't think it's weird or anything like that."

Dazai stopped his hand, looking up at Chuuya. There was a quiet, and then he smiled. "Right. Sorry, it was another habit of mine."

"You don't have to apologize for that. I understand." *Though I probably just killed the mood a bit.* He kept that part in his head.

It took Dazai a little while to get his fingers moving again. The haze of awkwardness had to pass them, otherwise everything would have turned into a mess. Though once the pace picked back up, it was much more enjoyable- for the both of them.

Dazai looked much more comfortable now, his mouth slightly open to let out all the beautiful noises he desired. And Chuuya accepted them all gratefully. He'd never heard more perfect sounds in his life.

"Chuuya…" Dazai moaned after he'd successfully gotten three fingers inside. "It feels good…"

"Yeah, does it, baby?" His voice was heavy with lust. Heavy with need. "Do you think it would feel better if it was me touching you like that? If it was me three fingers deep inside of you?"

"Always." Dazai whispered-gasped, tilting his head up higher. "Always always always."

Chuuya bit his lip. His boxers were getting soaked like he was a highschooler getting touchy with his first girlfriend. As much as he loved watching Dazai pleasure himself, they'd have to get things moving if Chuuya was going to last to the main event.

“Alright, I think you’re stretched enough. Come closer; I’m feeling left out here.”

Dazai hummed to himself, slowly pulling his fingers out so as to not hurt himself. He wiped them on the sheets before crawling on all fours towards Chuuya. And he didn’t stop until he had the human laying on his back, staring up at him- trapped.

Dazai looked incredibly sexy when he was towering over him. Chuuya knew for a fact he kept that thought internal, but he got the feeling that Dazai had somehow heard the compliment, because the hybrid suddenly flashed him a smirk.

“Never thought I’d see the day where a *hybrid* is dominating a *human* like this. I think I like it.” One of the hands that was placed beside Chuuya’s head moved down to gently brush over his hickey. Chuuya’s body tensed up when it did. Dazai’s touch felt like lightning. A very pleasant lightning.

“Yes, I like it very much.” After the statement, Dazai leaned down and captured Chuuya’s lips in a passionate kiss. It was a different experience, being the one on more of the receiving side, but it was a welcomed change.

There were still plenty of chances for Chuuya to get back at Dazai, after all. He’d let him have this moment.

Dazai broke off the kiss once he was satisfied, leaving Chuuya longing for more. He was panting, needy, and rock hard. Dazai noticed the last fact, and gave a short grind against Chuuya’s clothed erection.

“God, Dazai…” Chuuya mumbled. “You’re being such a tease tonight. Can’t we just get to the good stuff already?”

“What, are you saying *this* doesn’t feel good?” Dazai grinded down again, harder this time. Chuuya was able to cut off his groan.

“It does, but…” Chuuya leaned his head back further into the pillow. “I want to be closer to you.”

Dazai hummed, leaning down until his head rested on Chuuya’s warm chest. “You’re such a dear, Mr. Mafia.”

“Not that fucking nickname again-” Chuuya started, but his voice was cut off when Dazai began rutting his hips against his own. He didn’t start off slow, not by a long shot. It was a quick, messy rubbing of

their dicks together, and it felt fucking *great.*

“Is this…close enough for you now? Chuuya?” Dazai asked, his voice showing that he was being affected by the pleasure as well. It made sense, his body was more vulnerable to the feeling than Chuuya’s was, seeing as Dazai had taken off his boxers.

“Yeah; yeah.” Chuuya replied, trying to push his hips up to meet Dazai in the middle of his rhythm. It was hard, with the cat basically lying on top of him, but just trying made him feel like he was contributing something. “Keep going Dazai- don’t stop.”

Dazai keened, grabbing onto Chuuya’s shoulders for support. He responded by wrapping his arms around Dazai’s, as well. “Chuuya- oh Chuuya, it feels so good! Ch- *mmm!”*

It took a minute for the two of them to become an utter mess. Two sweaty bodies clinging onto each other, chasing relief. Dazai had started to full on moan now, and Chuuya was steadily reaching that point himself. He was certain if they kept going at it like this, he was going to finish in his boxers.

His abdomen felt like it was getting shocked with electricity. Every movement from Dazai caused a wave of euphoria to pass over him, bringing him closer and closer to the edge. The same could be said for Dazai, since his thrusts were getting sloppier with every passing second.

“Nggh- yes! Oh, oh, *oh! Ffff- mmm,* Chuu- aahhh!” Dazai’s eyes were shut tight, his body was probably too overwhelmed to want to worry with his sight. His fingers were digging into Chuuya’s back, and he was positive there were going to be marks left over.

Who knew some simple grinding would end up getting so heated? Then again, they were Dazai and Chuuya, so it was to be expected of them.

Chuuya traveled his hands downwards, settling them on top of Dazai’s ass. It wasn’t too big, but it was round, and fit well in his hands. Chuuya smiled, using his new grip to help Dazai rut against him.

“Oh, yes!” Dazai exclaimed, throwing his head back. His ears were flat against his head, but Chuuya felt that wasn’t a bad thing this time around. Maybe it was a sign of his arousal?

“Chuuya- Chuuya, slow down! Stop!”

Chuuya stopped immediately. “Is something wrong? You didn’t use the safeword, but…did something happen?”

“No…no.” Dazai panted, stopping his hip movements. “I was just getting close. I didn’t want to finish too early. I wanted to ride you, Chuuya.”

“Well then, why wait? I’m ready if you are, baby.” Chuuya said. He helped Dazai by pushing him back. Now, he was straddling him once again. And he still looked just as beautiful.

“Should you take them off, or should I?” Dazai asked, his eyes glancing down at Chuuya’s boxers. “Either way I’ll get to see how big you are again, so I don’t really mind. You choose.”

“It’ll be easier if you take them off for me. You’re sitting upright, after all.” That wasn’t the real reason why he wanted Dazai to do it, though. He just wanted to experience Dazai taking off his boxers. He didn’t know why, but it sounded very appealing to him.

“Well, don’t mind if I do.” Dazai trilled, his fingers curling around the waistband without missing a beat. He moved slowly, sliding them down Chuuya’s thighs. Chuuya helped him get them off by moving his legs, feeling much less restricted once they were finally off.

“That feels much better.” He admitted. “Do you still like it?”

“Obviously.” Dazai said with a smirk, his eyes basically glued onto Chuuya’s dick. “I can’t wait to have it inside me.”

Chuuya groaned, pushing himself up and grabbing Dazai’s hips. His patience was beginning to run thin. He was helplessly hard and helplessly horny, and Dazai’s stalling- accidental or not- was really starting to bug him. “Then get. To it.”

Apparently, Dazai hadn’t been expecting the sudden aggression. His eyes went wide, but he quickly got over the shock. He gave a quiet hum. “Chuuya’s getting a little impatient, I see. Very well, then! Lay back down and I’ll get to work. Don’t worry your short little head.”

Chuuya scoffed, leaning back against the pillows anyways. He kept his hands on Dazai’s waist. He liked having them there. “Why are you suddenly so cocky?”

“Why are *you* suddenly so moody?” Dazai snapped back. “Besides, I’m just enjoying this; having Chuuya under me. I got an ego boost, seeing

you so desperate just now. Thank you, Chuuya."

"You're welcome." Chuuya mumbled sarcastically.

Dazai took the lube in his hands again, putting a generous amount onto Chuuya's dick, before situating himself on top of it. He chucked the lube back onto the sheets, setting his hands on Chuuya's chest. "Ready, shortstack?"

"Start now or your pet names are going to get me soft." He glared, not any less harder than he was before the pet names.

Dazai slowly sank down, being careful not to take in too much and potentially injure himself. Chuuya kept his mouth shut, holding in the many groans and mutters of *'oh God, finally- yes, that feels great'* in order to simply enjoy the moment.

"Mm-" Dazai bit his lip, cutting off the sound. "You still feel just as nice as I remember…"

"I can say the same to you." Chuuya gave a quick glance down. He was about halfway inside of Dazai at this point. The warm, tight walls were squeezing him in the most amazing way. He wasn't sure his bed had ever felt more comfortable before. "Are you alright? Not too much?"

Dazai shook his head. "I'm good. I can take you; I've done it before."

"I remember." Chuuya smirked, purposefully squeezing Dazai's hips. The hybrid rolled his eyes, lowering himself further.

"Yeah yeah, whatever. Want me to go fast or slow?"

"I thought you were the one in charge this time, baby. Why are you looking to me for advice?" Chuuya knew he was being a little mean, but Dazai was asking for it with all the short nicknames. And besides, a little banter never hurt anybody- especially not Dazai.

"I just wanted to make sure I wouldn't overstimulate you too soon, *darling."* Dazai shot back, his lips curling up into a smirk. Chuuya's face flushed at the pet name. The way it rolled off of Dazai's tongue sounded so sultry, and yet so romantic at the same time.

"Fuck," He cursed under his breath. He hoped Dazai didn't feel the way his dick had just twitched inside of him. He probably did, but thankfully he never said anything.

Instead, he started to move. A slow movement up, followed by a quicker travel back down. Dazai grunted, before going back up again. “I forgot how much arm strength this requires.”

“Aw, poor baby doesn’t have muscles.” Chuuya teased. “Don’t worry. If you fall short, I’ll pick up where you left off.”

“Check your height before you talk about short.” Dazai scoffed, picking up the pace now that he was more comfortable. Neither of them really meant any harm. This was their way of getting rid of all bad thoughts and feelings now, so they could fully enjoy the experience later on. Chuuya’s chest felt a lot lighter after the small argument, but still, he felt the need to make it up to Dazai.

“So pretty…” He mumbled, appreciating the way Dazai looked while engrossed in his task. His bangs would move and briefly cover his eyes every time he went down. His tail would sometimes pop into Chuuya’s vision with aggressive flicks and lashes. If he really looked, in the dim lighting of the room, he could sometimes see himself through Dazai’s stomach. *That* really made his head go fuzzy with all sorts of feelings.

Dazai’s throat vibrated at the compliment, tilting his head up to stare at the ceiling. “Praise me more…” He demanded, the end of his words shaking as they left his throat.

“If you insist.” Chuuya snaked one of his hands up Dazai’s body until his thumb was at the perfect position to give a few rolls on the hybrid’s right nipple. Dazai groaned, his hands clenching Chuuya’s pecs as he kept his body moving. “You’re so… *fuck,* you’re so beautiful when you’re on top of me like this. So sexy when you take charge and let yourself shine through. You’re perfect, baby. Perfect for me.”

Dazai moaned, finally bringing his head back down to stare right into Chuuya’s eyes. “Chuuya, ‘m close…gonna cum.”

“That’s good, baby.” Chuuya pinched his nipple. “Do you want me to pull out after you finish?”

“Please.” Dazai whispered. Chuuya wasn’t offended by that. He wasn’t ready yet, and Chuuya was willing to wait. All things in good time, as they say.

After a few more trips up and down Chuuya’s cock, Dazai finally spilled over his stomach. Chuuya watched breathlessly, and while it didn’t feel great when Dazai shakily got off, he wasn’t disappointed for long. Dazai wrapped his skilled fingers around his length, and

pushed Chuuya off the edge himself.

Chuuya closed his eyes, letting his mouth hang open on a moan as he climaxed. He needed a moment to catch his breath and recompose himself. It felt like he was having a seizure with how good he was feeling right now. A very pleasurable seizure.

“So, did you like it?” Asked Dazai, who recovered first. He sounded equally proud of himself, and equally nervous. That last part wasn’t good.

Chuuya opened up his eyes, giving a reassuring grin. “Yeah, I liked it. Liked it a lot, as a matter of fact.”

“What a relief.” Dazai’s pupils dilated, and his tail gave a calm swish against Chuuya’s knee. “I’d like to do that again sometime. Riding Chuuya is fun.”

“All you have to do is ask.” Chuuya took his hands away from Dazai, using them to push himself upright. “So, do you want a bubble bath?”

Dazai hummed, thinking it over. “...Could Chuuya and I take a shower together instead?”

“Oh.” Chuuya paused. They’d never done anything like that before. “Uh, sure. Yeah, we can do that. Anything else?”

This time, Dazai *blushed.* That got Chuuya very curious as to what he was going to suggest.

“Could I…sleep with Chuuya tonight?”

“You just did that, try again.” Chuuya teased. Dazai glared at him.

“Shut up, you know what I mean.”

He let himself laugh for a total of three seconds. “Okay, okay, I was just joking with you. Yes, you can share a bed with me tonight. I won’t mind at all. As long as you don’t snore, that is.”

Dazai chuckled, lightening back up. “I don’t; promise.”

Chuuya leaned forward, giving Dazai a quick peck on the cheek. “I’ll go get the shower warmed up. You stay here and rest those pretty legs, baby.”

Dazai giggled from the affection, and Chuuya slid off the bed. Though

before he could start heading towards the bathroom, Dazai grabbed his wrist. “Wait.”

“Yeah?” Chuuya turned his head back to his partner. “What is it?”

“Could you…start calling me ‘sweetheart’ as well?”

Chuuya’s heart *melted.* This was a big sign of trust from Dazai. He knew that most of the cute, romantic names out there were addressed to the cat in a negative way back at his center. If Dazai was giving him another name that he was alright with, that meant things were working. He was helping Dazai, and this was the proof that he needed.

Chuuya was positive that his smile went all the way up to his ears when he opened his mouth to reply. “You know I would do anything for you, sweetheart. Anything at all.”

Chapter End Notes

> Idk why but my mind was just blank and foggy while writing this chapter. I'm so sorry if it isn't as good of quality as usual
>
> I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!
>
> Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!
>
> Next Chapter Preview:
> ' “Thank you.” Chuuya smiled, giving Dazai the most affection he could in public; a squeeze on the shoulder. “I’ll probably be back here in a few hours. Have fun.” '
>
> A PURRFECT COMPANION HAS EVEN MORE FANART! Thank you to the amazing Kuro on Twitter for making TWO pieces of art for this fanfiction!! I was so shocked when I got the notifications, and it seriously made my day!! Here are the links, so please give them some support! Art 1 Art 2
>
> Fanart Section!!: Zuzii Kuro 1 Kuro 2

Chapter 27: The Party

Chapter Summary

The moment you've all been waiting for is here...enjoy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Today was the day. The work party.

Chuuya knew how to appropriately dress for these events. Not completely formal, but stylish enough that people still respect you. Hence the fitted long-sleeved black shirt combined with the dark gray jeans. He added a nice belt for good measure as well.

Dazai needed some help figuring out what to wear, though. Chuuya thought it would be super cute if they matched, so he put Dazai in a black sweater. Dazai said he didn't want jeans, so Chuuya found some pants that looked similar enough. He didn't need a belt either, since the pants didn't require them.

"Will others think it's weird that we're matching?" Dazai asked while they were putting their shoes on.

"Probably not." He said. "If anything, they'll assume it's so I don't lose you; or to make sure people know you're…ugh…'mine'."

Chuuya was alright saying Dazai was his in a romantic sense, but saying it with any other purpose made his throat feel tight. How Dazai was able to say stuff like that without any trouble was a mystery to him.

"Oh; if that's the case, do you think other hybrids will be matching with their humans?"

Chuuya shrugged, standing up now that he had his shoes on. Dazai followed suit not long after. "Who knows? The car is waiting for us outside. Are you ready to go?"

"Yep! I've got my game face on!" By 'game face', Dazai meant he was ready to act like Chuuya's pet. The euphemism was appreciated, so he put on a smile.

“Perfect, let’s go.”

They decided to take the stairs to the ground floor, since Chuuya didn’t feel like potentially getting stuck with a coworker, and potentially having to answer questions about Dazai that he didn’t want to. Every once in a while, Dazai would grunt, whine, or make some other hint of discomfort when he went down a step, and when Chuuya would turn around to see if he’s alright, Dazai would complain that his legs were sore.

Chuuya felt mildly responsible for that.

Actually, he was *completely* responsible for that.

Finally, they made it to the ground floor and out the door. Just like Chuuya said, there was a car outside waiting for them. He’d prepared for it last night, since he didn’t feel like walking all the way to the base.

The driver was outside, and once he saw them coming, he ducked his head and opened the backseat door for them. Chuuya and Dazai both nodded respectfully, and then slipped inside. Chuuya let Dazai take the window seat, since he knew Dazai enjoyed watching the street pass by in a blur while inside a car.

That had been the first part of him Chuuya noticed after that auction.

The ride wasn’t too long- only six minutes. They were already in Port Mafia territory to begin with, anyway.

Dazai got out of the car first, and Chuuya followed after him, though not before giving a tip to their driver. Once the door was closed behind him, the car took off, leaving Chuuya and Dazai standing before the entrance of the base’s doors.

“Are you ready?” Chuuya asked, looking at Dazai. The hybrid was staring up at the tip of the buildings, probably amazed by the height of them.

“We need the leash.” Dazai replied, lowering his head to stare at the doors. “Did you bring it with you?”

Chuuya gave an audible sigh of annoyance. “Yeah, I got it here.” He dug the leash out of his pockets, unraveling it. Once he was finished, Dazai was already facing him, head tilted so his neck was on display. So his collar was on display.

Chuuya clipped the leash onto the light blue collar, keeping a gentle grip on the end of it. “There. *Now* are you ready?”

Dazai nodded. “Yeah. Let’s go.”

So they went inside. Chuuya was already used to all the colors, patterns, and decorations inside of the Port Mafia’s base. In fact, he’d memorized them to a T.

Dazai, however, had to carefully and secretly admire every new thing his eyes saw. His face was stoic and his body was still. His pupils were the only part of his body moving.

They stayed by the door for about fifteen seconds.

“I don’t know where to go next.” Chuuya admitted. He was expecting Dazai to reply with a joke or a lighthearted insult, but he quickly remembered Dazai couldn’t say things like that to him. At least not right now.

Once they got home, Chuuya was positive Dazai’s mouth would be talking up a storm.

“Hey, Chuuya-san!” His head lifted once he heard a familiar voice call out his name. After looking near the source of the sound, he saw a familiar ginger with a bandage over his nose coming toward him. He had his hand raised as well to draw attention.

“Tachihara.” Chuuya greeted once he was close enough. “What’s up?”

“Nothing much. I just got here myself. This is your first pet party, right?”

“Yeah…” Chuuya had to stop himself from glancing at Dazai. He had to keep up appearances. Instead, he looked his coworker up and down. “I don’t see yours, though. Did something happen to it?”

“Nah, I dropped it off. Grunts rearranged a room to put the hybrids in when you don’t want to lug them around. You should probably do that sooner or later. It’s easier to talk to other people when you’re not dragging something with you on a leash.” Tachihara pointed to a room that’s usually a lounge area for when people are on break.

“I see.” Chuuya gave a nod. “Remind me again what hybrid you have? You just got it recently, right?”

“Yeah, a few weeks ago. I got a dog, since I guessed if I trained it right, it could come with me on missions.”

“An attack dog.” Chuuya supplied.

Tachihara snapped his fingers. “Yeah, that’s it! I haven’t been able to make a whole ton of progress, though. It’s not in the best of health, so I need to get it checked out by Higuchi sometime soon.”

“That’s a smart idea. I had Higuchi check on Dazai a week after I got him, and she was a huge help.” He left out the part where it was just him going into heat, since that wasn’t relevant.

“Really? Well, then I guess I really gotta get on that. Thanks for the advice, man!” Tachihara gave another friendly hand raise before turning on his heel and going into another part of the building.

“Yeah.” Chuuya waited until he was absolutely positive he wouldn’t be heard. Once he reached that point, he sighed. “Well, at least now we know where to go, right?”

He glanced down at Dazai, who nodded, eyes still looking straight ahead.

Keeping a firm yet relaxed grip on the leash, Chuuya slowly led Dazai through the building. He purposefully went slow, since he knew Dazai wanted to look around and study the place. He’d always been interested in where Chuuya worked, and he doubted he’d have another chance to see it anytime soon.

He passed by some other coworkers on the way, giving them a quick hello, but never bothering to slow down and talk to them. Most of them were lower on the scale anyway, so even just acknowledging them was nice enough.

They made it to the makeshift daycare, and Chuuya could see through the glass walls the sheer amount of animals inside. He gave another look at Dazai, and this time, he was looking back.

“Alright, I’m gonna drop you off here. Make some friends like you wanted to, yeah?” He unclasped the leash, rolling it up and putting it in his pocket. “And if you need anything, come find me. Don’t feel sorry, don't overthink it, just come find me. Okay?”

Dazai was still quiet.

“Okay?” Chuuya repeated. “Vocally, please.”

“Okay.” Dazai finally said. “I’ll find you if I need anything.”

“Thank you.” Chuuya smiled, giving Dazai the most affection he could in public; a squeeze on the shoulder. “I’ll probably be back here in a few hours. Have fun.”

--

Dazai didn’t like being alone without Chuuya, but he had to learn to get used to it. He was certain he’d get his fair share of Chuuya time once they got back to the apartment, anyways. For now, he had to find something else to do.

He knew he told Chuuya he was going to make some friends, but in this situation, it was difficult to talk to the other hybrids. They were all tense; all nervous. The scent of it was thick in the air, filling Dazai’s nostrils with every breath. He nearly started breathing through his mouth because of just how much there was. So much fear.

Dazai hadn’t handled this much fear in months. It brought him back; but he managed to keep himself composed. He’d been trained to do that.

“I’m scared, Shuuji.” One of the other hybrids whispered while in his hold. Kaba was her name. She was a bunny. “It’s my fault.”

“You don’t need to feel sorry.” He mumbled reassuringly, petting her hair to try and calm her down. He would purr if he could, but his throat was too locked up. It hurt just to get the words out. “I can handle it, you know I can. It would be worse if you got in trouble instead of me.”

They had been cooking together. They had been cooking and Kaba was distracting him. She was running around the kitchen, trying to bring some fun into it. During her excitement, she bumped into Dazai, causing him to drop a jar filled with rice. The glass shattered across the floor.

Hybrids weren’t allowed to break things. So now he was awaiting his discipline.

“I don’t want to see you hurt. It makes everybody else sad. We need you, Shuuji.” Kaba’s voice regained some volume, looking up at him with wide eyes, filled with emotion. She was bad at hiding them. That wasn’t good.

“I know.” There was nothing else he could say. Nothing would make her feel better. Nothing would stop the inevitable. It was only a matter of time.

They both felt him coming. Their senses were sharp.

Master rounded the corner three seconds later, his head tilted towards the two hybrids huddled together on the floor. The glass had been cleaned up already, but that wouldn’t help with anything.

There was a smile on his face. That wasn’t good, either. “Shuuji, dear; come with me, won’t you?”

“Yes, Master.” Dazai mumbled, making Kaba let go of him so he could stand up. He felt colder without her holding him. It was an almost comforting numbness, though. Certainly better than what was to come.

They walked through the halls, not sparing any glances to the other hybrids who were probably there with them. His ears were lowered.

“Do you know what you did, Shuuji?” Master asked.

“I broke a jar.” Dazai answered, keeping his voice quiet. Master didn’t like loud noises. Unless they were two specific loud noises.

“And you know what I have to do, don’t you?”

“Discipline me.” His tongue went dry. Just the word sent shivers down his spine. Hopefully Master would understand that it wasn’t his fault. Hopefully he would be merciful.

They made it to the office. Master said it was like a miniature hospital. Dazai didn’t know what a hospital was, so that didn’t help.

There were bottles of liquids lining up the walls. Bandages of all shapes and sizes and colors. Though, the colorful ones were for the fourteen year-olds. Any older and they stopped being nice.

Dazai was almost seventeen. He’d been here for nearly three years; and he’s had his fair share of discipline.

There was a table in the center of the room. There was also a chair to the side. The chair looked comfortable- and it was, but Dazai still didn’t like it.

The comfort was short-lasting.

“Take a seat, Shuuji.” Master instructed, going behind him to close the door. Dazai obeyed, walking to the chair and turning around to sit. It was

uncomfortable on his tail, since it was stuck inside of his pants. He made sure his arms and legs were positioned comfortably on the chair, though.

He wouldn't be able to move them for a while. He knew.

He recognized once Master turned around and saw him, because his nose picked up the scent of excitement. "Good boy, Shuuji. You listen so well."

He had to listen. If he listened, maybe it wouldn't be as bad. It's worked before. Being good always gets him somewhere.

Usually.

Sometimes.

Almost never.

He kept his gaze on his right arm. He watched as Master took the bands attached to the chair and clasped them around his wrist, locking his arm in place. He did it with the other arm, then his left leg, then his right leg.

There was a band on his neck now, too. He couldn't move any part of him except for his abdomen.

He watched. It was all he could do. He watched as Master walked over to one of the drawers and opened them. He knew what he kept in that drawer.

He closed his eyes. He didn't want to see. His heart was already picking up speed, and he couldn't risk letting anything show.

Stay calm.

"Shuuji, darling." The voice was close. Master had walked back over to the chair. He was able to resist the flinch.

"Yes…Master?" He asked. He had to speak as little as possible. Master couldn't hear the tremble in his voice.

"I want you to look at me, sweetheart. It hurts less with your eyes open. I'm looking out for you."

Dazai didn't like being called sweetheart. He also didn't like the hand that placed itself on his cheek. He sucked in a breath through his teeth. He had to listen. He had to listen.

He opened his eyes, and immediately, his gaze landed on the piece of metal

in Master's hand. His pupils shrank into slits and his ears went flush against his head.

Dazai didn't like the scalpel. He was afraid.

"What's with that look, dear?" Master asked, his voice dripping with faux concern. "You know I'll take good care of you. I always do."

Dazai whimpered. Though he masked it as an 'mhm' sound by nodding his head as much as he could.

Dazai's shirt didn't have any sleeves. The humans said it was so cooking and cleaning was easier, but Dazai knew it was because they didn't want to waste money buying good quality clothing for their hybrids.

No sleeves were convenient for discipline, though. They didn't need to roll anything up. His arms were on display. Day in and day out, they were visible.

So everybody knew when he got in trouble.

The scalpel moved, and Dazai's body went tense. His breathing picked up, his chest heaving as he fixated on the tool slowly creeping closer to his arm. His right one.

"Don't squirm." Master said, his voice going cold. He could still smell the excitement. Master liked bringing him pain. "That'll make it worse. I might cut a vein open; and we don't want that, do we?"

It was rhetorical. Dazai wasn't supposed to answer, so he didn't.

While he was busy processing the question, Master delivered the first slice right under his shoulder.

Dazai shut his lips tight, his shriek muffled inside of his mouth. It burned. The pain burned compared to the coldness of the room.

"Aw, don't be like that." Master cooed. "Let me hear you. You know I enjoy it, Shuuji. You want to make me happy, don't you?"

Screaming was one of the loud noises Master liked. Especially if it came from Dazai. And even more so if they were screams of pain. Agony. Anguish.

"Sorry." Dazai said. "I'm sorry, Ma-AAAH!"

He cut him in the middle of his sentence. It was smart. His mouth was open

while talking- it only made sense. Still, it hurt.

"That's better. I think for a broken jar you should get ten, don't you?" Another rhetorical question. He had no choice. He would get ten cuts and there was no haggling to be done. Still, he had to reply.

"Y…Yes, Master."

Dazai looked down at his arms. They were covered by the sweater he was wearing, but he knew what was under them. Scars. And way more than ten, that was for certain.

He'd lost count at around thirty. And that was only on one arm.

He exhaled. There was no turning back time. The scars had solidified into his skin. Thin white lines were now covering his body. It was fine. It was just a reminder.

He ventured further into the room, taking note of all the other hybrids. It seemed like some humans brought more than one, since those animals were bunched up together, whispering conversations to each other.

Who could he talk to in this environment without either making a scene or making a fool of himself? Dazai personally didn't want to do either of those things.

"Osamu?"

Dazai's ears perked up. Who said that? He turned his head, trying to find the source of the voice. It was quiet, with a slight rasp to it. It didn't sound healthy.

"Osamu." The voice reemerged, sounding more sure of itself. They must have said it without being certain. Him reacting to the name confirmed their suspicions, it seemed.

Since this time, this voice was louder, Dazai was able to pinpoint who said it. It was a dog, with messy black hair that turned white at the tips. He had a black spiked collar around his neck.

The shock lasted for three seconds. Then all he felt was *joy*.

"Ryuunosuke!" Dazai exclaimed, running forward and crashing into the younger hybrid, knocking him to the floor. Arms wrapped around

his center. He'd missed those arms.

"Osamu." Ryuu whispered, his face pressed against Dazai's neck. "What are you doing here?"

"What are *you* doing here?" Dazai shot back, leaning away just enough that he could look over the dog. He didn't look well.

His health must have gotten worse after he left. Dogs didn't fare well with separation, so it only made sense.

"My Master is a mafia member." He said. Dazai stopped himself from cringing at the poor status of his voice. "Is yours…?"

"Yes." He nodded, his hands trying to find the best place to situate themselves. He finally decided that Ryuu's arms were a nice place. Not too intimate. Not too scary. But still comforting. "Are you okay?"

"Emotionally, yes- now that you're here." Ryuu answered. "We've missed you so much, Osamu. You look better now."

Dazai smiled. It was clear he'd put on weight. In fact, he might be the heaviest hybrid in the room. Which was concerning, since he was still trying to make his way up to the national average weight. "I've missed you both, as well. Not a day has gone by where-"

He stopped. Something wasn't right.

Dazai looked around the room, trying to spot another familiar face. He couldn't find it. Everybody else was a stranger to him. He didn't recognize their scent, either.

Once he looked back at Ryuu, his voice was shaky with concern. "Ryuunosuke…where is Gin?"

"She…" Ryuu took in a large, wheezing breath. He really didn't look well. "She was bought by somebody else. We were separated."

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' For a split second, Dazai wondered what he was actually doing.

Was this really a good idea? Would this actually work? Though, all of those questions didn’t matter anymore. '

Fanart Section!!: Zuzii Kuro 1 Kuro 2

Chapter 28: Separation

Chapter Summary

Dazai...does stuff!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Separation was hard. Dazai was separated from his mother, but he got over it. Dazai was separated from many hybrids who he'd grown close to since they were purchased, but he got over it.

Separation was hard for everybody. But siblings? They had it the worst. And *dog* siblings? Worse than the worst.

Now it made sense why Ryuu looked so sick. Why his skin was so pale and his voice was so weak. It was because his sister was gone.

"Oh, Ryuunosuke." Dazai would cry if he could. Ryuu and Gin were like his own little siblings. He cared for them with his life. They didn't deserve this sorrow. "How long have you had to deal with this?"

"Weeks." Ryuu wheezed. Dazai's grip on his arms tightened through anger, but he quickly relaxed his grip.

"I'm sorry." He leaned forward until his forehead connected with Ryuu's. "I'm *so* sorry."

"You didn't do anything. You had no part in it." Ryuu's arms around his waist tightened. Dazai had no intention of leaving. "You've done…" He paused to take a breath. "...nothing but help us, Osamu."

That's true. Dazai pulled their heads away from each other. His mind felt a lot clearer now.

"Ryuunosuke…were you there when Gin was bought?"

The dog nodded.

Dazai hummed, an idea hatching in his plan. *Maybe…I'll be able to help them again.*

He closed his eyes, pulling himself farther into his head- his thinking space. It wouldn't take him long to come up with a plan. It would

have to be easy enough to do with one simple hybrid, but difficult enough that nothing bad would happen to him.

He had to get back to Chuuya, after all.

Once he opened his eyes, he was ready. “Ryuunosuke, what did her collar look like?”

Ryuu looked surprised at the question, but he complied nonetheless. He was aware of Dazai’s strange ability to come up with plans on the spot.

He was silent while he thought of an answer.. Silent except for his wheezing breaths. “I think…it was metal. With gems on it?”

“Metal?” Dazai’s eyes widened. He’d never heard of a metal collar before. *Poor Gin.*

Refocusing on his task, Dazai started to scan around the room. The plan would fall apart if he couldn’t find what he was looking for. He had to make sure to check every nook and cranny. Though, turns out he didn’t need to, since it was pretty easy to find a group of hybrids, each with similar metal gemmed collars around their neck.

“Gotcha.” He whispered to himself, giving a sideways glance at Ryuu. He addressed him. “Stay here, and say nothing. I’m going to get your sister back. Okay?”

Ryuu nodded, not saying a word. Perfect.

They let go of each other, and Dazai stood up, slowly beginning to make his way over to the group of metal collars. He made his steps slow so he could observe. Observe which hybrid he wanted to approach.

There were three in total. One dog, one fox, and one ferret.

So this human must enjoy collecting rare animals. Dazai deduced. A smile formed on his face. *I’ll fit in perfectly.*

He decided to approach the fox. They looked fidgety and nervous anyway. They wouldn’t last long with a human. Especially one from the mafia. “Hey.”

Their head flipped around towards him. They weren’t expecting anybody to talk to them. Dazai knelt down so they were at eye level.

“I like your collar.” He said, bringing a hand up to point at it. “It’s very pretty.”

He touched one of the gems to fakely admire it. But as soon as he did, the collar unclasped itself and fell to the floor. That would have brought some attention over, if the other hybrids weren’t all too nervous to move. Dazai and the fox stared down at the collar.

What in the world…? How did that happen? Dazai reached out, picking up the collar. It was a little heavy. Probably because it was metal. *The gems aren’t as bright anymore. Don’t tell me…this collar is part of an ability?*

He made eye contact with the fox. They were both quiet for some time. Then Dazai opened his mouth.

“Listen. Get out of here. Run. You know you wouldn’t have lasted with that human anyways. Enjoy your life- as much as you can.”

They didn’t need to be told twice. That fact just made Dazai even more uneasy. As the fox stood up and booked it for the door, Dazai briefly thought that was the last time he’d ever see that fox again. Or the last time that fox would see *anyone* again.

I’m sorry. But I need to do this for Gin. He drew in a deep breath, regaining his composure and clearing his mind once again. With one hand, he unclasped the comfortable blue collar around his own neck, and then replaced it with the cold metal one, putting the old collar in his pocket.

The gems are real. He noticed, now that they were closer to his eyes.

Now he looked like a part of the group. The other hybrids weren’t going to say anything about him. They were just worried about their own skins. He just had to wait until they were gathered to go home. To their home.

To Gin’s home.

While he waited, he busied himself by perfecting his persona. He had to match the energy of the group in order to fit in. If he was too emotional, he would stand out; and if he wasn’t showing *enough* emotion, he would stand out again. There needed to be a perfect middle point. And he had plenty of time to find it.

The dog and ferret were good actors. On the outside, they looked

similar to statues- unmoving except for their breaths. Their faces were stoic, looking down at their laps as they waited. For a human, it was perfect. But for a hybrid, their scent of fear was their only weakness.

It wasn't like they could get rid of their scent, though. There was nothing they could do about it, except stop feeling altogether. Which was a very hard thing to do. It takes years of practice to be able to do it. And Dazai is experienced.

He wondered for a brief moment: What if Chuuya came and got him before he could leave with these two? Then how would he get to Gin? Maybe if he asked Chuuya about it, he could figure out where she went? But then how would they actually *get* her? She belonged to somebody else.

No, this was the best way to get her back as quickly as possible. He didn't want to make Chuuya go against his coworkers. He cared for his job very much, and he didn't want to betray them. Dazai wouldn't force him to make that kind of choice. Especially not for another hybrid he doesn't even know.

An hour and a half later, the door opened, and the two other hybrids turned their heads. Looks like they were getting picked up. Dazai stood up at the same time as them, and situated himself in the back of the line.

The human picking them up looked like a regular grunt. No way this was their master. He must be the escort, then.

They left the room full of hybrids, and not long after, left the building altogether. There was a fancy-looking car waiting for them. A similar car to the one he and Chuuya used to first get here.

The hybrids were stuck in the back. Dazai was internally thankful he got the window seat, since that allowed him to look at the surroundings they were passing. If he could memorize what the streets looked like, he could easily find his way back to Chuuya's work.

For a split second, Dazai wondered what he was actually doing. Was this really a good idea? Would this actually work? Though, all of those questions didn't matter anymore. He had already passed the point of no return. Now, he had to commit to it. No going back.

The drive was a lot longer than the one he'd taken to Chuuya's workplace. In fact, Dazai wasn't sure he'd ever seen this part of Yokohama before. He got a little confused once they began pulling up

to a place where the land was coming to an end. It was just water past the point.

What are those huge containers floating on the water? He wondered, leaning a bit closer to the window to try and see them better. It looked like they were supposed to sink, but somehow, they weren't.

Human inventions sure are a mystery. This was definitely the most impressive one he'd seen so far. Just think how easy it would be to travel to different places on those things!

Wait, don't tell me we're going on that thing?

The car stopped, and the door opened. They were going on that thing. Dazai swallowed silently. Okay. He could do this. Do this for Gin.

The three of them stepped out of the car. The door or something to the large container was opened. Dazai pursed his lips.

He followed the other hybrids up and into the thing. It was pretty dark, but that wouldn't be a problem for him. He gave a quick glance behind him, where their human escort was still on the ground, looking like he was getting things prepared.

Hopefully I'll have some time before that door closes. Dazai looked forward again. It was clear the hybrids in front of him were heading to their quarters, since they weren't given orders to go anywhere else. If Dazai kept following them, they'd lead him to Gin.

He just wishes they could walk faster. He was running out of time here!

They made it to a hallway filled with doors on either side. Large, metal doors that were no doubt locked. Just seeing them made Dazai's tail twitch in anger. How dare somebody treat Gin this way? They had no right.

He waited, leaning against the wall until the other two opened the doors to their own rooms. He waited some more, counting to seven, before he got to work.

Now that he was alone, he didn't have to act as part of the group. He pushed himself off the wall, sticking his nose in the air as he began to sniff. Even though it had been a long time, Dazai had Gin's scent memorized. If he could pick up a hint of it, he'd be able to find her in no time.

He took slow, soft steps through the hall, never letting his nose take a break. He blocked off any smells he didn't recognize, determined to get this done quickly. He had no choice but to do that.

He passed eight doors before he finally caught a familiar scent. The scent of wild flowers. *Gin's* wild flowers.

Dazai had to stop himself from letting out an excited squeak.

He tracked the scent, speeding up the pace of his walk, but making sure to keep it quiet enough that nobody would think to check out the area. The more steps he took, the stronger the scent got. Finally, after some more tracking, he ended up in front of her door.

Okay. He dug into his pocket, pulling out one of his lockpicking tools. It was a small piece of metal- one which he was able to easily bend to fit any sort of lock. He was suddenly very thankful he decided to bring it with him today. *Time to get to work.*

He leaned his body down, getting a good look at the lock before bending the piece of metal. He poked and prodded the inside of the lock, skillfully twisting his hands until he heard a small *click!* in the empty hall.

He hastily pushed the door open, charging inside. As his eyes landed on Gin, who was sitting on the floor, he was suddenly very thankful this wasn't the wrong door. That would have been really awkward.

"Gin!" He raised his voice just enough to surprise her. Her entire body flipped around, staring at him with outspread eyes.

"Osamu?" She asked. Her voice cracked. Dazai flinched, before sprinting over to her, and skidding to a halt once he'd made it to his destination. He crouched down, quickly analyzing her.

She didn't look well.

"Gin." He said again.

"Osamu." She repeated as well. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to help you escape." He replied, lightly tapping the collar around her neck. It unclasped, falling to the ground with an echoed thunk. Gin's body jumped, and she stared down at the thick metal.

"How-"

“It’s an ability.” Dazai explained, standing up and extending a hand towards her. He used his other hand to take off his own collar. “Come on, we don’t have a lot of time. We need to leave.”

He was seriously thankful that the Akutagawa siblings trusted him so much. If he told them they needed to do something, they followed him without question. Gin took his hand, using the support to pull herself to her feet. She gave him a silent nod, telling him: *‘I’m ready. Let’s go.’*

Keeping her hand in his, he started to run. He’d memorized the path he took to get to this hallway, so all he had to do was backtrack his way towards the entrance. Or, well, the *exit,* now.

Things were going well. There were no roadblocks, no distractions, nothing stopping them. At least until they neared their destination.

Dazai was just about to turn the corner and run off the container with Gin, when his quick eyes spotted the human that had brought them here. He was now inside the container, guarding the exit. And worst of all, the ramp was beginning to *close.*

Dazai skidded, backing away to make sure they weren’t in the guard’s line of sight. Thankfully, Gin didn’t make a sound.

He turned around, crouching to the floor once again and grabbing a hold of Gin’s shoulders. “Listen to me.” He commanded.

Gin listened.

“Here’s what you’re going to do.” Dazai reached into his pocket, taking out his light blue collar and placing it in one of Gin’s hands. “You’re going to get off of this thing, and follow the scent on my collar. It should lead you to a short ginger in fancy clothing and a tacky hat. His name is Chuuya; he’s my master. Tell him you’re my friend, and tell him what happened. He should put you in the care of a man with glasses and his dog. Their names are Ango and Odasaku. They’re my friends, they’ll take care of you. Don’t worry about me. Don’t look back. Just do what I said, do you hear me?”

Gin nodded. He could see all of the questions in her eyes. ‘ *What are you going to do? Will you be right behind me? What about Ryuunosuke; is he alright?”* He wanted to answer them, but they didn’t have time.

“Go, now! Run!” Dazai yelled, and Gin obeyed. She turned the corner, where the guard was now on alert because of the loud voice. Dazai was right behind Gin, but his target was different. Before the guard

could take a step to stop the dog, Dazai tackled him to the ground. It was similar to the fight he had in that alleyway, but this time, Dazai wouldn't bite unless he had to.

He kept the human pinned to the cold metal, watching as Gin ran onto the lifting ramp, and jumped out of his sight. She made it. *She was safe.*

Now he had to worry about himself. He scrambled off the human, dodging when he attempted to grab the bottom of his shirt. Pushing himself onto his feet, he ran towards the ramp.

His hands hit cold metal. The exit was blocked.

"Shit!" Dazai cursed. He'd never said a swear like that before; it felt strange. *Maybe Chuuya is rubbing off on me.*

It took another second for all of Dazai's danger senses to go off. His skin prickled, and his pupils shrank. Without sparing a glance towards the human he'd tackled to the ground, he dashed in the opposite direction. He didn't know what would happen if he stayed, and he didn't feel like sticking around to find out, either.

As he ran, he heard a voice echo through the container. "Attention all guards! There's a stray cat aboard the ship who's on the attack! Running right from the ship's entrance! Track it down and capture it!"

Dazai was a stray now. It made sense why the human came to that assumption with him. He wasn't wearing a collar, and he was acting violent. Those are often the two main traits a stray possesses.

Still, he could worry about clearing that mistake up later. For now, he had to run, and he had to hide. The entire 'ship' or whatever was going to be looking for him, and he was just one cat. There was no way he'd be able to fight off all those humans. At least not for long.

Where can I go? Where can I go? Dazai's eyes were searching desperately for someplace- *anyplace* he could go where he'd be safe. But all the doors were like Gin's: locked shut. It would take too long for him to pick one open, and even if he did, it would be obvious that's where he was hiding.

I don't like ships very much. Dazai scowled, picking up the pace. He could hear footsteps distantly behind him. They weren't very fast, but they still made his throat feel tight.

He rounded a corner, but instantly froze in place when he saw three humans in that hall. Their heads turned in his direction, and they moved.

Dazai's shoulders raised, and he turned around, running back the way he'd came. This wasn't good. This really wasn't good.

The footsteps he'd heard earlier had caught up to him. Two more humans closed him in the hallway. Dazai stopped running.

What should I do? What can I do!? Dazai was starting to panic; he could tell from how fast his heart was starting to beat. He was outnumbered, five to one. If he tried to push past one, four others would be able to grab him. One for each limb.

Think, Dazai! Think! You have to get back to Chuuya! They were slowly moving closer to him. Dazai knew what they were doing. They were doing that dumb tactic he'd seen so many times before: where humans believe if you slowly get closer to a scared animal, it's less likely to run.

Dazai growled at them. *Get away. Get back!*

A hand grabbed Dazai's wrist. He reacted instantly, lunging towards the humans with the intent to bite. Though before his teeth could sink into flesh, another human shoved a balled up cloth into his mouth, using their other hand to grab at the back of Dazai's neck, immobilizing his head.

He thrashed. He thrashed and fought and screamed as the five humans brought him to his knees on the ground. He was acting wild, deranged. But he wasn't either of those things; he was just desperate.

More footsteps echoed through the metal hallway. Dazai glared his eyes up at the source. A human with ashy-blonde hair. He dressed fancy, like Chuuya did. Was he a mafia member as well?

"Well, look at that." The human said, his smirk reaching all the way up to his purple eyes. "I recognize you. Though, when I saw you on my screens you didn't look quite as rabid."

Dazai growled again. It was muffled by the cloth currently scraping against his tongue.

The human snapped his fingers, and Dazai's mouth was suddenly empty. He moved his mouth around until it was comfortable, then,

“Get these men off of me! Get me off this thing!”

“Quiet down, kitty.” The human said, his voice much too sadistic for Dazai’s liking. “And listen to me. My name’s Ace: Port Mafia Executive. Though, you can call me your new owner.”

“As if! Choke on a lead pipe!” Dazai spat, trying to get his arms free so he could scratch that man’s pale skin. “You aren’t my new anything! I’m already taken by Nakahara Chuuya, a *better* Port Mafia Executive!”

“Are you now?” Ace stepped closer, kneeling down to stare at Dazai’s neck. Dazai’s *bare* neck. “I don’t see any evidence of that. All I see is that a cat without a collar found its way onto my ship. As far as I’m concerned, I can take possession of you. In fact, you should have been mine from the very start. Ever since that auction.”

The auction? Dazai showed no confusion. Confusion was a weakness. “I don’t ever recall having your name put on me back then. You can’t make that claim. I’m Chuuya’s.”

Ace’s gaze suddenly hardened into a glare that matched his own. “You were *going* to be mine. But the grunt I sent to buy you got busy with a woman in the bathroom. Selfish prick, I had him killed. And that privileged little shrimp got to you first.”

Abruptly, Dazai’s blood ran hot with fury as the words traveled through his ears. This vermin just insulted his partner. “Don’t you *ever* call him that!” He raged, trying to lean forward and rip a chunk out of the fancy mafioso. Ace just smiled, making some sort of facial signal towards one of the humans currently holding Dazai down.

Two fingers pinched the back of his neck. Dazai’s eyes widened, and his body went limp immediately. The human used a trick on him. And Dazai obeyed.

His mind went empty, only one word coursing through it:

Pathetic.

All these months. All this work, and Dazai still hadn’t learned. *Pathetic.*

Chuuya tried so hard for him. Tried so hard to help him heal. *Pathetic.*

And even though he’d tried *so hard,* Dazai was still just a pet. It was in his nature. In his blood. *Pathetic.*

He could never learn. He should have realized that from the start.

Now that there was no screaming to worry about, Ace stood to his feet, smoothing out his suit. “Let’s find a room to put you in. Welcome to my crew, Tsushima Shuuji.”

Dazai bowed his head, hiding his face from the world. He was ashamed. He was nothing.

He is pathetic.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' The dog’s eyes looked around for a moment, before she shook her head a few seconds later. The answer seemed uncertain, but Chuuya was deciding to trust her; for now. '

Fanart Section!!: Zuzii Kuro 1 Kuro 2

Chapter 29: A Stranger's Face, A Partner's Friend

Chapter Summary

The party ends and...wait...where's Dazai?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The party was going more or less the way Chuuya had expected it to. Large tables filled the room, decorated with an assortment of foods, drinks, and wines of all kinds. The last part was one that Chuuya appreciated the most. The Port Mafia never bought cheap wine- only the good stuff. It fit his tastes.

Currently, Chuuya was leaning slightly against the wall, with a glass of half-drunk wine comfortably in between his fingers. The alcohol was keeping his mind calm, for now. If he drank too much though, he might get cranky. He had to limit himself today.

Most people were talking and mingling, mingling and talking. But of course, there were a large handful that still had their hybrids with them, attached to their leashes. *Those* people were either showing off their pets, or trying to trade them for a younger, healthier, or prettier one.

Chuuya hated watching people trade hybrids. It just felt so…wrong. But he couldn't do anything about it, except look away and pretend it wasn't happening.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" Kouyou walked over to him, striding with elegance, like she always was. There was a glass of wine in her hand as well. Chuuya smiled as she came closer, glad for the mild distraction.

"It looks nice." He said, taking a quick look at Kouyou's outfit. She was still in a kimono, but this one looked fancier; newer. "You look nice as well, Ane-san."

"You flatter me." Her lipstick curved into a smile. "I've raised a true gentleman."

He chuckled, making sure the movement didn't cause his wine to spill. He wasn't too keen on wasting quality alcohol. "Yeah. How's Hirotsu doing?"

"Much better. He should be able to return to his duties in a few days." Kouyou supplied with a nod. Chuuya was glad nothing serious had happened to Hirotsu. He was a kind old man. Strong, too. He was a very valuable asset to the mafia.

"Thanks again for looking after Dazai. I know I never really told you to, but he seems to enjoy your company more than he used to." Chuuya took a sip of wine afterwards, not wanting his glass to go to waste. "That makes me happy."

"Dazai is a very intelligent creature." Kouyou complimented, her gaze lifting up as she talked about the hybrid. "I'm positive that if he wasn't a cat, he would have already climbed up the ranks in the mafia."

Chuuya hummed, thinking over the possibility. "I guess you're right. He'd be very useful for strategy. But still, it might be too dangerous."

"Your protective nature still persists, I see."

"It's Dazai." Chuuya said in reply, not giving any further explanation. Kouyou already knew about their relationship, so she could pick up on the hint. He took another sip of wine to silently tell her this topic of discussion was over.

He stayed by Kouyou's side for a while longer. He always felt more at ease when she was in his line of sight. She had always been there for him when he needed her, after all. She was comforting, she was kind. She was his big sis.

Though, he didn't stay by Kouyou's side the entire time. He made an effort to walk around and talk to other people he found necessary.

The party lasted for three and a half hours. Three and a half hours of mingling and drinking and listening to talk about hybrids he'd rather not hear. He was able to keep up appearances without letting anything slip, which he was thankful for.

Once the boss officially announced the party had come to a close, everybody was excused. Chuuya made sure to politely thank everybody for coming before leaving the room himself. It was his job as an Executive.

And now that everything was over and done with, Chuuya could pick up Dazai and they could go home together. While he was making his way over to the temporary hybrid daycare, Chuuya had to stop himself from smiling. He was just imagining the silly things Dazai would say once they got home. He couldn't wait.

He opened the door and peered inside, expecting Dazai to do the usual thing he did: hear him coming long before he actually opened the door. He was expecting Dazai to either be looking at him, or already be at the door, ready to go home.

But he wasn't. In fact, Chuuya couldn't see him at all.

"Dazai?" He kept his voice quiet. There were still a few other hybrids in the room, and he didn't want to bother them.

Where is he? His heart started to pound with nervousness. He knew for a fact that Dazai wasn't the type to leave and wander around without knowing exactly where he was.

Maybe he got bored and went home. Chuuya finally decided. That was the most likely scenario. Dazai was an impatient little brat, and he most likely memorized the way to their apartment while they were in the car. *Yeah, he probably just went home.*

He had a feeling he was lying to himself as he left the building.

Every step on the sidewalk seemed to echo the pangs of his heartbeat. Every breath he took seemed to tighten his throat up even more. At times like this, Chuuya wished he had Dazai's exceptional sense of smell. If he did, he would have been able to track down where he went.

What am I going to do if he isn't at home? Chuuya wondered, quickly starting to feel like he could have a heart attack at any moment. This really wasn't something he wanted to think about- at all. *What else could have possibly happened to him?*

Maybe he was kidnapped. The thought came into his head, and Chuuya stopped in his tracks. It was lucky nobody was right behind him on the sidewalk, otherwise they probably would have bumped into him.

He gritted his teeth, hands curling into fists by his side. Kidnapped? If Dazai was kidnapped at the *Port Mafia* Headquarters, he would track down whoever so much as *touched* him, and rip them to *shreds* he swears to-

Somebody tapped the side of his arm. Chuuya turned around- not too quickly of course, since he didn't get scared- and was met with a stranger.

It was a dog hybrid. She had long, black hair that went past her elbows. Her eyes were a dark gray, like clouds in the midst of a powerful storm. Her lips were pressed together tightly, a sign of nervousness. Her neck was also bare.

A stray? Chuuya's eyebrows rose. "Hey. Do you need something?"

The dog nodded. Her tail wasn't wagging; it was tucked between his legs. She was definitely scared.

"Are you in trouble?" The dog nodded her head again. Chuuya frowned at that. If this stray wasn't actually a stray, and it was just a runaway, he wasn't really sure he wanted to help her out. He might get in trouble himself. "Did you do something wrong?"

She shook her head.

"Alright." Chuuya let out a small sigh. This dog was reminding him of his first day with Dazai- when the hybrid wouldn't speak to him. She felt slightly different, though. "Can you speak?"

The dog's eyes looked around for a moment, before she shook her head a few seconds later. The answer seemed uncertain, but Chuuya was deciding to trust her; for now.

"Alright, then. Let's go into my house, and I can get you something to write on. You can write…right?"

The dog nodded, and Chuuya nodded in reply, turning around and continuing to walk to his house. He could sense her following close behind him.

Hopefully Dazai wouldn't mind him bringing a dog into their house.

Once they'd climbed up the stairs to Chuuya's apartment, he opened the door, instructing the dog to take off her shoes before coming inside. She complied, and Chuuya shut the door behind them.

"Get comfortable on the couch, I'll go find some paper." Chuuya said, heading into his office. He went straight to his desk, where he opened up a drawer and grabbed a couple pieces of paper. He didn't know how long their conversation was going to take, after all. He also

grabbed a newly sharpened pencil on his way out.

He refused to acknowledge the fact that Dazai hadn't come to greet him yet.

Walking back into the living room, he saw the dog had listened to him, and was sitting on the couch. She seemed much more comfortable now that she was inside. That was good.

"I got the supplies." Chuuya announced, placing the papers and pencil on the coffee table. "Should you just tell me what's going on, or should I ask? Actually, why don't we start with names? I'm Nakahara Chuuya."

The dog leaned forward, grabbing the pencil and beginning to write on one of the papers. Once she was finished, she turned it around. *'Akutagawa Gin'* was what she had written.

"Nice to meet you, Akutagawa." Chuuya said. Akutagawa quickly wrote something again, and Chuuya watched. ' *Gin'*

Chuuya smiled. "My mistake. Nice to meet you, Gin. Now, what's going on? Why did you grab my attention on the street? And why can't you talk? Are you mute?"

Gin shook her head, turning the paper around and hastily scribbling on it. She handed it to Chuuya this time. *'It's selective. I can talk but not a lot'*

Chuuya hummed, reading over the phrase. "I see…that makes sense. Thanks for explaining that." He gave the paper back to her so she could keep communicating with him. "Could you answer my other questions now?"

Gin nodded, hunching over even more as she started writing on the paper again. This response was taking much longer than the others, which probably meant he was going to get a sentence or two.

The page was nearly full by the time Gin handed it to him. Chuuya tried to read through it quickly.

'I'm Osamu's friend. He helped me get off a ship but he got left behind. He told me to come find you so you can help him. I have his collar in my pocket. He also said you have two friends that could keep me safe. Sorry'

That was definitely *not* what Chuuya was expecting to read. At least

now he knew why Dazai wasn't at home. Because he was a selfless idiot.

"You have his collar?" Chuuya reread that phrase again, not lifting his eyes while he addressed Gin. "Can I have it?"

Gin immediately reached into her pocket, pulling out a light blue collar. *Dazai's* light blue collar. She hesitantly set it on the coffee table. Chuuya grabbed it, feeling over the material. This was definitely it, all right.

"Idiot." He whispered at the collar. He didn't know if he was referring to himself or to Dazai. He shouldn't have abandoned Dazai like that, and Dazai shouldn't have run away. They were both in the wrong; but Dazai was the only one in danger because of it. He glanced back up at Gin. "How did he know where you were?"

'I don't know. He just showed up and told me we were leaving. I think my brother may have had something to do with it'

"You have a brother?"

'His name is Ryuunosuke. I haven't seen him in about a month. We were separated. I'm worried about him his health isn't good'

"A dog with bad health…" Chuuya muttered, setting Dazai's collar back onto the coffee table. "The only one that comes to mind is Tachihara's new dog. He got him a few weeks ago, so that would add up to your story. If Dazai saw him, and learned you were separated, I'm certain he would try and help. He's stupid that way."

Gin smiled. Looks like she knew Chuuya didn't mean it as an insult. *'Osamu cares for us a lot. He's like our big brother he always protects us no matter what'*

"That sounds like him, all right." Chuuya took the now completely filled paper away from Gin, handing her a new blank sheet to write on. "I'm glad you were able to find me. He gave you the collar to track the scent, right?"

Gin nodded. Chuuya was pretty proud he figured out a part of Dazai's master plan. The cat was seriously clever; he'd thought this out.

'Are you going to rescue him?' Gin wrote, her smile transforming into a worried frown.

“As soon as possible. I don’t want him to get hurt. Tell me, do you know where the ship is?”

Gin shook her head, and wrote a response shortly after. *‘I don’t know the names of places and the ship probably took off already. I got out when the ramp was being lifted up’*

“Damn it!” Chuuya cursed, accidentally startling Gin, who jumped from the loud noise. If he had been holding the paper, he was positive it would have crumpled under his tense grip. He immediately lowered his voice once he realized his mistake. “Sorry. I just…don’t know how to find him without knowing *where* he is.”

‘I’m sorry I wish I could help more. I feel guilty about it’

Chuuya sighed. There was no reason for him to blame this innocent hybrid, but it made sense why she blamed herself. “Hey, don’t beat yourself up about it. I’ll figure something out, I promise. Why don’t I call Ango and Oda and tell them to pick you up? Dazai said they’d take care of you, right?”

Gin nodded.

“Well, they will. They’re a very kind couple, and Oda’s a dog himself, so you two will probably get along.” Chuuya noticed the way Gin’s tail wagged for a bit at the mention of Oda.

‘Thank you so much. I hope you can get him back safe’

“Me too.” Chuuya said, digging his phone out of his pocket. He quickly dialed Ango’s number and put the phone up to his ear. It didn’t take long for him to answer.

“Hello Chuuya; do you need something?”

“Hey, Ango. Yeah, I need your help with something. I have a dog hybrid in my house that needs a place to stay for a little bit. Long story short, she’s Dazai’s friend and he helped her get away from her previous owner. Dazai was taken and I need to go and get him back. Could you take care of her?”

Ango was silent for a while, probably processing all of the information he was given. He heard some mumbling in the background, which was probably him talking to Oda and asking for his opinion.

A minute after the question was asked, Chuuya got his answer. *“Yeah,*

we'll be able to help. We can pick her up as early as an hour. Does that work for you?"

"Yeah, that's fine. Just show up whenever you can, I'll keep watch over her until then." Chuuya replied. The two exchanged farewells, and then he hung up, turning his attention back to the dog on his couch. "You're going to be fine, don't worry."

A smile was back on Gin's face. She looked relieved, with her tail now showing even more signs of movement. She really was a cute girl.

"Would you be okay if I leave the room for a moment? I…want a little time to take everything in. You can turn on the TV- uh…that black box in front of you- or you could read some books if you'd like. I'll make us some food when it's time. Just relax."

Gin gave a sharp nod, her eyes traveling to the TV. Chuuya used that opportunity to slip away into another room to be alone. Specifically, Dazai's room.

Maybe the hybrid was just absolutely crazy and left a clue of some sort for Chuuya to follow. He knew it was most likely impossible, but he was willing to try anything. And just being in Dazai's room might make him feel a bit better.

The room looked nice, but it was definitely a lot messier than Chuuya would have liked. There was a stack of books next to the nightstand, and there were discarded articles of clothing all over the floor. Chuuya knew none of them were dirty, though, since Dazai explained to him while he's picking out his outfit for the day, sometimes he'll throw his 'no' options on the floor to get them out of his sight. He then forgets to pick them back up and put them back into the closet. Chuuya has scolded him about that multiple times.

He shook his head, rolling his eyes as he ventured further into Dazai's room. He bent down, picking up some of Dazai's clothes. If the cat wasn't here to pick up after himself, then it was Chuuya's job to make sure the room looked nice.

For the things he could put on hangers, he put on hangers. Of course, there were excess clothes that he didn't have any for, and for those, he folded them up and placed them on the shelf in the closet. He arranged them in very specific places, making sure everything looked perfect. Chuuya wasn't a perfectionist, but having things look orderly and neat made him feel proud of himself, for some weird reason he didn't understand just yet.

While he was putting a pair of pants on the shelf, something caught his eye. It looked like there was something sticking out of two other pairs of pants.

I know this is probably a breach of privacy and that Dazai isn't here to stop me, but…maybe this is a clue to where he is? Maybe Dazai's ability gives him future sight and he put this here knowing I'd fold his clothes?

He was absolutely trying to justify this, but would he admit that? No, he would not.

He reached his hand through the middle, grabbing the mystery object and pulling it out. *Is this a card?*

A second later, Chuuya noticed who the card was advertising. That annoying detective agency. *When did Dazai have the chance to get this? Back at the park? How long has he been holding onto this?*

Chuuya turned the card around in his hand a few times, looking it over. *Maybe…they could help me find him? I mean, I know I'm from the mafia, but maybe I could convince them somehow?* It was worth a shot, at least.

He found the phone number on the card, and quickly dialed them. It rang much, *much* longer than Chuuya would have liked. Finally, after Chuuya had gotten to the point where he was gritting his teeth, the ringing stopped.

"Hi! This is Naomi from the Armed Detective Agency! Sadly, nobody could answer your call at this moment, because we are not open on weekends! Leave a voicemail and we'll call you back to schedule a day to meet up! Thank you!"

His phone gave a beep to signal that he was supposed to start leaving his voicemail. Chuuya had to physically restrain himself from swearing at them in anger.

Until the agency could meet with him, Chuuya would keep trying to find him on his own. Maybe he wouldn't even need their help. Still, it would benefit him to have help. Dazai would just have to hold on for a few days. He knew he could do it; his partner was strong.

"It's Nakahara. Dazai's in trouble, and I need you to help me find him."

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' “Looks like I’ll have to retrain you myself.” Ace finally let go of Dazai’s hair, throwing him back to the ground. “I was hoping it wouldn’t come to this, but you brought this onto yourself.” '

Fanart Section!!: Zuzii Kuro 1 Kuro 2

Chapter 30: Retraining

Chapter Summary

Dazai remembers that not everywhere is as kind as Chuuya's apartment

TW: EXPLICIT RAPE
If you are uncomfortable reading this, please don't read this chapter at all.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dazai was cold. They'd taken his sweater. Well, it was more like they ripped it trying to tear it off of him, and have refused to fix it, or give it back. He could handle it though; he was used to being cold.

"Useless!" Dazai was thrown into his cell. They all called it a room, but Dazai knew the truth. This was to keep him trapped. It was a cell.

His body stumbled, falling over and scraping its skin across the floor. Dazai held back the wince. It *burned.* Metal really hurt.

Ace stepped into the room after him, brows furrowed and eyes wide with anger. "Are you doing all of this to piss me off!? Because if you are, it won't benefit you!"

Dazai didn't answer. He knew what Ace was talking about. He'd been really bad recently. He even bit one of the humans that grabbed him a few hours ago. Said human bled and had to go find a first aid kit.

He wondered how bad his discipline would be today.

"Answer me you miserable thing!" Ace screamed. In one swift movement, he grabbed a handful of Dazai's hair, and spun him around to face him while also pulling him up onto his knees. Dazai grunted, bringing his hands up to grab Ace's wrist. He wanted that hand *out* of his hair.

"Put those down." Ace commanded with a glare. Dazai shot one back, adding in a growl to try and one up him. Apparently it worked, because right after he snarled at the human, he was delivered a harsh slap to the cheek, one that caused his entire head to turn. He could

feel the red that was left from the impact of it.

“You can’t do anything right, can you?” The words were like strings tying around Dazai’s lungs, making it hard to breathe. “Probably that brat’s fault.”

Chuuya. Dazai was just about to shout an insult at Ace, but before he could, he was kicked in his stomach. The wind was knocked out of him, his hands dropped to his sides, and he tried to close his body around himself, but the hand that was *still* in his hair stopped him from doing so.

Dazai coughed, while also trying to get oxygen back into his body. It had been a while since anything like this happened to him, he had to get used to it again.

“Looks like I’ll have to retrain you myself.” Ace finally let go of Dazai’s hair, throwing him back to the ground. “I was hoping it wouldn’t come to this, but you brought this onto yourself.”

Rough hands grabbed Dazai’s wrists, lifting them up and putting them together. Dazai wanted to fight back, but he was getting tired. He’d been lashing out for hours, and he wasn’t sure how much longer he could go.

He recognized the jingling of handcuffs once they were pulled out. It wasn’t long after when they were locked onto his wrists. They were cold, and tight on his skin. It hurt. And his lockpick was still in his pocket. He couldn’t reach it now.

I should have seen this coming. I’m such an idiot.

“Get back on your knees, now. Otherwise you’re getting more than just a kick to the stomach.” Ace commanded. Dazai knew he was already getting disciplined, so there was no need to make it worse. He did as he was told, though he struggled a bit. His stomach would convulse randomly, making his balance a bit unstable. He really wanted that pain to go away.

Ace smirked, seemingly glad at the result. “So you can listen after all. Good boy.”

Don’t call me that. Dazai’s gaze hardened. *If Chuuya can’t call me that, what makes you think you have the right?*

Dazai *hated* being called a good boy. It sounded so degrading, and the

humans rarely ever meant it. They were just trying to soften him up to deliver something even worse the next time. Though, if *Chuuya* were to call him a good boy…

"There we go, Dazai…you're doing so well. I knew you could do it. You're such a good boy, aren't you? So pretty and perfect."

Dazai blushed. He would definitely need to talk to Chuuya about that once he was back home. There was no 'if'; Dazai knew for a fact Chuuya would come for him. He didn't know exactly how long that would take, but he was willing to hold out.

Everything would be fine.

"Are you embarrassed?" Ace picked up on the pink dusting his cheeks. "If you listen, it won't hurt."

I've been told that many times before.

While his gaze was zeroed in on the belt currently being unbuckled in front of him, Dazai was too far into his mind to really take notice of it. His brain had become a battlefield as of late, so many conflicting and contradicting thoughts all at once, it was almost painful to think.

Thoughts of *'Just be good for him. You're nothing but a pet, so act like one'* flew in the same time as ones like *'If you act now, you can catch him off guard. Maybe bite a chunk out of him, too'*

He didn't know which prompts to follow, so he just stayed put. Not acting at all was better than acting in the wrong way. He'd learned that.

Dazai took in a large breath, coming back to his senses. It was lucky he didn't react to the fact there was now a dick right in front of him, otherwise he might have been made fun of. Thankfully, or maybe not thankfully, he'd seen many dicks over the years.

Ace's wasn't nearly as impressive as Chuuya's. It looked only about four inches. He could take that easily. Doesn't mean he wants to, though.

"So, what?" Dazai looked up at Ace, giving him a judgmental raise of his eyebrow. "Do you want me to suck it? Or do you want to feel my popular 'kitten licks'? I can't do anything if I don't know what you want."

“You rarely speak to me, and when you do, you sound like a brat.” Ace scowled. One of his hands found its way into Dazai’s hair again, though the grip wasn’t as tight this time. “If your words are so smart, then surely your brain must be, too. Figure it out.”

Dazai was glad he kept his mouth shut after that, because if he hadn’t, the tip would have slid right past his lips. Instead, it was just pressed against them, which honestly still wasn't that great.

It would be nice if Chuuya could find me right now, but I doubt that'll happen. He made it certain Ace could see the death glare he was giving him as he parted his lips, taking the tip in. *I'm guessing he's still trying to find help.*

Dazai started to slowly suck, giving quick and precise flicks of his tongue underneath the head. Even though he hated this, he knew exactly what to do. Maybe if Ace came quicker, this would be over sooner.

"Don't get too excited." Ace sounded very smug right now. It made him sick. "Remember, this is a punishment for you."

Did this human have absolutely no shame? Did he even consider the possibility that Dazai might try and bite his dick off? He absolutely wouldn't, since he knew better, but still. He didn't have to act so high and mighty while getting a blowjob.

Dazai moved his wrists, feeling the metal dig harder into his skin. It had been years since he'd been handcuffed. He was more used to ropes.

While he was distracted with the feeling of the cuffs, Ace used his hold on Dazai's hair to push him down the rest of the way on his cock. Dazai made a muffled sound of surprise and discomfort, feeling the flesh fill up his mouth. He recovered quickly, since he'd been used this specific way many times before. He swiftly resumed his task of (unhappily) getting the mafioso off.

"Yeah, that's it." Ace moaned, moving his hips slowly as he enjoyed himself. "You really *do* have a nice mouth. Has that ginger boy been using you well?"

Dazai hated how this man refused to call Chuuya by his name. He was doing it on purpose, surely. He was trying to establish power over somebody who wasn't even here.

You don't deserve to hold the same position as Chuuya. He's far better than you'll ever be. Dazai moved his tongue along Ace's shaft, licking all the places he knew drove most men crazy. He wanted to get this done and over with.

"Mm, god, that's good. I hope you're ready to swallow, Shuuji."

Dazai growled at the name for only a few seconds before Ace finally came. He swallowed the bitter tasting seed, his muscles relaxing as he did. Not because he was enjoying it, but because it was finally *over*.

Once Ace recovered from his orgasm, he was back to business. He pulled out of Dazai's mouth, leaning forward and tapping right under his bottom lip. "Open up, let me see."

Dazai moved his face away from the finger, parting his lips and showing him that he'd swallowed everything. He even stuck out his tongue for good measure.

"Good. You're learning." Dazai closed his mouth after Ace gave him a nod of approval. He could still taste the semen on his tongue, and he had to hold back his disgust. It tasted *horrible.* Chuuya's was much easier to handle. At least he'd be left alone soon. He really wanted to rest.

Ace's face shifted into something Dazai didn't have enough time to decipher, because he walked out of his sight- most likely behind him. He'd caught onto the fact that he still had a smile, so he probably wasn't upset.

"Are you ready for more?" Ace asked from behind him, his hands gripping Dazai's shoulders.

What? Dazai's eyes flew open, and before he could open his mouth, he was pushed down onto the floor. He turned his head, grunting when his cheek made contact with the cold metal.

Dazai was wrong. He'd miscalculated. It wasn't over at all. It was just beginning.

His heart started to race.

Dazai tried to fight back as Ace manipulated his body. The tussle not-so-tussle (because Dazai was *really* tired from acting out all day- *thank you* cat instincts for making him easily sleepy) ended with Dazai's knees and forcefully arched back keeping his ass elevated, while his

upper half was on the floor. His bound wrists were trapped underneath his stomach, straining his shoulders. It hurt.

"That's more like it." Ace said to himself while Dazai tried to calm down. It wasn't working- not one bit. Every heavy, panicked breath through his nose and out of his mouth just seemed to make his nerves run quicker.

He could handle a blowjob, but actually getting fucked? He couldn't do it. He couldn't.

His ears were so deeply pressed against his head, it was getting difficult to hear anything other than the sound of his frightened exhales.

"Wait-" Dazai tried to get up, but Ace planted a hand on Dazai's head, keeping him in place.

His captor used his other hand to start tugging Dazai's pants down. His tail slid out of the hole in his pants, and his breath hitched. He opened his mouth before he could register it.

"Stop it! You can't! You can't! Let me go!" He pleaded, trying to wiggle away.

He felt like a little kid again, begging like this. He felt like he was fifteen again, being cornered by his first group of buyers. Back then, he didn't know what was happening. He didn't know what all of those actions and sensations meant, but he wanted them to *stop*.

"I *can,* and I'm *going to.* Now stop your squirming! Otherwise I won't bother to prep you!"

"Please!" Dazai cried, his voice cracking from desperation. His eyes were starting to sting. "Please don't do it! I'm sorry! I'll be good, I promise- just stop!"

"That isn't cute." Ace leaned forward, crushing Dazai with his weight. He'd pulled Dazai's pants down as far as he could, bunching them up uncomfortably by the heels of his feet. Ace's face was now right next to Dazai's ear, his next words invading his brain. "Do you want it to hurt less?"

Dazai nodded. He was terrified, a small whimper escaping his trembling lips.

"Then stop your whining and get to work." Two fingers pressed against Dazai's mouth. He shakily inhaled a breath before taking them into his mouth, beginning to coat them with his spit.

I don't want this. I don't want this. He whimpered again, shutting his eyes in hopes that it would somehow make things better.

The fingers left his mouth, and Dazai panted a bit against his own accord. Every time his chest rose he could feel his heart thumping at *least* thrice its normal rate.

When a finger pressed against his hole, his mind went blank.

It was him trying to protect himself, he understood that much. He retreated into his mind, focusing so hard on his thoughts that all of his other senses seemed to disappear.

Chuuya. The name echoed through his head. He wanted to see Chuuya. He wanted to be hugged, to be kissed, to be loved. He wanted that gloved hand to slowly run its fingers through his hair, as sweet praises and kind words flooded his ears, drowning out everything bad in the world.

Chuuya. His vision was starting to get blurry. His eyes felt so dry, but he could also feel something wet pooling up underneath his eyeballs. He tried to blink it away, but it just made everything even fuzzier.

He didn't know how much time had passed. Maybe Ace decided to be kind and thoroughly prep him, or maybe he did a sloppy job- Dazai wasn't sure. All he knew was that suddenly he felt a very familiar body part pressed against his butt.

Dazai choked on another plea. He couldn't get it out. He could only whine and huff as Ace slowly pushed inside, stretching out Dazai's rim that had definitely not been prepared enough. He could feel that now. Once his captive bottomed out inside of him, he felt something slide down his cheek.

A tear.

Dazai was *crying.*

He hadn't cried in years.

When the first thrust hit him, his mouth opened and he screamed. He screamed so loud he could hear it echo through his metal prison.

He was punished with a slap to his ass. His yelp was cut off by something louder.

"Shut up!" Ace yelled. "I don't want to hear any noise out of you unless it's you moaning or apologizing!"

Dazai sniffled, his tears beginning to make a small puddle underneath him. He could feel it on his skin. "Nn- stop, please, I *can't,* please!"

"You'll take it because that's what you deserve." Ace muttered, his thrusts starting to pick up speed. It hurt- it *really* hurt. Dazai was certain he'd start to bleed pretty soon.

Though, hidden beneath all the pain and fear, there was that tiny bit of pleasure that he didn't understand. No matter how much he didn't want it, or how much he was crying, Dazai always enjoyed it a *little.* He'd never really cared before. He always just assumed it was him learning how to be a good pet. But now that Chuuya was in the picture? Dazai hated the pleasure he was slowly starting to feel. It felt like he was betraying him in some way.

Maybe that's why Dazai was crying. Because he loved Chuuya.

The sound of skin slapping together was getting louder and louder. It made Dazai's body even more tense when he started to feel his hole getting slippery. He was definitely bleeding now.

"No…" Dazai groaned, his lips picking up his fallen tears. The salt in them was no doubt going to dry up the skin on his lips in no time. "Mmm…sorry…'m sorry…sorry!"

"There we go." Ace crooned, his voice lifting in that fake kindness Dazai had gotten so used to hearing. "It's so nice hearing you apologize to me. As a reward, I'll let you take my cum."

"Pl…Please, no. Don't…I don't want it! Don't make me…mmnn!" Dazai keened when his prostate was hit. It felt good. He didn't want it to feel good but it did. "I don't want to take it! Help!"

Ace scoffed, the hand holding Dazai's head down pushed harder on his skull. "Help? Nobody's going to help you here, kitty. You're on *my* ship; and on *my* ship, you obey *my* rules."

"Help me!" Dazai cried, the handcuffs starting to cut through his skin as they dragged across the floor with each rough thrust. "Help me, please! I don't want it! It hurts! Hurts!"

Dazai was re-experiencing a lot of things today: fear, pain, crying; but the worst one was definitely what he'd just started to experience again- knowing nobody would help him.

Dazai was the strong one. He was the one always comforting the younger hybrids- the one always protecting them, saving them. But he'd never received the same treatment. The others were all too weak or too scared to help him when he wanted it. He was always the savior, but never the one being saved.

That's why he was so desperate to see Chuuya again. He wanted to finally be saved for once. He convinced himself that this time would be different. No matter what happened, he wouldn't give up on Chuuya.

"Your screams are getting annoying." Ace grunted, his thrusts starting to get sloppy. "You better quiet down once I'm done."

Dazai hiccupped, blabbering a jumbled mess of 'please's 'I'm sorry's and 'help's. It was getting so, so difficult to keep his thoughts in order. He was so tired. He just wanted to rest forever. He wanted to fall asleep and wake up in Chuuya's warm arms. That was all he wanted; a nice, comfortable sleep.

Thrust, grunt, squelch, cry- thrust, pound, sob, screech, thrust- he could hear it all. He could feel it all.

When Dazai's insides started to fill up with that warm substance, he let out one last sob. It was a sob filled with the misery of all those similar experiences he'd had years ago. And in the sob, there was his last plea.

"Chuuya!" He sounded so pathetic, crying for him like this, but it was all he could think to do.

Ace pulled out of him, and Dazai's breath hitched when he felt cum start to trickle down his thighs. He hated it so much, it didn't feel good at all. "I guess you've had enough. Stop your crying and calm down now. I'll send somebody to clean you up sometime soon. Looks like you've learned your lesson, though. I'll have to make sure to remind you of your place again tomorrow."

The executive stood up and tucked himself back into his pants. He even had enough grace to pull up Dazai's as well, though now they were getting dirty.

Ace slammed the door shut when he'd left the room. Dazai was all alone now, surrounded by dim light and metal. And his thoughts.

Now that he wasn't being held down, Dazai was free to move his own body. He rolled onto his back, staring up at the ceiling, trying to find anything else to focus on other than the pain. His body was aching all over. His legs were shaking and his shoulders were sore. He choked on his tears, trying to get them to stop running.

There was blood drying on his handcuffs.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter (as much as you possibly could)! Let me know about any views/questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' “You seriously took your time with this case.” Chuuya started, keeping his posture clean and only slightly threatening. “I hope you have something worthwhile to show me.” '

Fanart Section!!: Zuzii Kuro 1 Kuro 2

Chapter 31: My Savior

Chapter Summary

The rescue mission!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took three days for the Armed Detective Agency to be able to meet with Chuuya. That meant it was three days without Dazai. And *that* meant Dazai possibly went through three days of *torture*.

So naturally, Chuuya wasn't in a very good mood when he sat down with that blonde detective.

"You seriously took your time with this case." Chuuya started, keeping his posture clean and only slightly threatening. "I hope you have something worthwhile to show me."

The detective, Kunikida if he remembered correctly, was able to snap back with his own remark. "You should show some more respect. You're in the mafia, and yet we were willing to help you, our enemy."

"It's not me you're helping." Chuuya reminded him. "It's Dazai."

"Right. Well," Kunikida pushed his glasses up, grabbing the file that was on his side of the desk. "Ranpo-san was off on a mission, so it took us a while to send him the information you have us. That's why we took so long reaching out to you. He was able to solve this case quickly, so here's our plan to rescue your hybrid."

"He already solved the case?" Chuuya took the file when Kunikida offered it to him. He was hesitant to trust the contents. "This better be good, otherwise I'm going to kick his ass."

"I'd advise not saying that in front of one of his coworkers." Chuuya waved off that comment, opening up the file and beginning to read the papers inside. As he did, Kunikida decided to question him some more. "During our interview with Gin, she told us her master's name was Ace. During our interview with *you,* you mentioned you weren't aware Ace owned a ship. So, how come you didn't know that of your fellow Executive?"

“Ace is a coward. He keeps his cards close to his chest, just in case there comes a day where he needs to betray the mafia.” Chuuya explained, able to easily speak while also taking in the words on the paper. “He’s probably holding a lot of money, or information, or some other shit on that ship of his. I have half a mind to sink it, but I don’t want to kill the other innocent hybrids on there.”

“I see. How did such a ‘coward’ as you put it, get such a high position in the mafia?”

“He bought the spot out, he doesn’t deserve it at all. But his ability is useful to keep the mafia’s funds running, so the boss allows it. He’s never been a problem until now.”

“His ability uses people’s live force to make jewels, correct?” Kunikida clarified. Chuuya was getting a little annoyed with the questioning, but he knew better than to lash out. They might refuse to help him if he did. And he needed help.

“Yeah. I’ve never seen it in action, but I’ve heard he mainly uses his hybrids or grunts that he doesn’t want anymore. It’s his messed up way of recycling.”

“Hm.” Thankfully Kunikida didn’t bother him with any more questions after that. Now Chuuya could put all of his focus into ‘Ranpo”s report. (He’d never met this Ranpo character before, but the other detectives sure liked to talk about how capable he was.)

“What the hell?” Chuuya’s eyes widened as he got to the bottom of the first page. “This is more detailed than most mission reports I receive! How did he come up with all of this using my half-assed information? I could barely find anything useful!”

“Ranpo-san has incredible deduction capabilities.” Kunikida crossed his arms over his chest, keeping his posture straightened in his chair. “His plans are always foolproof. They’ve never failed us yet. I can promise you, Dazai will be recovered in no time. You can trust the Detective Agency.”

“I’m starting to believe that statement.” Chuuya said, setting the file back down on the desk. “So, am I coming with you guys? Or would it be too weird working with a Port Mafia member?”

Kunikida hummed. “We’ve had to think over that one for quite a bit. You’re allowed to come with us, but you aren’t to interfere with the mission unless we need backup. Are you alright with that?”

“As long as I get to carry Dazai back to land.” Chuuya bargained. Kunikida gave in without any argument. “So, how long until everybody is ready? Don’t test my patience and say a full day, you hear?”

“We wouldn’t delay a rescue like that.” The detective assured him. “Kenji and Yosano-sensei are getting ready as we speak.”

“I’ve never met Kenji. He was the one in the file that’s supposed to successfully extract Dazai, right? Can I trust him to do that safely?” Chuuya wanted to be absolutely certain that this plan would work. He didn’t want any second attempts necessary.

“Kenji is the brawn of our agency. He’ll push back any problems that come his way.”

Chuuya nodded. “Good. That’s the way it should be.”

The door to the agency’s infirmary opened, and Yosano stepped out, carrying a bag Chuuya assumed was full of medical supplies. She sighed as she walked over to them. “It’s seriously a hassle having to carry all of this with me. You sure I can’t use my ability on him?”

“I’m positive.” Chuuya didn’t tell them about *No Longer Human,* just that Yosano shouldn’t try and use her healing ability on Dazai. He wasn’t sure if the hybrid wanted these guys to know about his secret ability, so he kept quiet about it. “Is that too heavy for you? I can help you out.”

“I’m stronger than I look.” She replied, giving him a glare.

“I didn’t say that because you’re a lady.” He snapped in self-defense. “You were complaining about it, and if the problem was the weight of everything, I could use my ability to take that away.”

Yosano’s gaze softened. “Hm. It’s been a while since a handsome man has called me a lady.” She said to herself, while still keeping eye contact with Chuuya. “That’s nice of you, but I’ll be alright. If I need help, I’ll ask Kenji to carry some things for me.”

“Alright, whatever.” Chuuya mumbled, a bit flustered after being called handsome so suddenly. He kept it under wraps though; except for his pursed lips and now fluttering eye contact.

He also noticed Kunikida giving him a skeptical look, and he was slightly offended by that. Did he think he was being nice to Yosano to

get ahead? Does he think mafiosos can't have manners?

"Speaking of which, where is Kenji?" Kunikida asked, looking up at Yosano from his seat. "Is he still getting ready?"

"Last I saw him, yes. He should be coming here pretty soon." Yosano said, giving a quick glance around the room just to make sure Kenji wasn't already walking over. The three of them waited for around ten minutes before somebody new finally joined them. And Chuuya was surprised at what he saw.

"A kid?" He said without thinking. The blonde child with a big smile couldn't be older than fourteen. Was he lost? What was he doing here?

"Hello!" The child greeted, heading straight to Chuuya, offering his hand. Chuuya took it, giving it a small shake before pulling away. "You're Mister Nakahara, right? Nice to meet you; I'm Kenji! I'm excited to work with you today!"

"Wait, *you're* Kenji?" Chuuya asked. He wasn't expecting the detective agency to be the kind of people to hire children, but then again, the mafia wasn't much better. "The so-called 'brawn' of this mission?"

Kenji gave an embarrassed laugh. "Yes, that's me. I'm sorry it took so long for me to come here, I had to work out to empty my stomach."

"Kenji gets stronger the hungrier he is." Kunikida informed him before Chuuya could ask. He appreciated the immediate explanation, it saved them some time. Still, there was one thing he wanted to make certain.

"Will you be able to bring Dazai back to me safely?" His gaze hardened. He didn't want to pressure or scare the kid, but he had to know.

Kenji's smile persisted, and he gave Chuuya a confident nod. "Yes! I grew up on a farm, so I'm also very familiar with animals and how to calm them down! I'll bring Mister Dazai back to you, I promise!"

There was no way he could doubt such a bright child. Chuuya let himself slip just slightly, giving Kenji a smile. "I'll hold you to that. Now, you guys have a boat, right?"

Thankfully, Kunikida *did* have a boat, and Chuuya was able to see Kenji's strength first-hand because of it. The kid was carrying the thing through the streets like it was a box filled with clothes ready to be donated. Chuuya desperately tried to ignore the eyes on them as

they made their way to the docks. Feeling so many people staring at him was making him uneasy, especially as a mafioso.

“So, just as a reminder,” Kunikida began as they finally got the boat into the water and were starting to climb inside. “Yosano-sensei and Nakahara-kun will stay on the boat while Kenji and I get onto the ship to rescue Dazai. Nakahara, Yosano-sensei will let you know if we need you to come help.”

Chuuya nodded in confirmation. The detectives all had earpieces with them which they used to communicate with each other. Chuuya didn’t have one, so he would be getting his necessary information from the doctor.

Ranpo had somehow predicted exactly where the boat would be, and so Kunikida didn’t have to search the waters; instead just making the boat go as fast as possible until they reached their destination. Chuuya saw Ace’s ship well before they made it, since it was a pretty huge vessel.

Dazai’s on that thing… He realized. He didn't like that thought at all.

Their boat slowed down to a stop, now perfectly placed to the side of the ship.

“So how are you two planning on getting up there?” Chuuya asked. “It’s not like you could break a window to get inside, since that would just draw attention to yourselves.”

“We have that covered.” Kunikida said, pulling out a wire gun from his…notebook? He must have an ability too, then. “We’ve done our fair share of ship raids. We know how to sneak around undetected.”

“Ah…I see. Good luck then, you two.”

--

It was hard to move. Hard to think. Dazai’s eyes were begging for him to close them, so he could finally get some rest. But he was so tired he didn’t even want to rest. Maybe if he stayed perfectly still, things would suddenly start getting better.

His ears caught onto a lot of commotion, pricking up as high as they could. They heard rough tapping against the metal outside of his room. It was making his head spin.

A fight…? He wondered, the new activity from his brain causing his vision to go fuzzy again. It was so dark here. And he was so cold. Especially his back, thanks to the wall.

Oh, right. He was leaning against the wall. His bare skin was absorbing the cold from the steel, freezing the entire rest of his body as a result. He wasn't shivering, though. He wasn't that cold yet.

The door to his room opened, the creak and groan filling up the empty space, blocking his ears until it stopped.

He wasn't ready. He wasn't ready for more. He was so tired- so done. He didn't want any more.

In the dark of the room, his eyes could make out the silhouette of the person who'd opened the door. It didn't look like the body of an adult. The voice that came out of said body only proved that fact further.

"I found him!" The now confirmed kid ran over to Dazai, crouching down into the light so he could get a better look at him. He had yellow hair and freckles. He looked like the sunflowers Dazai had seen in magazines. He was smiling. "Are you Mister Dazai Osamu?"

Ah… It had been a while since somebody called him that. He knew better than to nod and give himself a headache, so he opened his mouth to try and say 'yes', but instead, all that came out was a cracked groan. The kid seemed to understand him, though.

"My name is Kenji! I work with the Armed Detective Agency. We're here to help you, Mister Dazai."

Armed…Detect…oh, the park…why are they…?

"Can you move, Mister?" Kenji asked, leaning back to give Dazai room. He glanced down at his limbs, hanging uselessly by his side. He made an effort- tensing his muscles to try and get them to move, but nothing came from it. Kenji wasn't bothered by that. "Would you like me to carry you?"

"Mmn." Dazai agreed. Kenji nodded, getting to work. He turned himself around and brought his hands behind his back, grabbing Dazai's own hands and wrapping them around his neck.

“Hold on tight, okay? I’m going to lift you up.” Kenji warned, before standing on his feet. Dazai, being taller than him, now had his feet folded uncomfortably on the floor. His back was arched as he tried to keep his wrists locked around Kenji. The kid grabbed underneath Dazai’s thighs, effortlessly lifting up his sore legs and wrapping them around his waist. *Now* Dazai was off the ground.

“Are you comfortable?” Kenji asked. “You don’t feel like you’re going to fall off, do you?”

“Mmm.” Dazai’s head drooped, falling onto Kenji’s right shoulder. Like this, he could easily breathe in his scent. This kid was a hard worker, Dazai didn’t need his nose to figure that much out. His loyalty was strong, and…hm…Dazai should try and keep him happy if they ever meet again.

“Alright then, here we go!” Kenji exclaimed, like they were going to go on a fun, light-hearted adventure. The cheerfulness was soothing to Dazai; it was helping keep him calm.

His steps were soft, not bouncing. Dazai really appreciated that. If he were being jostled around with each step, he was certain his brain would knock against his skull and stop working. This kid really knew how to take care of him, didn’t he? How nice.

“On our way down, we’re probably going to have to jump. Do you think you can handle that?” Kenji’s voice was getting drowned out by Dazai’s exhaustion, but he could still pick up the faint words entering his ears. He just groaned, his throat still not letting any real words come out.

“Hmm, I’ll try my best, then! Why don’t you get some rest until we get back to the harbor? You look like you need it, Mister.”

Rest… Dazai’s body went limp at just the thought. Rest sounded *wonderful.* And now, for some reason, he felt like he could get some. He closed his eyes, letting Kenji’s calm and protective scent crowd around him like a blanket, lulling him into a comfortable sleep.

--

Chuuya caught onto the movement from the corner of his eye. Yosano

brought a hand to her earpiece, listening in to whatever was being reported. Chuuya watched and waited, keeping absolutely silent so the doctor could hear everything clearly. From her body language, whatever she was being told seemed to be good news.

Chuuya's heart sped up when she turned to look at him.

"They found him." She said, her voice almost breathless. "They're on their way back to the boat as we speak."

The sigh of pure *relief* that came out of his mouth was shakier than he'd thought it would be. "Is he alright?"

"They didn't say. We should get ready for them, though."

Chuuya nodded, and they got right to work. Yosano was getting certain medical supplies she assumed would be helpful, while Chuuya grabbed a blanket. It was to wrap around Dazai to make him feel more secure. He didn't really get it, but Yosano said it would help, and he was deciding to take a professional's advice on this.

It took about four minutes. Four minutes of Chuuya holding a blanket with bated breath, waiting for any sign of the two detectives with the hybrid. And after those four minutes, he saw them.

"They're going to jump." Yosano warned him. "You can catch them with your gravity ability, but you still need to be really careful."

"And you think I'll be anything but?" Chuuya replied, standing up and getting into a stance ready to catch somebody. Kenji was first, since he was the one holding Dazai. Chuuya was actually super nervous about this, considering Dazai's nullification ability.

Thankfully, everything worked out fine. He activated *For The Tainted Sorrow,* and successfully caught the two of them. A second later, his ability disappeared, but the second it was available was a second desperately needed, since the tiny bit of gravity halting them stopped either of them from getting injured.

"Are you alright, kid?" Chuuya asked, still holding two people in his arms without any strain.

"I'm fine, thank you, sir!" Kenji replied cheerfully. "You wanted to take Mister Dazai, right? Here, let me hand him to you!"

Once Kenji was on his own two feet, Chuuya placed the blanket over

Dazai's back before unwrapping his limbs, which were locked around Kenji's neck and waist. Then he took him.

Dazai was in his arms again, and suddenly, Chuuya felt whole. His body was alight with a warmth he'd been missing for three days. He knew he was smiling like an idiot in front of the enemy, but he couldn't care less.

He was upset when he needed to set Dazai down in order to help Kunikida back onto the boat, but once the blonde detective was safely with them, Chuuya sat next to Dazai, refusing to take his eyes off of him.

"The mission was a success; good job, everybody." Kunikida said, heading towards the front of the boat to get the engine ready. "Yosano-sensei, could you look over Dazai?"

"Of course." Yosano grabbed her things and joined Chuuya at the back of the boat. He was grateful he decided not to wrap Dazai up in the blanket just yet, because that made the doctor's job much easier. Of course, she had to take off his pants, but that part was easy.

"There are no major injuries that I can see on the surface. He has a lot of bruises though; mainly on his neck, hips, and thighs." Yosano paused, giving Chuuya a glance, before continuing. "I'm sure you can infer what that means."

Yes, Chuuya could. And he was *livid*. "How dare he? That bastard… I'm gonna murder him."

"As long as you don't do it in front of us." Yosano said, grabbing some kind of ointment. "Otherwise we'd know that it happened. If it's discreet, we'd be none the wiser."

Chuuya hummed. "So, the doctor isn't a stick in the mud. You're not that bad."

"I know how to have fun. I also know that sometimes, justice requires harsh punishments. This is one of those times."

"Yeah." Chuuya's eyes moved to Dazai's face, which was relaxed in his sleeping state. He'd missed that face so much, but he could tell something was different. Something happened on that ship, and he was certain he knew what it was.

--

Dazai woke up to warmth. It was enshrouding him, the warmth. He'd missed being warm. It felt so nice- like he was laying in the middle of summer. (He had never really experienced summer, but he'd heard it's very warm; and very nice.)

There was a hand on his head, too. A familiar hand, slowly brushing through his hair. It was calming- it was nice.

He opened his eyes, wondering what he would see. What amazing being was making him feel so wonderful? Or would he just be imagining it, and such a being didn't really exist?

Orange. Blazing orange and shining blue is what his eyes saw. A delicate face, sprinkled with a few freckles, and hosting the most wonderful smile Dazai had ever seen. It was Chuuya.

Chuuya had come for him.

Looking up at Chuuya like this, it was like looking at an angel. There was no better sight- not in his mind.

My savior. Dazai thought, the hurt in his body not hurting as much anymore. At least not right now.

Not with him.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' "The water's going to get cold soon." Chuuya warned once he'd unbuttoned his shirt. "You should hurry up." '

Fanart Section!!: Zuzii Kuro 1 Kuro 2

Chapter 32: Welcome Home

Chapter Summary

After the rescue...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It really was therapeutic, petting Dazai. It felt like he was completing something, becoming whole. Or maybe he just missed him one heck of a lot. Anyways, it felt really nice.

He'd been doing this as a pastime while he waited for Dazai to wake up. He'd been out for quite a while, even after they made it back to the apartment. Chuuya couldn't really blame him, though- he could see the dark circles under the hybrid's eyes. It made his heart churn.

When he felt the first twitch, he didn't falter. He kept on petting him, hoping that the movement would soothe him and calm him down, just in case he panicked after waking up. He really hoped that wouldn't happen, but better safe than sorry, as they say.

Dazai opened his eyes slowly, his mouth parting to help him take in breaths. Chuuya locked eyes with him, smiling so hard he was worried his face might get stuck like that. Dazai was back home. It had taken much longer than he would have liked, but he's back.

And he was staring at Chuuya like he was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. It made his previously churning heart stop, beginning to melt instead. Melt with adoration, joy, *love.* He loved this man. He'd never been more certain.

I'm sorry it took me so long. Chuuya said with a brush of Dazai's bangs. They were trying to cover his beautiful eyes, and he couldn't have that.

It's alright. Dazai replied with an intake and outtake of breath that was just a bit longer than his last.

They didn't need words. They just needed each other.

Still, words were pretty helpful sometimes. "Do you want to take a bath?" Chuuya asked. Dazai looked a little dirty.

The hybrid gave him an affirming hum.

“Alright, I’ll do that.” One of Chuuya’s fingers got caught in a knot formed by Dazai’s hair. Looks like he’d need to wash it too, if it was getting tangled. “Do you want bubbles in it?”

Dazai hummed again. Why wasn’t he speaking? Did something happen?

It was making Chuuya worried, but he’d address those worries later. Right now, he needed to focus on the bath. “Do you want it now?”

Dazai paused, probably thinking, before giving probably the smallest head shake Chuuya had ever seen. Then he closed his eyes.

“Okay.” Chuuya brought a hand to Dazai’s back, pushing him up and moving him around until the cat’s head was tucked between Chuuya’s neck and shoulder. “You can stay like this and enjoy yourself, and when you want a bath, just…nip my neck, alright?”

Dazai didn’t reply. He was comfortable.

Chuuya spent the next five minutes softly petting Dazai and thinking about just how much he’d ached to do something like this again. Such a simple thing, a simple action- but right now, it meant the world to him.

When Dazai nipped his neck, Chuuya had to stop himself from squeaking, or making any other embarrassing reaction to it. While his face *did* heat up, Dazai wasn’t able to see that in his current position. Chuuya didn’t think he’d respond that way to a simple neck bite.

“Alright, let’s go.” Chuuya announced once the red in his cheeks died down to a normal level. He made sure that one of his arms was stabilizing near Dazai’s shoulder blades, while his other was under Dazai’s thighs. He stood up off the couch, now successfully holding Dazai in his arms. He was really easy to carry.

“You look very cute like this.” Chuuya said once Dazai brought his head away from his chest to look at him. The hybrid pursed his lips in embarrassment. Chuuya was feeling nice, so he decided not to tease him any further, instead heading to the bathroom to get the bath started.

He was able to open the door and turn on the lights while holding Dazai, something he felt proud of himself for, but there was no way

he'd be able to start the cat's bath while holding the said cat, so he had to set him down somewhere. He lifted Dazai down until he was sitting on the toilet seat, and then pulled his arms away. Dazai gave a quiet whine as he did so.

Chuuya smiled, making sure the tub was plugged before turning on the water. He set the heat a little lower than he usually did, just in case Dazai's skin was more sensitive to heat than usual. It would still be warm, of course. He wasn't going to be mean.

He grabbed one of the bottles of bubbles he'd bought for Dazai- mango and kiwi scented- and placed it on the edge of the tub for later.

"Okay." He said to himself once his work was complete. "I'm going to give you some privacy now- to clean yourself up."

He wanted Dazai to be comfortable. It's something he'd always wanted, ever since he first brought him home. Right now, he felt that it would be best for him to leave. He didn't know if Dazai wanted him to see all of the bruises under his skin (since Chuuya had gotten him a change of clothes, he was fully covered now), and Chuuya didn't want to accidentally intrude by asking him out of the blue.

So he turned around, and started heading for the door, but Dazai grabbed his wrist, stopping him. Chuuya looked at the hybrid, wondering, waiting for him to say something- to explain why he grabbed him like that.

Dazai put some effort into his words, he could tell. It was almost like he was forcing them out of his throat. "Don't." He pleaded, his voice just barely above a whisper. If Chuuya were any farther away, he wouldn't have been able to hear him. "Don't leave me."

"Dazai…" Chuuya's soul shattered with sorrow and guilt. He was such an idiot! Of *course* Dazai wouldn't want Chuuya to leave after being all alone on that ship for so long! What was he thinking? He turned back around, facing Dazai and taking off his hat, placing it on the countertop. He didn't want it to get dirty. "I won't leave. I promise."

"Ba…" Dazai's voice gave out before he could finish, instead letting out violent, yet weak coughs. Chuuya panicked, using his free hand to grab a cup from the countertop. They were the small paper kind, since Chuuya usually just used them for mouthwash and such. He successfully filled it with water, and handed it to Dazai.

After the hybrid swallowed the water, he cleared his throat and tried

again. “Ba- Bathe with me. Please.”

“Oh.” It came out of Chuuya’s mouth before he could think. He’d washed Dazai before, yes, but he’d never actually *been* in the bath with him. “Are you sure? It’d be really…uh, *we’d* be really close.”

“Mm.” Dazai gave a small nod. That settled it, he supposed.

His arm was released once he agreed to Dazai’s request. The water in the tub was at a good level now, so Chuuya turned the faucet off first before doing anything else. Then, his choker joined his hat on the countertop, and then his gloves did the same as well.

It always felt weird when Chuuya took off his gloves. It was like taking off your armor in the middle of a fight- it made him feel vulnerable. But Dazai was right next to him, so he knew he’d be alright. If *Tainted* ever decided to act up, Dazai would help.

He decided to let Dazai handle his own clothes this time. He didn’t want to accidentally make him uncomfortable by putting his hands on him. Though, he was moving pretty slow.

“The water’s going to get cold soon.” Chuuya warned once he’d unbuttoned his shirt. “You should hurry up.”

Dazai gave a hum in response, slipping his sweatshirt off of his head. Chuuya instantly saw the gray-purple spots covering his skin and promptly looked away. Dazai didn’t seem to appreciate that, however.

“Chuuya.” He called. Chuuya didn’t turn around. “Chuuya.”

“What?” He asked, taking off his own shirt.

“It’s okay.” Chuuya found that hard to believe when the cat’s throat still sounded weak. “You can look. You’ve seen them.”

“You-” Chuuya slowly turned himself back around. Dazai was out cold when Yosano did his checkup, so Chuuya just naturally assumed he wouldn’t have been aware. But of course, his partner was a genius- he’d probably figured it out as soon as he woke up. “Right, sorry.”

Dazai smiled- though Chuuya wasn’t really sure if it could be classified as such. His lips didn’t curve upwards, instead just softening into something more pleasant. It wasn’t much, but it made a big difference to Chuuya.

Despite his warning about the water's temperature, it was still plenty warm by the time Chuuya stepped inside. He hummed and lowered himself until only his upper half was visible. He scooted his body towards the back of the tub, leaving enough space for the hybrid.

"You can come in now." He said once he'd gotten comfortable. "The water feels nice. If you need help getting in, you can hold onto my arm." He stretched out said arm just in case Dazai wanted to take it.

Dazai looked at his hand for a moment, before slowly lifting himself up. His legs were shaking as he moved, taking small, cautious steps. He looked like he might fall over at any moment- it was seriously messing with Chuuya's heart. Every stumble of Dazai's made him tense up with worry.

Once he was close enough, Dazai grabbed onto Chuuya's arm, the support helping him step into the tub. He started with one foot, a surprised and mildly pleased sound coming out of his throat once he'd registered the warmth. Now with physical confirmation that the water was indeed warm, Dazai got the rest of the way in, doing the same thing as Chuuya and sitting down. Since Chuuya was shorter than Dazai, now the only thing he could see in front of him was Dazai's back, covered in bandages with a few bruises here and there.

"Thanks." Dazai let go of his arm, dropping both of his hands in the water.

"Yeah." Chuuya said, his voice dying out near the end of the word. There was so much going on inside of him right now, it was hard to get his mind right. He was feeling so many things- relief that Dazai was back with him, guilt that he'd gotten taken in the first place, and a little bit of anger directed at Ace. The guilt and anger grew with each new bruise he found on Dazai's skin. "Do you…want me to take off your bandages?"

"Why?" Dazai turned his head around until he could look at Chuuya. He looked a little nervous.

"Well, I was just thinking…they're probably dirty, and we might want to clean the skin underneath." He explained, trying his best to keep any part of him from touching Dazai. He didn't want to freak him out. "But if you really don't want to, you can change them in your room. I won't be mad."

"Hmm." Dazai turned his head back around, not saying anything else. Chuuya began to wonder if he wasn't supposed to say that. Should he

not have even mentioned the bandages in the first place? He really didn't know what he was doing.

"I'm sorry." He said, the parts of him not currently in the water starting to feel colder for some reason.

"No." Dazai brought one of his hands behind him, placing it on Chuuya's thigh. "You can…do it."

Chuuya looked down at the hybrid's arm, more specifically staring at the bandages wrapped around it. "Are you sure?"

"Mm."

"Okay, then..." Chuuya still hesitated before taking the edge of the wrappings and beginning to unravel them. It had been a long time since he'd seen all of the secrets hidden underneath the gauze.

The arms were easy to unravel. They had more scars underneath, but it was obvious Dazai was more comfortable with Chuuya touching that part of him. When the only bandages left on his skin were the ones on his neck, they were both silent for a while. Dazai was staring at the water and Chuuya was just staring at the wrappings.

He didn't know what to do, but for some reason, it took him a long time to open his mouth and ask.

"Do you…want the neck, too?"

"Okay." Dazai's voice was quiet. When Chuuya glanced up to the top of the hybrid's head, he saw that his ears were angled differently. He was nervous.

"Um," Chuuya was *very* careful to not touch any skin as he slowly got rid of the gauze. "Hey…it's alright. I'm not going to judge anything, and…I won't do anything. You're safe…"

He sounded so unsure of himself- he didn't know if Dazai believed him.

He placed the dirty bandages on top of the toilet seat. Now that all of Dazai's scars and bruises were visible, the hybrid's body was probably the most tense Chuuya had ever seen it. He hated seeing him like that. He was just about to try and comfort him, but Dazai started speaking before he could.

“It’s not good…I know. Sorry it’s not…pretty.”

“Dazai…” Chuuya brought a hand up, and paused. “Can I touch you?”

Quiet. Quiet, and then a small nod. Chuuya set a hand on Dazai’s back- between his shoulder blades.

“I don’t care how many scars you may have. I don’t care how big, or how small those scars may be. You’re my partner, and you will always be beautiful to me. Not pretty- *beautiful.* You’re beautiful.” His voice had finally found its confidence. Maybe it’s because he was making contact with Dazai, or maybe it was just good timing. Either way, his words made an impact. Dazai’s ears raised up, and his head turned back to him.

“Really?” Dazai’s eyes were wide with curiosity. He didn’t look as nervous now.

Chuuya smiled. “Really. I can see them all, and I haven’t shown any signs of dissatisfaction, have I?”

Dazai hummed, looking down at his arms for a few seconds. “No…”

Chuuya started to move his hand- slow, gentle rubs along the cat’s back. “Hey, Dazai?”

“Mm?”

“Is it okay if we change the subject real quick?”

“Mhm.”

“Why aren’t you talking to me?” Chuuya asked, taking a moment before clarifying. “I mean, why aren’t you talking to me…that much?”

Dazai stared at him, giving him a few slow blinks before swallowing and giving him a reply. “I’m…adjusting. To this. I’m not…angry, or… scared. I just need…”

“I understand.” Chuuya interrupted. He didn’t want Dazai to overexert himself. “Thank you for explaining to me. You take as much time as you need, okay? I’ll help you however I can.”

Dazai’s face softened. His lips shifted and suddenly he was smiling at him, and all of the bad feelings Chuuya had experienced the past few days have been all worth it. They’ve been worth it, because it meant he got to see that smile.

“Bubbles.”

Chuuya blinked. “Huh?”

“The bubbles, Chuuya.” Dazai said, glancing at the bottle of bubbles on the edge of the tub. Chuuya followed his gaze, suddenly remembering about them.

“Oh, right.” He grabbed them, and clicked the lid open, squeezing in a nice amount. It took a few seconds for the bubbles to start emerging, but when they did, Dazai scooped up a handful, quietly admiring them.

While the hybrid was distracted, Chuuya grabbed the cup. It was a well-sized plastic cup. He’d kept it in the bath against the wall after the first time he’d used it to wash Dazai’s hair during his second heat. It worked really well, surprisingly. It was much easier than using his hands, or trying to get Dazai to lay down in the water.

He filled the cup up with water and raised it above Dazai’s head. “Hey Dazai, I’m gonna start washing you now. Are you ready?”

“Oh.” Dazai put his hand back in the water, hiding it under the bubbles and straightening his back. “Yeah.”

The bath took longer than expected. By the time they were out and getting dressed they were almost shivering with how cold the water had become. They didn’t notice the temperature while they were inside though. They were both so warm- so happy. Because they were with each other.

It had been a while since Chuuya wore a sweater, but the bath had really left a chill on his skin, so he decided to put one on. Since apparently Dazai knew much more about sweaters, he picked it out for him.

And now they were wearing matching sweaters. Both black in color, rising up to their midnecks. They both had their individual accessories back, as well. Dazai had wrapped some new bandages around himself, and Chuuya had put his gloves and choker back on. He didn’t bother putting on his hat- he placed that in his room.

It was nice seeing Dazai in a sweater again. It was nice seeing Dazai in a sweater on his couch again. It was nice seeing Dazai in a sweater on

his couch on top of Chuuya again.

The cat had demanded cuddles, and Chuuya couldn't refuse.

Dazai's head was resting in between Chuuya's pecs, and his hands were slowly kneading Chuuya's sweater. It was like Chuuya was getting a free massage.

"It looks nice." Dazai said after a few minutes of comfortable silence. "I like you in sweaters."

"I think you wear them better than I do, but thank you." Chuuya smiled, putting a hand in Dazai's hair to start petting him. He didn't even have to ask- he knew Dazai wanted him to do it.

A knock on the door startled them out of their little daydream world. Chuuya looked up at the other side of the room, wondering who could possibly be knocking right now. He never called anybody over.

"Chuuya should open it." Dazai advised, his ears now pointed in the direction of the door. "Before they get bored and leave."

"Do you know who's there?" Chuuya asked.

"No; it's just nice." Dazai replied, slowly getting off of Chuuya. "The nice thing to do."

"Right." Once he had the room, Chuuya slid off the couch, making his way over to the door. He had a firm grip on the knob as he turned it, ready to slam the door if it wasn't somebody he wanted to see.

"Hi Chuuya; I hope this isn't a bad time?" It was Ango.

"Hey." Chuuya's grip relaxed on the doorknob. "No, it's alright. What's up?"

"Odasaku and I brought some visitors for Dazai."

"Did you now?" Chuuya smiled. *Now* he knew what was going on. He didn't question how they'd figured out Dazai was back home. Ango was a government worker- he learned things quickly. "Then by all means, come inside."

He stepped away from the door, heading back to Dazai, who was now sitting up on the couch, staring excitedly at the couple that had just walked into the apartment.

“Odasaku and Ango are here.” He noted, his tail slowly swaying against one of the cushions. If Chuuya remembered correctly, that meant he was happy.

“We aren’t the only ones.” Oda said as he was taking off his shoes. Ango was doing the same.

“Hm? Who else is here?”

And that’s when the Akutagawa siblings walked through the door.

Dazai froze up, his mouth hanging open as he stared at the black-haired dogs. They were both free of their collars, and they were looking much healthier. Their skin had more color, their faces were more relaxed, and their tails were even wagging.

“Surprise.” Ango smiled.

“Go greet them.” Chuuya nudged the stunned Dazai with his elbow. “That’s the nice thing to do, isn’t it?”

Dazai didn’t need to be told twice. He jumped off the couch, zooming over with a speed only a cat could manage. He stretched out his arms, engulfing the siblings in a large hug. They both wrapped their outer arms around his back.

“You’re both okay.” Dazai whispered. Chuuya could barely hear it from where he was sitting.

“Because of you.” Akutagawa said. “You saved us, Osamu.”

Dazai refused to let go of the siblings as they took off their shoes and took a spot on the couch. Chuuya actually had to get up and sit on one of the arms because Dazai kicked him off of ‘Ryuunosuke’s seat’. Ango and Oda were standing on the other side of the couch.

“Chuuya?” Dazai looked over at him. He had one hand resting on Gin’s shoulder, and his other was petting Akutagawa’s hair.

“What’s up?”

“How did you get him?” Ah, there it was. He was waiting for Dazai to ask him how he got Akutagawa away from Tachihara.

“Well, while those detectives were busy with your case, I decided to do something worthwhile with my time.”

“Hey Chuuya, what’s up? You haven’t called me in a while.”

“Yeah, it’s been quite a bit, hasn’t it, Tachihara? Listen, remember at the party when you talked about meeting up with Higuchi because your dog’s health wasn’t looking good?”

“Yeah, I do. I haven’t really gotten to it, though.”

“Good; because I did it for you.”

“Wait, seriously!? You called her for me!?”

“Yup.”

“Well, what did she say?”

“After I explained your dog’s condition, she told me he probably wasn’t worth keeping if you really want an attack dog.”

“Oh…what should I do with it, then?”

“Drop him off at my place. I’ll be able to find somewhere else for him.”

“You sure, man? I don’t wanna bother you with that.”

“It’s no problem. Besides, you know how much I love dogs. It’d be my pleasure.”

“Well…okay, if you say so. I’ll bring it over in a few. Thanks, man.”

“No problem. Good luck finding an attack dog, by the way.”

“Nakahara-san introduced me to Ango-san and Oda-san, and reunited me with Gin. I owe him my life.” Akutagawa said seriously, staring deep into Chuuya’s soul. Chuuya would have been intimidated, if it weren’t for the hybrid’s tail violently hitting itself against the couch.

“You really don’t need to look up to me, kid.” Chuuya said. He had said that to him a couple of times already, but the dog never got the hint. “It was nothing.”

“It meant everything to me.”

“Yeah, you’re welcome. I seriously don’t need anything in return.”

Dazai smiled, ruffling Akutagawa’s hair a bit rougher than the last time. “Chuuya is a huge tsundere, Ryuunosuke.”

“I am not!” Chuuya exclaimed.

“Oh, I see.” Akutagawa replied.

“So that means if you praise him any more, he’ll blow a fuse! Better tone it down.” Dazai finished, his face shining brighter than the moon. He looked so, so happy.

Chuuya noticed the usage of more words, but he didn’t want to bring any attention to it. He guessed Dazai wouldn’t want him to- especially not with all of these people in the room. He kept silent about it, only sending Dazai a warm grin. Dazai caught onto it, and returned the gesture.

“So Chuuya,” Ango caught his attention. “What are you planning to do now?”

Chuuya went serious at the question, putting his hands in his lap. “I’m going to talk to the boss. He’ll know how to deal with Ace.”

“Could I come too, Chuuya?” Dazai asked.

“Huh?” Chuuya wasn’t expecting Dazai to volunteer to go with him. Going to the Port Mafia was what started this whole mess in the first place- why would he want to go back? “Are you sure? I don’t want anything bad to happen to you.”

“Then I’ll stand outside the door while you complain to your boss! I just…don’t want to be left without you again.” The cat’s ears tilted backwards and his pupils shrank, making him look sad. Chuuya didn’t like seeing him like that.

“Well…I guess if that’s the case…yeah, you could come with me.” Chuuya finally agreed. He didn’t know why, but he started to get a bad feeling settling in his stomach. He shoved it to the side though- this was a happy day.

“Thank you, Chuuya.”

“Of course.” Chuuya said. “Welcome home, Dazai.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' Akutagawa was staring at the carpet, avoiding his eyes. “How Gin and I met Osamu. Would you like to hear it?” '

Fanart Section!!: Zuzii Kuro 1 Kuro 2

Chapter 33: Chuuya and a Dog

Chapter Summary

What happened after Chuuya called Tachihara?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Well…okay, if you say so. I’ll bring it over in a few. Thanks, man.”

“No problem. Good luck finding an attack dog, by the way.”

Chuuya hung up first. He didn’t mean it to be rude, he was just under a lot of pressure right now. It was a Monday. He’d just recently gotten off a call with one of those detectives and let them know about Dazai. They said they’d call him once a ‘Ranpo’ fellow had figured out the case. He didn’t know how long that would take.

Still, he decided he didn’t want to just sit around and do nothing. He wanted to help Dazai, and that’s exactly what he’d going to do. He just won’t be helping him by helping *him*.

If Dazai was willing to put himself in that much danger for that dog and her brother, then surely he’d appreciate the fact that they’re both alright.

While waiting for Tachihara to show up, Chuuya tried to pass the time as quickly as he could. First, he turned on the TV and tried to watch a show.

But then he remembered the time when Dazai first kissed him while watching a show. He promptly turned off the television. It hurt to watch something.

Next he tried to grab something to eat. He was hungry, and it was a few hours past lunchtime anyway. He opened up the fridge, looking for something that fit his appetite.

But then he remembered the time when he and Dazai baked a cake together. He quickly shut the refrigerator door. It hurt to eat.

Then he tried to take a nap. His sleep schedule has been absolutely fucked lately, so even a few minutes of rest might be beneficial.

But then he remembered all the times he and Dazai fell asleep together- on the couch, on his bed, even on the floor. Chuuya screamed, covering his eyes with his hands, trying to get those memories out of his head. It hurt to rest.

He couldn't read either, because he was reminded of how Dazai loved to read. He couldn't go for a walk either, because he was reminded of that time he took Dazai to the park. He couldn't work, either, because that's where it happened. It hurt, it hurt, it hurt.

Chuuya couldn't do anything. He was useless right now. He was worried sick and it was showing. He hadn't left his house for nearly two days.

Chuuya walked into the bathroom, turning on the light and staring at his reflection in the mirror. His hair wasn't as well-kept as it usually was. It didn't look terrible, but it was definitely out of place. His skin was paler, duller- and he could see faint dark circles under his eyes. He was a mess.

"Goddamn it." He whispered, hunching over the sink's countertop. "I really need to get myself together."

He heard a knock at the door. Tachihara was probably here. Chuuya took a deep breath, standing up straight and running his hand through his hair. He tried to make it look better, but really, it didn't do much. Oh well.

He tried to hurry at the door, really, but he wasn't as quick as he usually was. When he finally made it, he opened the door. Tachihara was there, with his dog standing behind him. He definitely didn't look healthy.

"Hey, Tachihara." Chuuya greeted, trying to raise the tone of his voice. He wasn't sure if it worked.

"Hey, man. Thanks again for calling Higuchi for me."

"Yeah, no problem." He realized that as he was talking to Tachihara, he was deliberately avoiding eye contact. He'd never done that before- not with his coworkers. "You can just leave him with me, I'll figure everything else out from there."

"I owe you one." Tachihara said with a smile, handing the leash over to Chuuya. He took it, but his fingers felt weak and numb as he did. It didn't feel right, holding somebody else's leash. It didn't feel

comfortable either- nothing like Dazai's.

"Mhm." Chuuya gave a light tug on the leash, and the dog walked inside of his apartment. He and Tachihara shared one last nod to each other, and then he closed the door. Chuuya let go, letting the leash drop onto the floor. The metal chains jingled as they fell into a messy pile. He blankly stared at the door for much longer than he would have liked.

Once he realized there was currently a dog waiting for him to say something, he snapped out of his trance and turned around to look at him.

"Um," His body felt stiff, uncomfortable. "Hi. You're Akutagawa, right?"

The dog nodded.

"You can speak." Chuuya took a step closer, unclasping the leash from the spiked collar. "It's fine."

"Okay." Akutagawa's throat was really raspy. Chuuya felt his mouth twitch into a deeper frown.

Chuuya got the collar off, dropping it on the floor next to the leash. He didn't have the energy to put it away somewhere. "Let's…sit down."

He let Akutagawa over to the couch, inviting him to sit down next to him. It was clear the kid was confused, and even a little intimidated. Chuuya wanted to ease his nerves, but he wasn't really sure how. He was worried in his messed up headspace he might say something wrong.

"So…" He began, not sure where he wanted to take this sentence. He really should have thought about that before opening his mouth. He ended up not saying anything else after that.

The silence was long and awkward. Neither of them were really sure what they were supposed to do, or say. It was never like this with Dazai. With Dazai, they always had *something* to talk about.

Chuuya cursed himself in his head. He'd started thinking about Dazai again.

"Sir…" Akutagawa gathered enough courage to start his own

sentence. Chuuya turned his head so he could properly look at him.

“My name is Nakahara Chuuya.” He interrupted. “Sorry I didn’t mention that earlier.”

Akutagawa nodded, trying again. “Mister Nakahara-”

“Just Nakahara is fine.” He was pretty sure this dog wouldn’t feel comfortable calling him by his first name.

“Nakahara-san,” Good enough, he supposed. “Sorry if my comment is unwanted, but I couldn’t help but notice you smell like…”

He trailed off. Chuuya understood what he was about to say, though. He lowered his head. “...Dazai?”

“Yes. Pardon me, but are you his…?”

“Yeah.” Chuuya was zoning out again. He’d been doing that a lot lately. “He…”

“He isn’t here.” Akutagawa noted. “Did something happen to him…?”

Chuuya nodded. “You already know, don’t you?”

Akutagawa was quiet for a moment. “...Yes. I’m sorry. It’s my fau-”

“It’s not your fault.” Chuuya looked back up, stopping the hybrid from continuing his self-deprecating thought. “He…I don’t think he would blame you for this. Or your sister.”

Akutagawa’s body tensed, and his gaze grew more intense. He leaned closer by a hair. “You know my sister?”

“I do. Gin, right?”

“Yes. Have you seen her?”

Chuuya was able to manage a smile for his response. “I have. Give me a moment, will you? I need to make a phone call.”

Akutagawa nodded, not saying a word as Chuuya pulled his phone out of his pocket. He quickly dialed Ango’s number, and the government worker answered just as quickly.

“Hi, Chuuya.”

“Hey, Ango. How are you guys holding up?”

“We’re doing well. Gin is still adjusting, but she’s been doing a lot better. Odasaku really likes spending time with her. Yesterday they drew pictures together.”

“How fun.” Chuuya replied, glancing at the dog next to him every so often as he spoke. “Listen, are you three available to come over? Like, as soon as possible?”

“I guess so, why?”

“I have a surprise for your new roommate. She’ll love it- promise.” Since Ango had already agreed to come over, he ended the call, putting his phone back in his pocket. Then he addressed Akutagawa. “And now we just have to wait for them to come over.”

“Alright.” Even though he didn’t know what was going on, Akutagawa agreed anyway.

Chuuya hummed, looking the dog up and down. He looked pretty skinny. “Are you hungry?” He asked. “I could whip something up for you.”

Akutagawa looked down at his own stomach, almost as if he was wondering if he was *actually* hungry. “If it’s not too much trouble. I could just grab it myself.”

“No, no.” Chuuya waved him off, standing up. “I need the distraction. Anything you want?”

“Whatever you’re willing to give me is fine.”

He’s like Dazai. Chuuya thought absentmindedly. *Like how he acted when I first got him.*

He shouldn’t really be surprised. They came from the same center, after all. But the similarities were making his stomach twist itself into knots. Yeah, he really didn’t have an appetite right now.

He didn’t want to put any strain on the hybrid’s stomach, so he went for something easy- sliced apples and slices of ham. He placed the plate in Akutagawa’s lap.

Akutagawa just stared at the food, his nose twitching as he sniffed it.

“Do you not like it?” Chuuya asked after about a minute of this. “I

could get you something else."

"It's fine." Akutagawa replied, his eyes glancing up to make contact with his own. "I'm just waiting for permission."

"Permission?" Chuuya repeated. Then he remembered that time with the ramen. With Dazai. "Oh…right. Uh, eat up, then."

And he did. Chuuya had the thought of 'tell him he doesn't need to act like that anymore', but he decided not to. At least not right now. He was tired, and he was certain Ango and Oda would help him once they came over.

Akutagawa finished his food before they came over. Chuuya was even able to put everything in the kitchen away before the doorbell rang. When the sound echoed through the apartment, Chuuya first got himself emotionally prepared, and then made his way to the door.

He hadn't had this much social interaction in a couple of days, after all. It was taking a toll on his anxious body.

"Thanks for making it on such short notice." Was the first thing Chuuya said before letting everybody inside. He made sure to travel to the side as much as possible so that Akutagawa was in clear view from the doorway.

Ango walked in first, followed by Oda, and then Gin. It was an instant reaction when she came inside. Her eyes flicked up to the body on the couch, and said body on the couch flipped his head to stare back at her.

It was silent for three seconds. Their expressions were both wide with shock. Ango and Oda gave each other a quick glance- seems like they figured it out.

Gin then turned to stare at him, wide-eyed. Chuuya could easily read the question in her eyes, so he smiled and gave her a nod. Then she smiled back, and ran to the couch. Chuuya turned his back to his friends, wanting to give the two siblings at least a little privacy as they reunited.

"How did you do it?" Oda asked as he closed the door.

"It wasn't that hard. I was already acquainted with the man who bought him, so I just told him a little white lie and had him dropped off here." Chuuya shrugged, not feeling like being praised right now.

He didn't feel like he deserved it. "Do you think you could take him in, too? If not, I understand."

"I think we could handle it." Ango replied, looking at Oda just in case his partner felt different. "We have a pretty big house."

"Thanks. You two are good friends, you know that?"

"We do our best." Oda said.

After that little conversation, Chuuya turned back to the couch. Gin and Akutagawa were sitting next to each other, holding onto the other so tightly Chuuya was wondering if it hurt.

"They look happy." Oda noted as he began making his way over. Ango and Chuuya followed after him.

Akutagawa's head lifted once Chuuya got close enough. He looked different. Already, he looked happier. "Nakahara-san, thank you. How did you manage to save her?"

"It wasn't me." Chuuya said with a small shake of his head. "That was all Dazai."

"Right…Osamu…" The dog's gaze lowered. "I'm sorry, I forgot for a moment."

"It's okay, you didn't mean anything by it." Chuuya could feel the mood in the apartment becoming negative again. He couldn't have that happening- not during a moment as sweet as this. He had to find a way to divert the conversation. "So…you two really look alike."

Gin smiled, pushing her head further into Akutagawa's shoulder.

"Thank you." The other half said.

"Course. I've never grown up with siblings, so it's nice to see you two are so close." Chuuya almost went to sit down on the couch, but he froze. "Uh, can I…?"

"It's your apartment. You don't need our permission."

"Right." Chuuya quickly cleared his throat as he sat. Even though he'd managed to keep the mood happy for everybody else, his own personal mood hadn't recovered just yet. He was still thinking about Dazai. He'd never stopped, really.

Akutagawa gave a quick sniff in Chuuya's direction, before pursing his lips. It looked like he was questioning himself for a good while before he opened his mouth.

"Would you…like to hear how we met him?"

"Hm?" Chuuya looked over. "What?"

Akutagawa was staring at the carpet, avoiding his eyes. "How Gin and I met Osamu. Would you like to hear it?"

"Oh…" Chuuya felt his muscles relax against the couch. "Sure. Yeah, I'd like to hear it."

Before Akutagawa began his story, Chuuya quickly waved for Ango and Oda to take a seat. They both nodded, Ango taking the little space there was left on the cushions, as Oda sat next to him on the arm of the couch.

"Gin is younger than me, so she was still living with our mother when I first met Osamu." He began, giving his sister's leg a gentle squeeze.

"How old are you?" Chuuya asked.

"Right now I'm twenty."

So he's two years younger than Dazai…that means Dazai must have been sixteen. He deciphered, trying to keep his face as neutral as possible. "I see. And how was it? Meeting him, I mean."

"At first he wanted nothing to do with me." Akutagawa replied. "He was…very different. He was cold, and silent. He had a glare that put even some of the humans off. He looked very scary. But I could sense that wasn't what he was really like, so I stuck around him."

Chuuya hummed, trying to imagine what that might have looked like- Dazai acting like that. It was hard. He knew Dazai as this bubbly, energetic, and sometimes concerning hybrid. The description Akutagawa had given him didn't match.

"I'm guessing he finally melted after a while?"

Akutagawa nodded. "Yes. I don't remember why or how, but one day he started caring; for me, and the others. We got very close before Gin joined us."

Chuuya glanced down at the younger dog, who seemed to be almost

falling asleep on her brother's shoulder. He smiled, imagining Dazai again. He liked falling asleep on Chuuya. "Did…was she always selectively mute?"

"No." Akutagawa frowned. "When she was a kid, she loved to talk and sing. But then it got ruined."

"I'm sorry." Chuuya didn't know what else to say. It wasn't like he could help in any way- the damage was already done. "I wish you all didn't have to go through that."

"It's okay." Even though it wasn't okay, Akutagawa said it was to make him feel better. "We aren't angry about it- that's just how it works. Besides, we got to meet Osamu because of it. He was the best thing to ever happen to us."

"I can understand that." Chuuya said, feeling his heart warm up just a little. "My life has been very different ever since I met him. I've been happier."

"You love him." Akutagawa stated. "I can feel it."

"Ah- well," Chuuya flushed. "That's, uh…mm. Yeah." He gave up at the end, looking down at his lap to try and cover his blush.

"It's okay. Osamu loves you too. When I saw him again, your scent was all over him. He really loves you."

As much as Chuuya *really* appreciated hearing that, he also really *hated* hearing that. It made his body feel like it was on fire, but it also made him miss his partner even more. He needed to get him back- as soon as possible.

"He loves you guys, too." Chuuya lifted his head, no longer caring if they saw how pink his cheeks were. "If he was willing to go this far, it means he loves you. Uh, just in case you didn't know that already."

Akutagawa smiled at him. "Thank you, Nakahara-san. Thank you for everything you've done for me and my sister. I owe you my life."

"Ah, let's not go that far." Chuuya raised his hands. "You really don't need to say things like that."

"But it's true. You saved me." Akutagawa's eyes were stuck to his own, glaring into them with such respect it was almost frightening him. "If you were to request anything of me, I would do it. No questions

asked.”

“Thank you, but that isn’t necessary. I didn’t do anything expecting a reward out of it. I was just being nice.”

“I see.” Akutagawa’s gaze softened. “But still, know that I hold you in the highest of respects, Nakahara-san.”

Chuuya nodded. It was pretty hard to change this dog’s mind once he set it on something. “Dazai would have done the same. He *did* do the same. I’m just trying to follow in his footsteps.”

After that, the conversations they had were much different. They began talking about plans for Akutagawa moving in with Ango and Oda. Chuuya offered them some cash for their troubles, but the couple denied him.

“We already have enough money on our hands.” Ango told him. He gave up after hearing that.

When they left, Chuuya was alone in his apartment again. The only evidence of another living being having been here was the spiked collar attached to a chain left on the floor.

He still hadn’t picked it up.

Chapter End Notes

Posted this chapter a day early since I won't have the time to do it tomorrow! Enjoy!!

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' “Better.” Dazai shuffled closer until he could start running his hand down Chuuya’s arm, feeling his muscles. “I’m feeling better.” '

Fanart Section!!: Zuzii Kuro 1 Kuro 2

Chapter 34: Together Again

Chapter Summary

The morning after Dazai's rescue...

TW: Slight discussion of noncon (it's nothing big, but if you're sensitive, please just be aware it shows up)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dazai fell asleep in his bed with him. He'd refused to go into his own room, demanding that he hold Chuuya throughout the entire night. Chuuya, naturally, didn't put up a fight. In fact, he wanted the same thing, so he just smiled, nodded, and told Dazai to grab some pajamas.

He'd never had a better night of sleep. He was out cold in just a matter of minutes, and when he woke up, he felt refreshed, energized, and warm.

Waking up to Dazai's face was the greatest way to start the day.

The hybrid was still asleep, and Chuuya didn't dare wake him up. So he spent minutes that he didn't bother to count just admiring him, eventually lifting up a hand to play with the hair he could reach.

It felt so domestic- a feeling Chuuya wasn't really sure he'd ever feel, being a mafioso and all. But right now, it was the best feeling he'd ever felt.

When Dazai woke up, Chuuya was first warned with a twitch of his mouth. He pulled his hand away, watching patiently as the cat's eyes slowly blinked open. They focussed on Chuuya, and once his brain registered who was in front of him, Dazai smiled, his body tensing under the sheets as he stretched.

"Mm…Chuuya." He said, before his mouth went wide open in a yawn. Chuuya got a good look at his fangs as he did. "Good morning."

"Morning." He replied, keeping his voice soft. "How are you feeling?"

"Better." Dazai shuffled closer until he could start running his hand down Chuuya's arm, feeling his muscles. "I'm feeling better."

“That’s good.” They stared at each other in silence for a few seconds, before they simultaneously leaned in, closing the gap between them as they locked lips. Chuuya kept it gentle- letting Dazai take the lead.

His lips still felt nice, but they were slightly cracked. Chuuya kept a mental note to have Dazai put on some chapstick when they got out of bed. He wouldn’t mention it, though. He wanted to enjoy this moment. It had been a few days since he’d gotten to kiss Dazai like this. Or at all.

The moment didn’t last long; Dazai pulled away, but he didn’t *pull away*. He was still close to Chuuya’s face- close enough that their noses were touching, in fact.

“Chuuya has gross morning breath.” Dazai muttered to him. Chuuya scoffed.

“Did you seriously just say that to me?”

“I’m just being honest. Isn’t honesty the best policy?”

“Sometimes it’s better to stay quiet.” Chuuya turned his body over so he could sit up, giving his arms a quick moment to stretch over his head. “Anyways, what do you want for breakfast?”

Dazai, who was still comfortably laying down under the sheets, looked up at him with lazy eyes. “Could Chuuya make me toast?”

“Toast? You want toast for breakfast?”

“I want something simple today.” The hybrid explained. “Chuuya can make something different for himself.”

“No, no, it’s fine. I just thought you’d take advantage of my generosity, is all.” Chuuya moved the sheets off of his legs, swinging them off the bed afterwards and getting onto his feet.

“Chuuya already makes breakfast for me every day.”

Chuuya stood by the side of the bed for a few moments, not saying a word.

Damn it, he’s right. He suddenly realized.

Breakfast was like something out of a cringy romcom. Chuuya did in fact make both of them toast, and Dazai conveniently joined him in the kitchen when it was almost ready. He surprised Chuuya with a

kiss to the neck, which definitely didn't startle him. Dazai also suggested that Chuuya should hand feed him again at one point, to which Chuuya told him to 'just eat his damn breakfast'.

It felt normal again. It felt good.

After they'd cleaned up and gotten changed, they headed straight to the couch- their favorite cuddle spot. Dazai was wearing a light blue sweater with a white cloud pattern, combined with one of his favorite pairs of black sweatpants. Chuuya was wearing a simple gray T-shirt, but he'd popped on a nice black jacket over it.

"Why is Chuuya wearing a jacket?" Dazai asked while he was leaning against his side. His head was resting atop of Chuuya's. "Why not just wear a long-sleeved shirt?"

"Because I don't feel like wearing one." He answered from under the tall cat.

"You're wearing long sleeves either way."

"Yeah, but it feels different."

"How?"

"It just does. Now are you going to keep pestering me about my fashion, or do you actually want to do something fun?"

"Oh?" Chuuya could practically feel Dazai smiling against his hair. "You're being quite forward, Chuuya! Don't you know we should wait at least a bit longer before-"

"You idiot, that's not what I meant!" Chuuya exclaimed, his cheeks turning the color of salmon.

Dazai laughed, keeping it quiet enough that it wouldn't hurt Chuuya's ears. "I know, I was just being funny! Chuuya is so easy to rile up!"

"Whatever." He grumbled. "You shouldn't be making jokes like that this early anyway.

"Why not?" Dazai stopped leaning against him, sitting up straight so he could look questioningly at his partner.

"Because! You were-!" Chuuya turned his head, cutting himself off when he locked eyes with Dazai. He couldn't say it. He couldn't look his beloved partner right in the eyes and tell him 'you were raped'.

“Chuuya,” Dazai’s smile disappeared. “It’s fine.”

“It’s not!” He was yelling now. He didn’t know why he was so upset all of a sudden. “After all you’ve been through- now that you’re supposed to be *happy,* how can you just sit there and say that’s fine!?”

Dazai kept his composure, his voice keeping the calm tone that Chuuya couldn’t find anymore. “Let me rephrase, then. *I’m* fine, Chuuya. I didn’t want that to happen to me any more than you did, but I don’t regret helping Ryuunosuke and Gin.” He leaned closer- not enough that he was getting in Chuuya’s face, but enough that he could clearly see his eyes. Those beautiful brown eyes. “I’m not scared. I’m not scared, or angry, or even anxious. I *am* happy, Chuuya. And do you want to know why?”

“Why?” Chuuya’s question died down to a whisper. He sounded so desperate- so sad. “Why?”

Dazai smiled again. It was softer- more genuine this time. He slowly closed his eyes, opening them back up just as slowly. “Because I have you.”

“Me?” Chuuya didn’t understand. He *couldn’t* understand. “But it’s- I couldn’t get to you in time. I couldn’t help as much as…as I wanted to.”

“You may not have been there, but you helped me.” Dazai assured, lifting one of his hands and resting it on Chuuya’s head. He slowly dragged his fingers through the orange locks, just how Chuuya had always done it to him. “Whenever I got sad, or started to lose hope, I would remember you. There were many times when I thought, ‘Is it even worth it? To keep fighting?’. But then I would imagine your face, and I got my answer. ‘Yes’, Chuuya. Yes, it’s worth it; because you’re my reward.”

Chuuya sniffed, and his eyes started to sting. A few seconds later he was crying- salty water sliding down his cheeks and onto his chin, with stray droplets landing on the couch. The hand in his hair moved to cup his cheek, and Chuuya grabbed it. He grabbed that hand and held it so tight- like he was worried if he didn’t it would leave him. He shut his wet eyes tightly as he cradled that hand against his cheek, smearing it with his tears.

Dazai was silent as he cried. He didn't say anything. Not a joke, nor a word of comfort. He just let Chuuya cry.

That was all he needed, really. He didn't need jokes, or comfort. He just needed to let it all out.

When he'd calmed himself down, his breath was still uneven, but he wasn't crying anymore. He opened his eyes, found Dazai's face again, and to his surprise, he saw wet tracks on his face.

Dazai had been crying with him.

"I…" Chuuya softened his grip on Dazai's hand. "I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me."

"No need to apologize. I didn't mind." Dazai wiped his eyes with his free hand. "Besides, I think we both needed that."

"Mm." Chuuya followed his example, wiping his own eyes. "I've never seen you cry before."

"I've never seen you cry, either." He shot it right back. "You must have been stressed these past few days. I'm sorry I caused you that; I didn't mean to."

"I don't blame you." Chuuya said. He didn't feel as bad inside anymore. "I've never blamed you."

"Then can you see why I wouldn't blame you, either?" Dazai allowed himself to chuckle after the question. "It's simple once you think about it, really."

"I guess so." Chuuya fully let go of Dazai's hand, leaning his body to the side to rest his head on the hybrid's shoulder. Dazai responded by tilting his head against it. The pressure of somebody resting on him felt nice. It was grounding.

They stayed silent like that for a good minute, just leaning on each other and enjoying the shared warmth of their bodies. Once they both had fully recovered from their quick crying session, Dazai spoke.

"I'm…sorry for making that joke. You're right, it was inappropriate timing. I'll be more careful next time."

"Thank you." Chuuya replied, letting his eyes close again. Maybe just one more nap together wouldn't be that bad. It wasn't like they had anything to do today, after all.

"Are you napping?" Dazai asked in a whisper.

“I was about to be.” Chuuya replied just as quietly. “What’s up?”

“I don’t want to fall asleep again. I want to stay up and spend more time with Chuuya.” He said, his voice growing now that he knew Chuuya could hear him. “But if you’re really super tired, I guess we could take a quick catnap.”

“I’m not really super tired.” Chuuya said, ignoring the pun. “If there’s anything in particular you want to do, we could do it. With boundaries.”

“Of course. There’s nothing I really *want* to do…I just want to do *something* with you.”

“I forgot how cheesy you can be sometimes.” Chuuya joked, pulling his head away from its comfortable position.

“Chuuya’s just as cheesy as me- he just doesn’t admit it.” Dazai fixed his head position as well, his usual ‘Dazai’ smile plastered on his face.

“You’re right, I don’t.” Chuuya smirked, taking hold of Dazai’s wrist. “Though, I have an idea on something we could do to pass the time.”

Dazai matched his smirk, briefly looking down at their hands before glancing back up. “Is Chuuya saying he wants to kiss me?”

“Yep.”

“Is Chuuya saying he wants to *make out* with me?”

“Yep.” He said again, using his grip to pull Dazai’s face closer. “You up for it?”

“Obviously.” Dazai’s face was dusted with red now. It was a good look on him.

“Well, better put on some chapstick, then.”

“Excuse me?” Dazai blinked, surprised at his demand.

“Your lips are cracked. Put on some chapstick, and *then* I’ll make out with you.” Chuuya clarified, letting go of his partner. Dazai blinked a few more times.

“Did you seriously just say that to me?”

Chuuya shrugged. “I’m just being honest.”

Dazai frowned at him. “That was a dirty move, Chuuya.”

He shrugged again. “Do you want to kiss me or not?”

Dazai grumbled a few words that Chuuya couldn’t pick up under his breath. It was most likely something like ‘Chuuya is so mean’ or ‘Chuuya is unfair’. Still, he got up from the couch and quickly ducked into his room so he could grab some chapstick. A few weeks ago Chuuya forced him to put one in his room, and now he was glad that he did.

When Dazai returned and sat next to him, he wasn’t so much upset now- he looked like he was *pouting.* He had his arms crossed over his chest and everything.

“What’s wrong?” Chuuya put just a little bit of teasing into his tone as he leaned closer. “Does the big baby not like taking care of himself?”

Dazai huffed, turning his head away. Yep, definitely pouting.

“Come on, look at me.” He tried again. “Why are you so upset?”

“Chuuya stole my line!”

“Seriously?” Chuuya’s shoulders dropped as he gave a light scoff. “If I apologize will you forgive me?”

“...Fine.” Dazai looked back at him. “Apologize now.”

“I’m sorry.” Chuuya took the opportunity to grab Dazai’s waist, pulling him close. He noticed the new shine on Dazai’s lips. “I’m sorry that I stole your clever line; I take it back.”

“I forgive you. Can Chuuya kiss me now?”

“Of course, sweetheart.” Chuuya waited to see Dazai’s face heat up again from the name before capturing his lips. It already felt much better than last time. He could still feel a slight cracked texture, but the smoothness of the chapstick was doing a good job at covering it. It also made Dazai’s lips taste just a bit like dragon fruit.

It was a slow, gentle kiss- not rough and passionate like they were so used to doing on this couch. With his hands already on Dazai’s waist, he started running them up and down the lovely curve, feeling Dazai’s content hum tingle against his lips as he did. As a sign of the hybrid’s appreciation, Dazai draped his arms over Chuuya’s shoulders,

delivering light scratches to his bare neck. Chuuya shivered, the feeling went through his entire body.

Dazai's lips curved up, and he pulled away just enough to mumble against Chuuya's mouth. "Did you like that?"

"Obviously. Now get back here." He squeezed Dazai's hips, and the cat laughed before leaning into the kiss again.

For the next few minutes, they made out on the couch like a couple in a film. By the time they were done, Chuuya's lips felt smoother as well, since he picked up some of Dazai's chapstick.

"I've missed being able to kiss you whenever I want." Dazai said, unwrapping his arms and placing them in his lap. "Chuuya's addicting."

"Why thank you." Chuuya smiled, pulling his own hands away. He didn't want to appear clingier than the hybrid. "You're not that bad yourself."

"Chuuya's lying."

"Am not."

"You looooove me." Dazai sang. "You're just trying to appear more held-back than me!"

Chuuya scoffed- he was totally right. "Whatever. I bought us some more awake time together, but now my mind is blank. Do you have any ideas to pass the time?"

Dazai hummed, his head turning over to stare at the TV. "Does Chuuya have any fun games on there?"

"Well, I have Mario Kart, but we've played that already. My Wii is pretty old, but I could scavenge through my box of games if you want to give it a try." He offered.

"What's a Wii?"

"A TV game console."

"Like mine?"

He shrugged. "Something like that, I guess. Although yours only has that racing game. With the Wii, you switch out disks so you can play

multiple games."

Dazai's pupils grew with interest. "Really? That sounds fun! I want to play games with Chuuya!"

"Alright, then." Chuuya smiled, standing up from the couch. "Give me a second to find something you'd like."

He was pretty sure the box was shoved somewhere in his closet, so that's where he headed. He was cleaning a year or so ago and put it there so it wouldn't get in the way.

It had been a while since he'd dug through his small box of Wii games. In fact, it had been a while since he'd played with his Wii at all. He was keeping himself busy with reports and paperwork in the past, and playing something on his television never really crossed his mind. He figured Dazai should at least experience it once, though.

Once Chuuya finally found a game he thought Dazai would enjoy, he heard the familiar buzzing of his microwave. Was Dazai heating something up? He looked over at the door he'd kept open, and yeah, Dazai wasn't on the couch anymore. Maybe he just got hungry and wanted to heat up a snack?

With the game in hand, Chuuya walked into the kitchen, finding Dazai waiting by the microwave patiently.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Chuuya asked once he'd stopped at his partner's side.

"Getting a heating pad." The microwave beeped, and Dazai opened it, retrieving a small pad.

"Where did you get that?"

"I found it in a cupboard under the counter." Dazai closed the microwave and faced Chuuya. "You know, the one that Chuuya has full of heating pads."

"Right." Chuuya wasn't even aware that Dazai knew about that cupboard. He must have been snooping one day and found it. "Well, why do you need it?"

"I read somewhere that heating pads can help with bruises. I wanted to test that out." The hybrid explained, moving past Chuuya back into the living room. He quickly followed, since he didn't want to miss any

part of the conversation.

“Are they starting to hurt again?” They sat back on the couch, and Chuuya placed the game on the coffee table. They could focus on that later.

“Just a little bit.” Dazai lifted one of his legs, rolling up his pants until a big yellow-brown bruise was revealed by his inner thigh. Chuuya cringed once he saw it. “It’s nothing bad, I just wanted to see if the heat would help.”

Dazai placed the heating pad over the bruise, applying some pressure once it was on. His expression didn’t change, but Chuuya caught onto the little details that others might have brushed off- his pupils shrank and his lips pursed together.

“Does it hurt?” He asked, trying not to let the concern get to him. Dazai could take care of himself, he knew that. He just was still a bit paranoid.

“It’s fine.” Dazai assured. “I’ve dealt with bruises before, so it’s not a big deal anyways. What game did Chuuya find for us to play?”

Chuuya glanced over at the case holding the disk, grabbing it so Dazai could properly see it. “Just Dance. It’s a stupid little game, but I figured you’d like to try. It’s all about music and dancing.”

“Do *we* get to dance?” Dazai asked, his eyes glazing over the bright colors on the display image.

“We do. There’ll be a character on screen dancing, and we gotta mimic their movements.”

“Sounds fun.” Dazai smiled, his tail sliding off the couch with a flick. “I can’t wait to see Chuuya’s epic dancing skills.”

Chuuya chuckled, popping open the case and taking the disk out. “Yeah, yeah. Just try and keep up, will ya? Here, you keep the pad on your leg while I get the game ready.”

“Okie dokie!” Dazai called out as Chuuya got up from the couch again, heading over to the TV where his Wii was set up.

He made a sound of disgust. “Oh, gross. Never say that again.”

“Okie dokie.” Dazai said it again, just to annoy him.

Chapter End Notes

Just so you all know, Chuuya absolutely destroyed Dazai in Just Dance (even though Dazai tried to cheat).

Once again, I posted this chapter a day early since I won't have the time to do it tomorrow! Enjoy!!

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' Mori hummed, thinking it over. “...Yes. Send him in, Chuuya.” '

Fanart Section!!: Zuzii Kuro 1 Kuro 2

Chapter 35: One's Boss, Another's Master

Chapter Summary

Have fun!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chuuya waited a week to bring up the Ace Incident to his boss. He wanted to wait until Dazai was both physically and mentally ready for it- even though the hybrid continually insisted nothing bad would happen. He just couldn't shake the feeling that wasn't true.

Still, he trusted his partner, so he was going through with it.

Dazai's skin was as clean as it could possibly be. It was still paler than Chuuya would have liked, but he knew that was the fault of not enough sunlight exposure when he was young. The bruises on his skin had fully healed up, and his everlasting scars were covered up by his bandages.

He still wasn't wearing his collar though, since Chuuya never gave it back. The cat never mentioned any desire for it, so he never bothered to bring it up. If Dazai was happily going through his day without the leather, then that was good for him.

He'd been doing most of his paperwork and reports from home, since he figured while healing, Dazai wouldn't want him to be away for too long. He was right, because every day Dazai expressed just how much he loved being able to see Chuuya whenever he wanted.

Clingy little shit.

Just yesterday the Akutagawa siblings actually came over to visit Dazai and see how he was doing. They stayed practically all day- talking, reading books, watching films, the sort. It was…interesting, to say the least. Chuuya really got to see Dazai's maternal side that day.

He was so doting to those two, Chuuya wouldn't be surprised if they were actually somehow related. He would constantly have an eye on them- bring them snacks, water, and at one point he even *bathed* them- licking their heads and faces until they were shiny and clean.

It got Chuuya thinking. Would Dazai act that way if they decided to have…

No, he shouldn't think about that right now. Dazai probably isn't ready for that kind of commitment yet. Still, he could hold onto that thought for a later time.

"Chuuya." Dazai's voice had officially come back to him. At the start of the week, he was still processing what had happened to him and was also adjusting to normal life again, so sometimes he forgot how to speak. Now, it was as if the whole ordeal had never happened. "Today's the day, right?"

Ah, except for that. Chuuya still hadn't talked to his boss yet. In fact, he never stepped foot near the Port Mafia Headquarters, just in case he happened to see Ace there and lost his temper. As much as he wanted to murder the bastard, he wanted to make sure Dazai *and* the boss would be okay with it. If not, then he'd just break all of his limbs.

"Yeah, it is. Get your shoes on, okay?" Chuuya already had his shoes on, so he just watched and waited.

While Dazai was tying his laces, he kept the conversation going. "So, what are you planning to say to your boss?"

"I'm not really sure." Chuuya admitted. "I don't want him catching onto us, but I'll have to tell him *something* to get him to potentially agree with me."

"I know what you can say." Dazai looked up at him once he finished tying his first shoe. "Just say that he stole something of yours, and it ticked you off."

"I…" Chuuya paused for a moment. Dazai got started on his second shoe. "Will you be alright if I say something like that?"

"I'm the one who suggested it, so yeah." Dazai's hands were quick. The bow he made wasn't perfect, but it was good enough. He stood up, once again reminding Chuuya of their height difference. "At this point you should really stop asking those kinds of questions. You've already heard the answer so many times."

"I keep asking in case there comes a day when you stop being alright with being talked about like an object." Chuuya explained, taking Dazai's hand. "And I won't stop asking until that day happens. Okay?"

Dazai smiled. "Okay, Chuuya."

He didn't know why he was surprised. Maybe it was because every other time Chuuya said something like this, Dazai usually fought back with the assurance that it was fine. He never actually *agreed* so easily.

It was a nice change. He could get used to this.

Chuuya made sure to return the smile so Dazai knew he appreciated it before letting go and heading towards the door, opening it up. "Well, let's go, then. After you."

Dazai nodded, exciting the apartment with Chuuya right behind him. They walked down the hall, traveled down the stairs, and exited the building in a quick silence that neither of them really minded. It was that type of quiet where you know nothing is wrong. The type of quiet where everything is actually *okay,* and that makes it tolerable.

It was once they were outside, and the sun made Dazai's pupils shrink, when that silence ended.

"Chuuya." Dazai brought a hand up to gently touch his neck where his collar would normally be. It was as if he just realized he didn't have it on. "Chuuya, my leash. Where is my-"

Chuuya grabbed hold of Dazai's wrist, beginning to walk down the street and towards HQ. "You're not wearing it."

It wasn't up for discussion.

"But Chuuya, what-"

"I don't care what other people think. They can stare all they want. They can judge all they want. But you aren't putting that thing on to please some strangers ever again. Do you hear me?"

Dazai was quiet now behind him. He was staring, watching, observing. Chuuya knew. He was usually assertive, yes, but not to this extent. Dazai was probably trying to figure out: 'what changed?'

What changed, is that Chuuya realized by letting Dazai continue to sink himself in these ideas and standards, it wasn't helping with his growth. He needed to stand his ground. He needed to let Dazai *really* stop being some simple pet.

He was so much more than that.

“You’re very strange.” Dazai eventually said, catching up to pace with Chuuya so he was no longer being dragged along beside him. Chuuya still held onto his wrist, but lightened up his grip.

“We’re both strange.” He shot back. “I’m the ‘kind mafioso’, and you’re the genius hybrid. Neither of us really fit into our roles.”

“Why does it sound like you put your title in quotation marks?” Dazai rose a brow as his lip curved into a smirk.

“Because I did, smartass. I’m not kind- I was just using your words.”

“Uh-huh.” Dazai didn’t look convinced in the slightest. “Gotcha, Mr. Not-kind Mafioso.”

Chuuya rolled his eyes. “Did you have to put ‘Mr.’ in front? I hated that so much.”

“It was funny!”

“No, it absolutely was not.”

“Chuuya just doesn’t have a sense of humor.” Dazai huffed, looking forward defiantly.

“Hah? I have an incredible sense of humor! You just haven’t said anything funny to me.”

“Noooope! I’m a comedic master.”

Chuuya scoffed. “Whatever. You better shut your trap soon, otherwise we’re *really* going to attract some attention. The deeper we get into mafia territory, the more your little outbursts are going to be recognized.”

“I know that, I know that.” Dazai toned down his expression, his face now serious. “I was just having fun while I could.”

“Hey, this shouldn’t take too long.” Chuuya reminded him, trying to cheer him up just in case his comment soured Dazai’s mood. “A quick chat, and then we can go straight to the apartment, okay?”

“Mm.” Dazai nodded, still looking ahead. “We don’t have to immediately go there, right? It’s a nice day today. I think I’d like to stop by that park again.”

He wasn’t expecting Dazai to say that. Still, after thinking about it, it

made sense. “Oh. Yeah, sure, I guess we could do that if everything works out fine.”

“Chuuya’s a worrywart.”

“I am not.”

When they finally reached the Port Mafia Headquarters, Dazai was silent. His gaze was focused, and the hold they had on each other was gone. They were just walking side by side- entering through the big sliding doors and traversing the long, wide hallways.

When they made it to the elevator, Chuuya could tell that Dazai was fascinated. He’d probably never been on anything like it before.

He wished he could have seen Dazai *really* enjoying himself, but there were security cameras watching them everywhere. Dazai had to stay in character until they were outside. Then he could rant about the amazing moving box as much as he wanted.

The boss’s quarters were on the very top floor, so it was a long ride. Thankfully, nobody else needed to hop onto the elevator, so it was just them until a soft *ding!* interrupted their silence.

“Well, here’s our floor.” Chuuya said once the elevator doors had slid open. He walked out first, and waited until Dazai was standing beside him.

It was dead quiet. The only sound that could be heard was the echoing of their footsteps through the hallway. It was rattling through his ears- the only thing he could focus on except for his beating heart.

He wasn’t afraid, not by a long shot. That feeling was just back again. That bad feeling that Dazai told him not to worry about so many times. He just couldn’t get rid of it; even now that they were standing outside of the boss’s door.

There were two grunts guarding the door. Guns in hand, watching them, waiting for their orders. They knew who Chuuya was. At least, they should, now that he was an Executive.

“I need to speak with the boss.” Chuuya stated, tilting up his chin in that threatening manner. “Immediately.”

The two grunts nodded their heads, stepping to the side and opening the large doors by a crack. Just enough that Chuuya would be able to

push through them himself.

“He’s going to stay here.” Chuuya gestured towards Dazai. “Keep an eye on him. Keep him out of trouble, and keep *yourselves* in check. I’ll know if anything happens out here.”

They nodded once again. Chuuya looked at Dazai, and the hybrid gave him a nod as well.

Okay, this was it. Chuuya was going to go in and talk to his boss about Ace. This would either benefit him, or destroy him. But he was willing to take that risk for Dazai.

After giving his partner a pat on the back of his shoulder, Chuuya left. He pushed through the doors, entering his boss’s office. The doors closed behind him.

“Boss.” He announced his presence- not too loudly, of course. He didn’t want to intrude if something important was going on. “I need to speak to you.”

Mori spinned around in his chair, a stack of papers in hand. He had his usual calm smile plastered on his face. “Ah, Chuuya. To what do I owe the pleasure of seeing you today? You haven’t been in the building for a while; I was worried something might have happened to you.”

“Nothing happened to me.” Chuuya lowered his gaze. It was respectful. “But something did happen that made me…” He trailed off. He didn’t know how to describe it without cussing.

“Speak your mind, Chuuya.” Mori said.

“It pissed me off. Majorly.”

“I see.” Mori placed his papers on his desk, giving his full attention to Chuuya. “If you’re coming to me about it, then it must mean a big deal to you. Well, go ahead and tell me. I’ll see if it’s something I can handle.”

Chuuya nodded, placing his hands behind his back. “Thank you, boss. You see…Ace…he stole something of mine.”

Mori hummed, placing his elbows on his desk and leaning closer. “What did he steal? Did you get it back?”

“I did. He…stole the hybrid that I got at the auction.”

“And how did he manage that?”

“Ace wanted my cat at that auction, but I got to him first. So once he saw him, he took him. I wasn’t there when it happened, so when I found out, Ace had already sailed away on his secret ship.” It was a tiny white lie. Everything Chuuya said was true- he just didn’t give Mori the complete story. It sounded better this way. “I tracked him down and got my cat back.”

“So, what are you expecting me to do?” Mori asked. “If you got your possession back, what are you suggesting I do?”

“I want you to punish Ace.” Chuuya paused for a moment, thinking over what he said. “Well, it’s more like I want your permission for *me* to punish Ace. By killing him. Or, just like, breaking his bones or something.”

Mori stared at Chuuya for a moment. Chuuya didn’t have the guts to stare back. He glanced down at the floor as he waited for his boss to say something again.

“Well…you’re an Executive, Chuuya. You can do anything you please unless I stop you.”

He’s not telling me yes. But he’s not telling me no, either. It was in Chuuya’s hands, what he decided to do. He looked back up at the man in the chair. “Yes, boss. Thank you.”

“Though, I am curious- how special must this cat be, to make you willing to harm another Executive?” Mori smiled again. “Did you bring him with you?”

“I…did, yes.”

“Can you send him in?”

And suddenly, that feeling was back again. This time however, it was heightened tenfold. “Is that…an order, boss?”

Mori hummed, thinking it over. “...Yes. Send him in, Chuuya.”

--

When Dazai had told Chuuya he wanted to come with him, he wasn't expecting it to be so *boring*.

He knew he probably shouldn't go into his boss's office with him, since it could be seen as disrespectful, so he offered to just wait outside the door. But now that he was actually doing that, he just wanted to go home.

The grunts guarding the door made it even worse, because they were just standing there! And because of the glasses they were wearing, it just made them look like statues! They weren't moving at all! It was super weird! And it's not like he could talk to them, because then they might start to get suspicious!

Dazai let out a quiet sigh. He really hoped Chuuya's conversation went by quickly, like he said it would. He didn't want to be here for much longer. He was getting tired and he was already super bored. He wanted to go back to the apartment and take a nap on the couch.

The large doors suddenly opened, and Dazai flipped his head in its direction. Chuuya was peeking out from the crack in the door.

"Hey," He started, looking straight at Dazai. "My boss wants you to come inside. He wants to meet you."

Dazai blinked in surprise. He wasn't expecting that. Why would Chuuya's boss want to meet him?

Well, it wasn't like he could refuse. Not with these other humans watching them, anyway. So, he nodded and walked over to the doors, where Chuuya had now backed away so he could enter the room himself.

"This is Dazai," Chuuya introduced as the doors shut behind them. "My cat."

The man across the room was looking at him now. Dazai caught his eye. What he was wearing was no doubt expensive- fashionable as well. He wasn't wearing a doctor's coat, that was for sure.

But still, even with the change of clothes, Dazai recognized him.

Master.

“Dazai?” Master repeated, his lips curving up as he scoffed, slowly shaking his head. “That’s just disappointing.”

“Disappointing?” Chuuya’s voice barely made its way to Dazai’s ears. All he could hear was Master. All he could see was Master.

Dazai was frozen stiff. He couldn’t move. Was he even breathing?

“I thought I trained you better than this, Shuuji.” Despite Master’s smile and calm voice, his gaze wasn’t kind at all. It was glaring deep into Dazai’s soul, trying to tear him apart. “But once you’re out of my hands, you go behind my back and disregard all of what I’ve taught you? You should be ashamed of yourself.”

“Hang on-” Dazai couldn’t hear anything more of what Chuuya said. He was sure it was something good, though. That’s just how Chuuya is. Was he backing him up? Defending him? Asking questions? Dazai couldn’t tell. The only thing he knew was that *Master was back and he’s going to discipline me.*

Was there a scalpel hidden under that desk? There must be, right? There was no way Master would allow him in here and *not* have a scalpel with his name on it. It was his favorite toy to use on him, after all. Or maybe he wanted to try something new- maybe he was just going to slap him around until he bled.

If Dazai was quick, maybe he could avoid this.

His lips trembled as he opened his mouth, trying to explain himself. Nothing came out- not even a gasp. The air in his lungs was sucked out of him.

He’d never felt so much fear in his life. Is this how the younger hybrids back at his center used to feel? Is that why they were always frozen- too afraid to help him when they were right there? Witnessing it all?

The bandages wrapped around his arms and neck started to burn, itch, *suffocate.* He’d never hidden his scars from Master before. Master was always able to see everything. And now that everything was hidden, it was wrong wrong wrong wrong-

Chuuya appeared in his vision again. He was storming over to Master’s desk, slamming his hands on the wood as his mouth flapped angrily. What was he saying? What was going on? Dazai couldn’t hear a thing. He could barely *see* a thing, either.

He was freaking out. Was this a panic attack? His heart was pounding in his chest- almost like it was trying to tear itself out of his body.

He didn't know when his head dropped to the floor. He didn't know when his eyes screwed themselves shut. He didn't know when Chuuya grabbed his wrist, dragging him out of the room.

Everything was a blur. At least, until his nose was flooded with a familiar scent.

They were back in the apartment. But how? How did they get here so quickly? Was Dazai's time perception really so messed up? Did he not realize he was dragged through the streets?

The strange pressure on his wrist was gone. Dazai opened his eyes, pupils shrunken down in panic, and ears pressed flat against his head. Chuuya was in front of him, looking almost just as panicked. But Dazai could pick up the scent of anger as well. Anger and betrayal.

"Dazai…" He could hear Chuuya again. "Dazai, I am *so sorry,* I didn't know, I…fuck, I didn't know!"

For a brief moment, Dazai doubted. Chuuya worked under Master, right? So what if he was just faking it? Loving him?

But then it took another brief moment for Dazai to realize: *Chuuya could be the best liar in the world, but his scent always gives everything away.*

Chuuya's hands were trembling. It was clear that he wanted to physically comfort Dazai somehow, but he was scared to touch him. Dazai appreciated that he was holding back- he didn't want to be touched right now.

"Mori never said- well, he did say he had a cat at his center but, I didn't know it was you! I didn't know he called you….that, so I…I should have listened to my gut. I had a feeling something bad would happen, but I didn't stop it…"

Dazai's breathing was starting to go back to normal. Now that he was back in the apartment, safe, he was calming down. "Chuuya…"

"Don't say it's fine." Chuuya stole the words out of his mouth. "Don't say that, because it isn't true. You can say you don't blame me, and I'll accept that, but don't say that it's fine!"

“…Okay.” He was still too shaken up to put up a fight.

Chuuya started pacing around the apartment, a hand in his hair. He was *reeking* distress. “I can’t even trust my own boss anymore…this is so messed up…I don’t know what to do! Nowhere around here is safe anymore!”

After Chuuya said that, he stopped. He looked back at Dazai, wide-eyed. He’d just come up with an idea.

“Dazai…how do you feel about moving away?”

Chapter End Notes

I posted this chapter a few day early since I won't have the time to do it in a timely manner! Enjoy!!

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Let me know about any views/ questions/theories in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Next Chapter Preview:
' “Chuuya wants to move to the romantic city?” Dazai teased after he’d read a short article about Paris. “Is this another tacky confession by Mr. Mafia?” '

Fanart Section!!: Zuzii Kuro 1 Kuro 2

Chapter 36: Forever Companion

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Where did the first hybrids come from? Nobody is really sure, but there are a couple theories out there that could make sense.

Some people believe that at one point in history, there were only animals- and through evolution, humans emerged. The strong were able to fully transform, but the weak could only make it halfway there.

There are others that think there were always animals and humans- but one day the heavens decided to punish the sinful or unworthy humans by changing them partly into animals.

There are other ideas, but they all end up the same way: with hybrids being portrayed as weak, unworthy, *sinful.* That's why they were captured and enslaved. Not because full animals were too hard to domesticate, so it was just easier to target the hybrids- heavens, no! Because that's the punishment that hybrids deserve.

At least, that's the way Japan thought. Which is why Chuuya and Dazai were now moving to Europe. Paris, specifically.

They didn't have to do a whole ton of research regarding Paris, since Chuuya really wanted to move there, and Dazai didn't care as much, so he easily agreed. Still, he did look it up to see what it would be like.

"Chuuya wants to move to the romantic city?" Dazai teased after he'd read a short article about Paris. "Is this another tacky confession by Mr. Mafia?"

"No, I just really like Paris. And I'm not 'Mr. Mafia' anymore; I quit, remember?"

Ah, right. That part was especially difficult for Chuuya. He was leaving behind a lot of people he cared about. Still, Chuuya decided to tell Kouyou, and nobody else. She agreed to only let Mori know he was gone once they were safely in Europe.

He also had to ask a certain government worker to help clear up his

criminal record, so he'd easily be accepted into the country, and be able to find a well-paying job. Even though he was definitely taking all of his mafia cash with him, he wanted to earn at least a *little* non-blood money once they began their new lives.

Though, after the phone call where Ango agreed to help him out, Chuuya immediately started putting on his shoes.

"Chuuya?" Dazai paused his racing game and looked up from the couch. "What are you doing? Where are you going?"

"Before my criminal record gets erased, I need to go break somebody's limbs." Chuuya replied as if that was a perfectly normal thing to say.

"Oh. Okay." Dazai shrugged it off as if that was a perfectly normal thing to hear.

Later that day, mafia members found Executive Ace lying helplessly on the ground, unable to move- because his arms and legs were absolutely destroyed.

While waiting for the day of their moving to arrive, they had to get rid of some things. It was bad manners to leave possessions in the apartment you're never going to see again, right? So they donated a lot of stuff.

A *lot* of stuff. Clothes, furniture, games, anything that they didn't want to take to Paris, they donated. They talked to each other about each individual piece though, just in case the other half might want to hold onto something.

There were some books and games that Dazai just couldn't part with, and there were some clothes that Chuuya didn't want Dazai to get rid of.

"I haven't had the chance to see you in that yet. I think it would suit you really well." He would say. And really, Dazai couldn't refuse. Chuuya had bought all of his clothes, after all. The least he could do was keep the things Chuuya wanted to see him wear.

They also did a lot of shopping to balance out all the stuff they gave away. The most important thing they bought was online: their new house. Chuuya had Dazai sit next to him in his office, so he could give his input. In the end, they were able to find a place that they both could agree on.

And then, once everything was ready, all they had to do was wait. At least, for Chuuya. Dazai however, had one last errand he needed to run before he was ready to leave Japan.

He was inside of the Armed Detective Agency's infirmary. He had called Yosano and asked for a favor, and she agreed. So he was here to see what she'd gathered- and he was nervous.

His hands were tense against his knees as he sat in his chair, unconsciously staring at the doctor. "So…were you able to find out what happened to my mother?"

Dazai had been worried sick about his mother ever since they'd been separated. If there was even the possibility that she was alive, and that he might be able to take her to Europe with him, he wanted to know. Hence, asking a doctor with access to her files to check up on her for him.

"Yes." Yosano kept up her appearance, but her scent already gave away what she was about to tell him. "I'm sorry Dazai, but your mother was put down four years ago. She was unable to have another child after you, and so the breeding center…made room for other hybrids. That's what her files said."

"Thank you for looking, doctor." Dazai wasn't surprised. He was upset, obviously- his mother was dead- but he'd already figured something like that happened to her. She was an old woman, and her body just naturally brought up problems during birth.

Since there were no other personal matters to discuss, the two stood up and made their way out of the infirmary. Once Dazai opened the door, he was ready to just go back home to Chuuya, but his pathway was blocked by some familiar, and some unfamiliar faces.

Atsushi, Kyouka, Kunikida, Kenji, an old man, and a boy with glasses and a hat were waiting for him.

"Goodbye Dazai!" Atsushi waved at him, even though he wasn't walking away anymore. "We're going to miss you!"

"Bye." Kyouka gave him a smaller wave.

Kunikida pushed up his glasses, looking as business-like as always. "I must apologize again for our actions at the park. I hope that recent encounters have shown you that we're sorry, and we hope you stay safe on your travels."

Dazai nodded. “Thank you. Don’t worry, I’ve forgiven the park incident a while ago. Can’t really speak for Chuuya however- he likes to hold grudges.”

“I see. Well, pass on my message if you can.”

“Are you serious?” The kid with the glasses made a weird face in Dazai’s direction. “This is the cat that I wasted my precious time on? He doesn’t seem *nearly* as smart as me.”

To have an attitude like that… Dazai subtly sniffed the air around the boy. When he picked up a specific scent, he hummed. *Yep; that’s a ferret hybrid.*

“Ranpo, you mustn’t speak like that.” Said the old man next to him. It seems like he’s important to the ferret, because as soon as he said that, he closed his mouth. Though, he did turn his head away and pout.

“I don’t mind.” Dazai spoke up. “Though I don’t appreciate him assuming I’m not as smart as him.”

“Oh?” The ferret looked back at Dazai. Why were his eyes always closed? “Does that mean you think you’re smarter than me?”

“No, I wouldn’t say that. Though, I think you and I would have some fun playing chess together.”

The ferret smiled at him. “I like this kid. The name’s Edogawa Ranpo, the greatest detective in the world!”

Dazai smiled. Chuuya had told him that somebody named Ranpo was responsible for his rescue. “I see. Thank you for your service, Edogawa-san.”

The old man finally spoke up once the two hybrids were done introducing themselves. “Thank you for putting up with him, Dazai. Ranpo can have…quite an attitude when meeting new people.”

“I’m alright with it.”

“Still, thank you once again. My name is Fukuzawa; you’ll probably recognize my name from my reputation via my own hybrid center.”

“I do. I have to admit, at first I thought you were a myth. It’s nice to see you in the flesh, Fukuzawa-sensei.” Dazai had half a mind to bow, but he wasn’t sure if that was something he was expected to do. He

just lowered his head respectfully instead.

“Yes, I get that a lot. I’ve heard quite a bit about you as well. You and your partner are moving out of the country, correct?”

Dazai gave another nod, lifting up his head as he did so. “It’s not safe for me here. We hope that France will be more welcoming.”

“Yes; well, the Armed Detective Agency wishes you luck.”

“Thank you, Fukuzawa-sensei.” That seemed like a hint that he was allowed to leave, so he started making his way to the exit. As he passed Atsushi and Kyouka, he stopped to ruffle their heads. Even though he didn’t have a chance to get to know these two very well, he knew they were good kids.

When Dazai returned to the apartment, he made sure to tell Chuuya everything he knew- including Kunikida’s apology. Chuuya rolled his eyes at that part, but decided it was probably time to forgive them, at least a little. He also made sure to give Dazai a big hug to apologize for his mother. Even though they both knew Chuuya had nothing to do with it, knowing he was sad about it made Dazai feel a bit better.

And finally, after a week of preparation, it was time. Chuuya called a taxi incredibly early in the morning, which Dazai made sure to complain about. Still, he helped shove all of their luggage into the trunk, and was rewarded with being able to get into the car first.

Once they were on the road, Chuuya decided this would be a good time to tell him the plan, which wasn’t a great idea, since Dazai was trying not to fall asleep while listening.

“Our flight is going to be pretty long, but since it’s pretty early in the day, I figure you’ll just be sleeping for most of it.”

“Mhmm.” Dazai agreed with that bit. He was *exhausted*- forget about being a cat, how do normal humans wake up this early?

Chuuya glanced at him, and a smile spread across his face. Did he like seeing Dazai tired or something? “I made sure to put your game console and a book in your bag in case you decide to stay awake for a bit. The plane is going to have in-flight entertainment though, so if you want to watch a movie together, we can do that.”

“Okay…” Dazai really didn’t understand much of what Chuuya was telling him. He tried to research what a plane was, and so far what he

understands is that it's a metal vehicle that can somehow fly through the sky like a bird. That's one of the many ways humans travel across the sea.

The drive to the airport was long. Dazai actually fell asleep on Chuuya's shoulder for a good twenty minutes, but he was shaken awake when they finally arrived. They got their luggage out of the trunk, and Chuuya thanked the taxi driver with a tip.

"Okay, all we need to do is check in, go through security, and then wait for our flight to start boarding." Chuuya explained as he started heading into the building, carrying most of the luggage. Dazai was right behind him, pulling one of his own behind him.

"Why can't we just immediately get onto the plane?" Dazai asked. "Why do we have to wait?"

"Because the staff needs to clean the plane from the previous flight. You wouldn't want your seat to be covered in crumbs and wrappers, would you?"

"No…" Dazai muttered.

"Besides, I made sure we'd be flying first class, so we'll be one of the first groups to board. Don't worry, it won't take too long." He was choosing to trust Chuuya in that statement.

He continued to awkwardly follow Chuuya around for a few more minutes. At one point, they went to this pretty lady behind a desk, where Chuuya checked them into their flight. Apparently this was also the spot where they gave their luggage away, so Dazai handed over the one he'd be carrying. They were alright to bring their bags on the plane with them, though.

As they were walking away from the lady, Chuuya started directing them over to a line of people with some weird looking white arches. Before Dazai could ask what that was, Chuuya informed him. "Those are for security. They have metal detectors and x-rays- just in case people try to sneak anything dangerous onto the plane."

"Oh, I see."

"Yeah, so once we pass through security, we can't go back here. The airport doesn't want us coming back here and taking anything dangerous."

Dazai glanced down at Chuuya, a small smile tugging at his lips. “So it’s the point of no return?”

Chuuya returned his smile. “Exactly.”

“Well then, let’s go!” He exclaimed, ready to hop into line and experience walking through those things. Chuuya stopped walking though, so he naturally had to stop as well. “What’s up?”

“There’s one last thing we need to do before we go in there.” Chuuya said, his head turned to look at the entrance to the airport. Dazai followed his gaze, wondering why the doors were so important. He got his answer a minute later, when Odasaku, Ango, Gin, and Ryuu walked through them.

As much as Dazai wanted to run over and embrace them all in a tight hug, he knew better than to make a scene in public- especially since he was a hybrid. So, he patiently waited by Chuuya’s side, tail swaying in excitement as the group slowly got closer to them.

“We wanted to give a personal goodbye before you guys left.” Ango explained to Dazai once they were close enough. “I texted Chuuya to make sure it was alright, and he agreed. So here we are.”

“I’m so glad!” Dazai tried to keep his voice quiet enough that it wouldn’t bother other people. “Are you guys going to be alright staying here?” That last part was mainly directed towards Gin and Ryuu.

“We’ll all be fine. We take care of each other well.” Odasaku assured him. The other two dogs nodded in agreement. Just hearing that was enough to settle Dazai’s nerves.

“We’re going to miss you. I wish we could have gone to the park together again.” Now that all of them were here, Dazai was *really* starting to realize the situation. He and Chuuya were *leaving.* They would never come back. “I wish we could have done a lot more things together. Still, I had a lot of fun. Thank you for the game, again.”

“We’ll make sure to call every once in a while.” Ango said. He always spoke like he was in a business meeting or something. “You two make sure to let us know how Paris is, alright?”

“I’ll tell you in French.” Chuuya joked, to which everybody (except for Odasaku, who’s scent was the only thing that changed) cracked a smile at.

Ango cleared his throat, changing the subject. “Well, we wouldn’t want you two to miss your flight because of us. Let’s exchange our final goodbyes so you can head through security.”

Even though Chuuya wasn’t much of a hugger- except for with Dazai- he agreed to letting the younger hybrids hug him goodbye. He wasn’t terribly close to either of them, so he looked a little bit awkward, but he still gave them each a pat on the back. Ryuu’s tail was wagging up a storm behind him when he pulled away from Chuuya.

It was cute how much he admired him.

When it was Dazai’s turn to give them a goodbye hug, he was squeezing them so hard he was a bit worried they’d pop like a bunch of balloons.

“Goodbye, Osamu.” Ryuu mumbled in his ear. Dazai made sure to nuzzle his cheek against the dog’s before pulling away for Gin’s turn.

He wasn’t expecting any words from Gin when they embraced, so he went straight to nuzzling her, too. Though, once he was ready to pull away, Gin quickly leaned in and whispered an almost silent, “Bye.” in his ear. He gave her one last squeeze, and then ended their hug.

It was so strange, realizing he was leaving behind his two very best friends. He wasn’t worried about them though; they were in good hands. Dazai was positive about that.

“Are you ready to go?” Chuuya asked from behind him. Dazai nodded, and after giving one last wave to his friends, turned around and followed his partner to security.

This was it. No turning back now.

Security went by really smoothly. Since they were still in Japan, Chuuya told Dazai he wouldn’t need a ‘passport’, whatever that was, because he was still considered Chuuya’s pet, and would be able to board with him. Apparently he’d get his own ‘passport’ when they landed in France, though.

Seeing all the technology around him was so interesting, he got pretty distracted. Chuuya directed him every step of the way though, so he didn’t accidentally keep any metal on him when he walked through the sensor.

Once they got their bags back and were now on the other side of the

airport, they walked around for a good three minutes until they found their gate number.

“Alright,” Chuuya said with a sigh. Looks like he was pretty tired, as well. It was still early in the morning. “Now we can just relax until it’s time for us to get on the plane, alright?”

“Okay.” Dazai agreed, heading over to some open seats he’d found. For the next fifteen minutes, he and Chuuya sat next to each other, holding hands while doing their own individual activities. Dazai was reading a book, while Chuuya was scrolling through his phone. Feeling Chuuya’s warm hand against his own made him smile.

When the announcement for first class to start boarding came on, the sudden sound startled him a bit. Still, he recovered quickly, and put his book in his bag so he could follow Chuuya into the line. Once they were through, they walked through a long tunnel that was making a lot of noise Dazai didn’t appreciate, and then finally stepped onto the plane.

“We’re the seats right here.” Chuuya pointed to two seats on the left side as soon as they walked on.

“Those chairs are…big.” Dazai said, heading over to them so he could further inspect. “Did these seats cost a lot of money?”

“For a normal person, I guess.” Chuuya shrugged as other people were still heading to their own seats behind him. “Do you want the window seat?”

Dazai smiled, slipping his bag off his shoulders. “Chuuya knows me so well.”

“I sure do.” Chuuya replied as Dazai sat down in the seat next to the window. Chuuya sat down next to him, letting out a satisfied exhale. These seats were pretty comfortable. Lots of legroom, too.

“There are screens on the back of these chairs.” Dazai observed, pointing to the seats in front of them. “Are those for watching movies?”

“Yep. You don’t have to watch anything on them, though.”

“How long is the flight again?”

“About fourteen hours, I think.”

“Fourteen!?” Dazai exclaimed. His loudness was masked by the humming and groaning of the plane. “Why is it so long!?”

“Because we’re flying to a completely different continent. They’re going to serve us meals on the plane, so you don’t need to worry about going hungry.” Chuuya reached down into his seat, grabbing a seatbelt which he attached to a buckle. After realizing those were a thing on planes, Dazai found his and attached it as well.

The rest of the boarding process was more of a *boring* process if anything. Dazai passed the time by looking out the window and watching the humans down below load the luggage onto the plane. He decided to play a little game by trying to see if he could spot Chuuya and his luggage. He never could.

Finally, once all of the passengers were on board, the screens on the back of the seats turned on, and a safety video started playing. Since Dazai had never been on a plane before, he made sure to play close attention. The video was in English- probably for the tourists, but there were Japanese subtitles to read at the bottom. Though, Dazai could have done without them. Once he found out where they were moving, Dazai began to study the French language, along with English, just in case. He understood everything they were saying.

Finally, after a couple more announcements, they began takeoff. At first, it was still really boring. Dazai kept on complaining to Chuuya, “When are we going to go into the sky?” “Why is the plane moving so slow? Is this why it’s gonna take fourteen hours?”

But once the plane finally lifted off, the words were sucked out of his throat. He was speechless. He looked out the plane, eyes wide and pupils dilated in fascination. They were flying! They were actually in the sky! In just a matter of seconds, the world below Dazai now seemed so small.

“This is amazing! How do humans come up with this stuff?” He asked, mainly to himself, but Chuuya overheard him.

“We’re pretty smart, aren’t we?”

“Mhm.” Dazai pulled away from the window, readjusting himself in his seat. “Is Chuuya alright if I take a nap now?”

Chuuya chuckled. “Completely fall asleep if you have to. It’s early; I’m probably going to do the same.”

“Alright. Then goodnight, Chuuya!”

“It’s not nighttime.”

“Whatever.”

Being a cat, Dazai took long naps. So, when he woke up, he was curious how many hours he’d slept on the plane. Glancing to his right, he saw that Chuuya was awake, watching a movie on the screen in front of him. Dazai pursed his lips, unsure on if he should bother his partner. But then Chuuya looked at him, noticed he was awake now, and paused his movie.

“Nice to see you up again. We’ve been flying for about seven hours now. They’re going to serve us lunch soon.”

Oh. So he slept through half of the entire flight. Awesome.

The other seven hours of the flight were spent eating lunch, playing on his game console, figuring out the screen had games of their own and challenging Chuuya to online chess (and absolutely destroying him), and taking a couple more naps.

It was supposed to be around 5 or 6 in the evening when they landed; Dazai was keeping track of the time by the hours. But when the announcements were going off, welcoming the passengers to Paris, Chuuya opened his phone and Dazai saw that it was…almost 11 in the morning?

“Chuuya, I think your phone is broken.” It was good to warn his partner so he didn’t end up getting the time wrong.

“What?” Chuuya glanced down at the time, and let out a chuckle. “Oh, don’t worry about that. My phone automatically changes the time to fit the zone we’re in.”

“Zone?” While Dazai repeated that, they stood up and began gathering their things. They’d be one of the first to leave the plane.

“Yeah, France is seven hours behind Japan, because it’s in a different part of the world.”

“Oh.” Now that he thought about it, that made sense. If the Earth really was round, then that meant that different parts of the world

must be in light and dark at different times, right? “So they’re far away enough that it's still morning here?”

“Yeah; you catch on quickly.” With everything gathered, they left their seats and exited the plane. There was another loud hallway that Dazai didn’t appreciate, and then they were in another airport. It looked very different- the floors were made out of a different material, too.

They had to wait five minutes to get the rest of the luggage, and once they had everything, they started heading towards the exit. Chuuya glanced at his phone again.

“Alright, I messaged Ane-san once we landed and let her know we made it safely. The taxi I hired to drive us to our new home should already be here, so let’s head outside and try to find him.”

“Okay.” Dazai was grateful for the excuse to move around. His joints had gotten pretty cramped on the long flight (even with the extra leg room).

Thankfully, their taxi driver *was* waiting for them outside, so they were easily able to load up their luggage and get inside the car. They buckled up and the car started.

Dazai, who had gotten the window seat again, was currently busy staring out of it, admiring his new surroundings. It looked so different, yet so similar.

“Pretty…” He mumbled as he passed a particularly nice building.

“It is, isn’t it?” Chuuya overheard him. “That’s one of the many reasons I wanted to come here. Paris is so beautiful.”

“I’m seeing that now.” Dazai pulled away from the window, now focused on his partner. “Chuuya, I have a question.”

“Shoot.”

“We’re bringing some of our furniture here, right? Like your bed and our couch? What happened to those?”

“I prepaid a company to bring it here. The truck should already be waiting at our house for us. I hope you’re ready to help me carry some things inside.” Chuuya smirked at him, and Dazai scoffed.

“Chuuya won’t need my help, he can lift anything.”

“I guess you’re right about that. But I’m at least expecting you to help me unpack.”

Dazai laughed, resting his hand on top of Chuuya’s. “That, I can do.”

The drive to their new home was a lot longer than Dazai expected it to be. It was so long that he was actually able to finish his book before they got there. He was a fast reader though, so maybe that wasn’t too impressive.

Looking out the window again, Dazai knew they made it once he spotted a big truck in front of a familiar-looking house.

“Here we are.” Chuuya announced before Dazai could do the honors.

“It looks nice; much better than it did on the screen.” He still wanted to add something into the discussion.

“Isn’t that a relief?” Chuuya joked as the car came to a stop. The driver got out and opened their doors, helping them with their luggage once again. Throughout the car ride, Dazai and Chuuya had spoken Japanese; but when Chuuya gave the driver his tip, he said, “*Merci pour votre aide.”*

“I assume we’re going to have to start speaking like this from now on?” Dazai asked in perfect French.

“If you want to.” Chuuya replied in French as well, shrugging his shoulders. The people who had driven the furniture truck got out of the vehicle not long afterwards.

It was time to get the house ready.

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Jet lag *sucked.* Dazai realized that at around 1 in the afternoon on his first day in Paris. On the second day, he still had some, but it was a bit more tolerable. On the third day, it was completely gone.

They’d been living in Paris for a week now. Their house was completely decorated, and now it was time to finally meet their

neighbors.

Since Chuuya was filthy rich, their house was one of the few with a garden in the back. In fact, many houses in their neighborhood had a garden. This was a wealthy neighborhood.

“Should we bring some gifts?” Dazai wondered as he looked through their new kitchen. “Maybe some cookies? Should we head to the store?”

“I think I have some cookies in the pantry already.” Chuuya called from the living room. They’d started speaking in French to each other in private, just so it didn’t feel awkward when they’d speak it to others. They still stayed up to date on their Japanese, though. Opening the pantry door, Dazai found that they did indeed have some cookies. These should work nicely.

They went around the neighborhood, introducing themselves to everybody with big smiles and cookies. Thankfully the people were very welcoming, and most offered to have them come inside for tea. They had to politely decline, saying they still had more people to meet.

Something Dazai found fascinating was that nobody looked at him differently. They just *looked* at him. It felt strange, it felt *good.*

“This is the last house.” Chuuya told him as they walked up to the door.

“Good, because we’re beginning to run out of cookies.” Dazai said, looking down at the plate. There were only a few left.

Chuuya rang the doorbell and took a small step away from the door. A few beats of silence later, and it opened. On the other side was a beautiful young woman with blonde hair and brown eyes.

“Hello; do you need something?” Judging by her scent, this woman wasn’t unhappy to see them. She was confused as to who they were, but she was willing to have a conversation. That was good.

This time, it was Dazai’s turn to make the announcement. Chuuya had done it at the last house. “We’re your new neighbors! We’re going around introducing ourselves.”

Now that she knew their intentions, her scent smoothed out into something much more excited. “Oh! That house finally got bought, did

it? It's wonderful to meet you! I'm Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette; but please, just call me Colette."

"It's great to meet you too, Colette." Chuuya spoke up now. "I'm Chuuya Nakahara, and this is my boyfriend, Osamu Dazai."

Ah, right. That was another thing that was so incredibly amazing. They no longer had to hide their relationship behind the title of 'partner'. They could really be 'boyfriends' now. They still thought of each other as partners, but it was good to have another name for what they were.

"What interesting names! Did you two move here from somewhere?" Now Colette seemed to be genuinely interested in them.

"We moved here from Japan a week ago."

"Japan!" Colette exclaimed, her scent dropping into one of sympathy- it was directed at Dazai. "Oh, you poor things, they must have been horrible to you!"

"It wasn't ideal." Chuuya mildly agreed. "We did make some good friends there, but overall it wasn't a safe environment for Dazai."

Colette nodded, stepping to the side. "Please, come inside! If you have the time, that is."

Dazai and Chuuya glanced at each other. This *was* the last house they had to stop at, so it wouldn't hurt to go inside and chat more, would it?

Turning back to Colette, they nodded and were then allowed inside her home. She led them straight to the living room, where Dazai placed the cookies down on the coffee table. Colette was gone for a few minutes making them some tea, but once she returned and sat down herself, they were free to talk.

"How long have you two been together?" Was the first question she asked.

"A few months." Chuuya smiled as he grabbed his cup of tea. "It's been the best months of my life."

"Sappy." Dazai said as he reached for his own tea.

Colette chuckled. "I hope one day I can find a man who loves me as

much as Chuuya loves you, Osamu."

Hearing his first name come out of her lips shocked him for a moment. In his entire life, there were only three people who used his given name: his mother, Gin, and Ryuunosuke.

But that was because they were in Japan. Here in France, using first names was the norm. He'd have to get used to it.

"I don't know how I managed to catch his attention." Dazai admitted after he'd recovered, taking a small sip of the tea afterwards. It was good.

"Well, pardon me, but you both are incredibly handsome. I'm sure many people here will envy that you're both taken."

"Really?" Chuuya seemed surprised to hear that. "That's very nice of you to say, Colette. You're very pretty yourself, so don't beat yourself up."

"Oh, what a charmer!" She put a hand to her cheek, clearly admiring Dazai's boyfriend. He didn't feel threatened by it, though. He knew Colette meant no harm.

Besides, she was right. Chuuya *was* handsome.

A quiet *mrrr!* interrupted the conversation. Dazai immediately looked towards where the sound came from. He wasn't sure what he was expecting, but it definitely *wasn't* what he saw: a small, furry creature with an incredibly familiar look. It was the same as his own.

"What-" Dazai's eyes widened at the same time his ears tilted. He'd never seen anything like this before. Chuuya and Colette were now looking at the tiny orange creature, too.

"Oh, Henri came to say hello!" Colette didn't seem bothered at all. Chuuya was a different story. "Henri, these are our new neighbors!"

The creature, Henri apparently, stood there on the floor for a moment, and after sniffing around, ran up to the couch Dazai and Chuuya were sitting on, hopped up onto the couch, and immediately settled down next to Dazai's leg.

Henri curled up in a similar way Dazai likes to.

"Is this…" Dazai's gaze was locked onto Henri. "...a cat?"

“Yes, that’s one of my pet cats, Henri. He's a curious fellow, but he’s very sweet.”

This is a cat…a full cat!

And after Henri got comfortable, *two more* full cats suddenly appeared and made their way over to Dazai. Now he had Henri on his right, another orange cat on his left, and a final orange cat with a white belly sitting in his lap.

“My boys seem to like you, Osamu!” Colette said, her smile reaching all the way up to her ears. “They must sense the cat in you!”

“Yeah…” Dazai hesitantly set one of his hands on the orange-white cat’s head. It trilled happily, and Dazai *understood.* He understood it perfectly.

After introducing her other cats- the other full orange one was named Olivier, and the orange-white cat was named Cheri- she explained to Dazai that France is one of the countries that managed to successfully domesticate *animals.* That’s why here, hybrids are just considered normal members of society instead of pets.

They continued to chat after that for another hour and a half, before Chuuya announced they had to get lunch ready. Colette thanked them for stopping by, and Dazai left the plate of cookies with her. He also made sure to give Henri, Olivier, and Cheri a goodbye with his tail movements. They said goodbye back.

Dazai liked his neighbors.

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Two weeks. They’d been in Paris for two weeks.

The restaurants were great, the sights were mesmerizing, and the people were so friendly. They were now wonderful friends with Colette- Dazai liked to talk about books with her, while she and Chuuya liked to exchange cooking recipes. Her cats were great company, too.

Currently, Dazai and Chuuya were inside their own house, cuddling

on the couch. Dazai was sitting in Chuuya's lap, their heads resting against each other.

Chuuya started acting strangely. Dazai caught onto it right away.

"What's wrong, *bien-aimé?"* Dazai asked softly, delivering a kiss to the top of Chuuya's head.

Chuuya's cheeks darkened from the petname, but he brought no attention to it. "...I have something for you. I've had it for a while, actually, but I could never find the time…"

"A gift?" Dazai smiled, pulling away from Chuuya's hair. "What is it?"

"Give me a second." Chuuya shuffled around the couch, trying to reach into his back pocket. Dazai didn't help him at all, staying put in his lap. Once he'd got what he was reaching for, he pulled it out so Dazai could see.

It was his collar.

"Oh." Dazai stared at it for a moment.

"Yeah…Gin gave it to me when I first met her. I meant to give it back earlier, but…you can have it now; if you want it." It was a hesitant offer, but an offer nonetheless. Dazai continued to stare at the light blue leather, contemplating. Finally, he came to a decision with a smile on his face.

"No thank you."

Chuuya gave off a surprised expression, but then it immediately changed into one of pure joy. So much was swimming in those beautiful blue eyes; Dazai couldn't look away.

"I'm so proud of you." Chuuya whispered, dropping the collar on the floor and leaning closer. "After everything…you've grown so much. I'm *so* proud of you, *amoureux."*

"You helped. You helped a lot." Dazai replied, leaning in too. They met in the middle, briefly closing their eyes for a soft kiss before leaning back. Dazai slowly blinked at Chuuya, and he returned the gesture.

Seems Chuuya found out that slow blinking was one of Dazai's cat-like ways to say 'I love you'.

“Chuuya?”

“Hmm?”

Dazai leaned forward again, this time settling down on his boyfriend’s shoulder. “In two years, I want to marry you.”

He felt Chuuya startle under him. He was definitely blushing. “O-Oh… why two years specifically?”

Dazai smiled against Chuuya’s shirt. “Don’t get me wrong, I’d be fine with marrying you now. But in two years, you’ll be getting good pay at your job; we’ll be completely settled here in Paris, and we’ll have made some close friends who can attend our wedding. It makes sense, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah…” Chuuya wrapped his left arm around Dazai’s waist to secure him in a sideways hug. Then he gave a quick peck to Dazai’s temple. “Guess it’s settled, then. In two years, I’ll ask you to marry me.”

“Thank you.” Dazai tilted his head upwards so he could look into Chuuya’s eyes once more. He never wanted those eyes to stop looking at him. They were brighter and bluer than the sky. “I can’t wait to be your forever companion, my Chuuya.”

“No need to wait for that.” Chuuya assured him. “You’re already the most perfect companion I could ask for. Trust me; now that we’re free to go anywhere, you better bet I’m taking you on some dates.”

"Really?" Dazai could feel his tail start to sway in excitement. "Does that mean you'll take me to get ice cream in the summer?"

"Why do you sound more excited about ice cream than marrying me?"

"Because I've never had ice cream before." Dazai answered, leaning closer and repeating Chuuya's previous action, kissing his cheek since he didn't feel like reaching up to kiss his forehead. "But I know that I'll have Chuuya for the rest of my life."

That night, Dazai and Chuuya fell asleep in the same bed together, holding each other close without a care in the world. Things were okay now, because they were together. And with the new promise of marriage hanging over their heads, they knew they would never be separated again.

Their new lives had just begun; and they’d support each other every

step of the way.

After all, that’s what partners are for, right?

Chapter End Notes

And there it is! A Purrfect Companion is officially finished! It's been such a crazy ride! This fic is actually the first one I've ever fully completed, so this is a really amazing experience! And I'm so surprised how much love it's gotten over the past few months! All of your kudos, bookmarks, comments, and fanart made my day every time- thank you all for your love and support!!! ＜3

BUT WAIT...THIS STORY ISN'T OVER...

THAT'S RIGHT! A Purrfect Companion is getting a SEQUEL!! So stay tuned for 'Freedom And Service' coming out sometime in the future!!

I hope you enjoyed this story! Let me know about any views/ questions in the comments!

Or feel free to do all of that and more on my retrospring!

Fanart Section!!: Zuzii Kuro 1 Kuro 2

Works inspired by this one

Just a little bit of kindness by LoverofMidnight

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!